JANUARY, 1900.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The retirement of Mr. E. L. Godkin from the editorial direction of the *Evening Post* is an event of more than ephemeral importance. And this is true in many ways and for many reasons. Mr. Godkin is the last of those great American editors who so identified themselves with the newspapers which they conducted as in each case to make the newspaper only an effective instrument for the expression of a single dominant personality. Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Godkin—these are the four names that will always be remembered, not merely in the history of American journalism, but in the history of the social and political life of the American people. The newspaper is a great devourer and destroyer of individuality. As a rule, men of the richest talents, of the greatest energy and of the very ripest powers, when they enter the gates of journalism, lose to a large extent their own identity; for their brain, their activity and their personal being are all merged with those of other men in the exaltation of the impersonal thing they serve. Their work is done anonymously; and outside of their profession they are quite unknown, so that there is denied to them any portion of even the minor fame which comes to the writer in any other department of literary labour. The newspaper is a monster which swallows up the toil and the talents of hundreds of men, and gives them in return little more than the mere income which they receive for what they write.

This, however, was not the case with the four men whom we have just mentioned; and the fact that they reversed the ordinary rule is a striking tribute to the power of their individuality. In the palmy days of the *Tribune* its utterances were always viewed as Greeley's utterances. So long as Raymond lived, it was he and not the *Times* that spoke. Down to the day of his death every sentence that appeared in the editorial columns of the *Sun* was taken by the public as embodying the dictum of Charles A. Dana. And in like manner, the *Post* has always to its readers' minds set forth the personal opinions of Mr. Godkin. That such a thing should have been true is in each case an impressive testimony to the personal power and the intense individuality of these four men. And it is not likely that in the future there will arise another editor who will possess the same clear-cut and well-defined importance to the readers of his paper.

Of Mr. Godkin's editorial characteristics it is not our intention here to speak minutely. Some years ago we published in these pages what we regarded and what we still regard as a just and accurate analysis both of the man and of his work upon their public side; and we have nothing to add to what we then set down. Mr. Godkin has been a very great editor, a very marked and striking personality, and he has exercised a peculiar and un-

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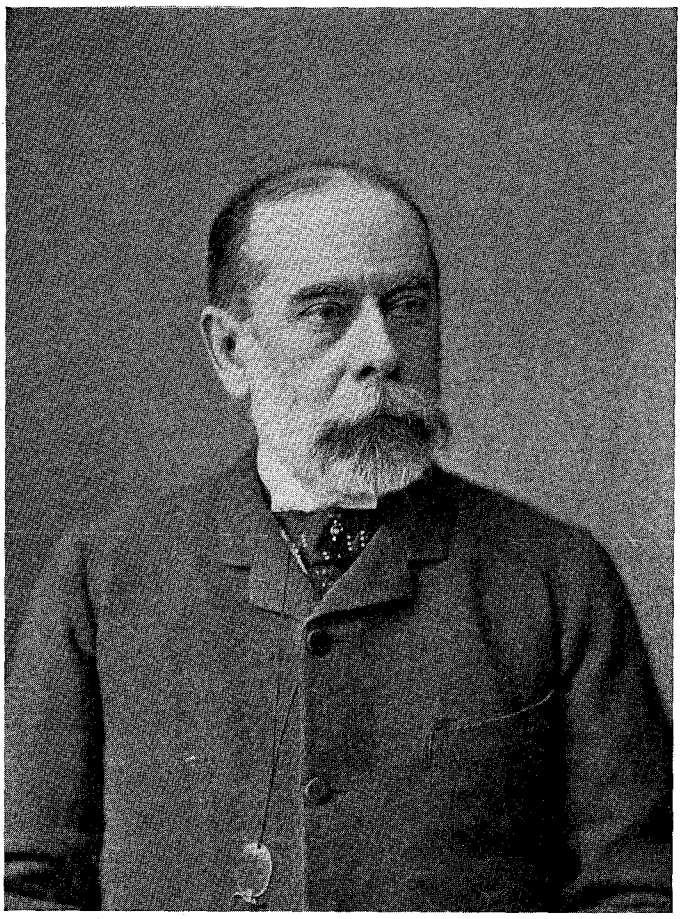

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

deniable influence upon the most cultivated portion of the American people. It may be true that his advocacy of many causes has hurt them quite as much as it has helped them; it may be true that he has sometimes by his unsparing and uncompromising attitude produced a reaction even in the minds of those who had previously agreed with him; and there is no doubt at all that he possessed a peculiar gift of irritation, of arousing in his readers' minds, at least for the moment, a curious feeling of antagonism. Moreover, there was always in his view of large national questions a certain cold-bloodedness and lack of generous enthusiasm that repelled and chilled all healthy-minded and patriotic Americans, who objected to his favourite practice of reducing all questions, even those of sentiment, to an economic basis. Nevertheless, with all his limitations and prejudices and perversities, American journalism will be much the poorer for his retirement from active labour. In the main he stood for what was right, and the irritation that he produced was a stimulating, tonic irritation in its way. Thousands of those who denounced the opinions of the *Post* would rather have gone without their dinners every day than without their copy of that paper. The fact is that Mr. Godkin stood for *something*, so that one always knew that certain things could unquestionably be looked for in the *Post*, just as it was equally sure that certain other things could never by any possibility be found there. Hence, the position of the *Post* was quite unique. It was an "institution," and Americans with that extreme conservatism which is actually, though not apparently, an integral part of their national character, look with a certain pride and fondness upon anything that becomes established in their daily life and thought. Finally, to his honour be it said, Mr. Godkin showed his strength and independence nowhere more impressively than in his absolute defiance of the dictates of the counting-room. He would say, at any cost, just what he thought. He would write just what he believed to be true, no matter who might be offended; and advertisers and subscribers and financial managers alike might gnash their teeth and eat their hearts out, for all he cared. And this was in reality as magnificent as it is rare in the newspaper offices of to-day. His rash utterances sometimes cost the *Post* large sums of money in libel suits and in loss of patronage; but he

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went his way unmoved, for he was big enough and defiant enough to scorn and trample on all sordid motives, and to be himself unfettered and unmastered.

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It is rather interesting to know, just as it is rather difficult to believe, that Mr. Godkin himself took little interest in the events of the day, or at least in the report of them as they came through the daily newspapers. It is said that it was his habit to come down to his editorial office entirely uninformed as to what had taken place during the preceding twenty-four hours, and that some member of the staff would then coach him and suggest to him that he might do well to write a leader on this, that, or the other topic of the hour; whereupon Mr. Godkin would perhaps express a certain amount of surprise at the particular event in question, and would proceed to formulate his own ideas in relation to the subject. But while the immediate topic might fail to interest him greatly, there were, as every reader of the *Post* well knows, a large number of particular questions upon which he always felt most strongly, and over which discussion never failed to strike fire from his intellect and to bring gall and wormwood to his pen. It was when he was writing of these that he was at his best, and in another way also at his worst —at his best in the fervour and strength and penetration of his exposition and argument, and at his worst in his unsparing bitterness and relentlessness. It is strange that so highly cultivated a man, and one who had for so many years stood forth as a public character, should never have acquired the grace of tolerance, that he should never have been able to recognise anything that was good in those who were opposed to him, and that he could see nothing in their policy and motives except folly, or malice, or baseness, or incompetence. Mr. Godkin, so far as we are aware, and speaking of him purely in his editorial capacity, not only felt that he himself could do no wrong, but that men of other views could do no right. He would never frankly and fairly and conspicuously admit an error; and it is in this, we think, that there is to be found the truest explanation of why he failed so often to convince, and why his influence was proportionately much less than that which his remarkable ability would naturally have won for him.

How powerful was his grasp upon the policy of the paper which he edited can best be shown by the extraordinary change that is noticeable in it since his retirement. Only a day or two after his active connection with it ceased, the fall elections took place, and resulted on the whole in a popular verdict in favour of the policy of expansion. On the next day the *Post* discussed the result of the election in an editorial which must have made all habitual readers of that paper open wide their eyes with real astonishment. It was an editorial written with as much neatness and point and force as Mr. Godkin's leading articles possessed, and in its expression of opinion it was quite in line with the policy which he had always advocated. But what a difference in its spirit and its tone! It frankly acknowledged the true meaning of the popular verdict at the polls; it interpreted that verdict with perfect comprehension; and it discussed it without any bitterness and without the slightest tinge of pessimism, but with something of the hopefulness and courage which animate the typical American. In point of fact, the *Evening Post* has ceased to scold, and has begun to be not only fair but genial. We confess that those who have read the *Post* so long under Mr. Godkin's editorship as to have acquired certain mental habits will possibly look back with wistfulness to the sort of editorial that he used to write, and it is not improbable that the gain to that journal by its new infusion of mellowness and generosity will be offset by a loss of strength and of individuality. However this may be, we simply note the facts as we understand them; and we record once more our sincere belief when we say that American journalism will be the poorer for Mr. Godkin's withdrawal from the *Post*.

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"Josiah Flynt's" *Tramping with Tramps* is already in its third edition, which implies a success that is achieved rarely by books that are not fiction. The author, in collaboration with Mr. Alfred Hodder, is preparing a volume of very curious short stories. The collection will be entitled *Powers and Potentates of the Under World*. These stories deal with a phase of life with which "Josiah Flynt"

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has come more or less in contact during his experiences with the social outcast, and of which Mr. Hodder has made a special study. The ten tales of this book will treat of the relations of the criminal toward his enemy and ally, the police. In the Under World the minority become the Powers That Rule and the Powers That Prey—the small politician, the policeman and detective on the one side, the thief and the outcast on the other—the great personages and potentates of back streets. These stories were in a measure inspired by the proceedings of the Mazet Committee.

We have seen a number of these tales in manuscript, and quote from the rather curious introduction:

> High life in the Under World consists in the doings of the personages and potentates of side-streets; and the most significant feature in their life, both to themselves and to the rest of us, lies in the league between the Powers That Rule and the Powers That Prey. The platonic idea of the case is that between detective and criminal there exists a natural feud, like that between the shepherd and the wolf. The similitude is perfect in but one respect—both wolf and shepherd live at the expense of the flock. High life in the Under World is a perfect maze of tolerances, private contracts, understandings, courtesies; the shepherd and the wolf not infrequently kill and eat their lamb together. The Powers That Rule take tithes, the Powers That Prey prey by permission and surrender part of their plunder for the right to walk invisible.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana* is winning the right to be classed among the strikingly successful books of the season. Its publishers report that a sale of twenty thousand copies has already been reached, and that the book has been selling at the rate of five hundred copies a day. His new story, *Monsieur Beaucaire,* treats of English life in the eighteenth century. To take a high and enduring place among American writers, Mr. Tarkington must polish his diction and learn the meaning of the *mot juste.* He can afford to do this. He has qualities of the imagination that should carry him far. We commend to him the following passage from one of Stevenson's letters, which, by the way, disprove totally the theory so frequently applied to Stevenson's style: "I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I awake in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor care, nor shall, unless I lose her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art; it is me; I am but the body of it."

In its December Bulletin the Society of American Authors announces that it has undertaken to combat the present postal rates on authors' manuscripts. Such matter is regarded by the post-office as if it were personal correspondence, and is charged at letter rates, a condition which the Society hopes to see changed by congressional enactment. The Bulletin points out that in this country there are over twenty thousand men and women, outside of editors and employés, who strive to live by the pen, and that the item of postage is one of the major burdens of the writer. This matter in its broader sense seems worthy of serious attention and consideration. There is one sentence in the announcement of the Bulletin, however, which is, to say the least, ambiguous. It is this: "In every case the burden of sending and securing a return is on the author." Why not?

The Macmillan Company have acquired the publishing rights of all of Mr. James Lane Allen's books, and will bring them out in a uniform edition at an early date.

A book which is strikingly interesting in both its material and its artistic quality is the *Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories,* which has recently been brought out by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This volume, which is edited by A. H. Malan, takes the reader through those castles which are closely associated with English history. Among those who have contributed to this book are the Duke of Marlborough, who describes Blenheim Castle; the Duchess of Cleveland, the Countess of Warwick, Lady de L'Isle and Dudley, Viscount Emlyn and Richard Davey. Another Putnam book of artistic importance is *Browning: Poet and Man,* by Elizabeth Luther Cary.

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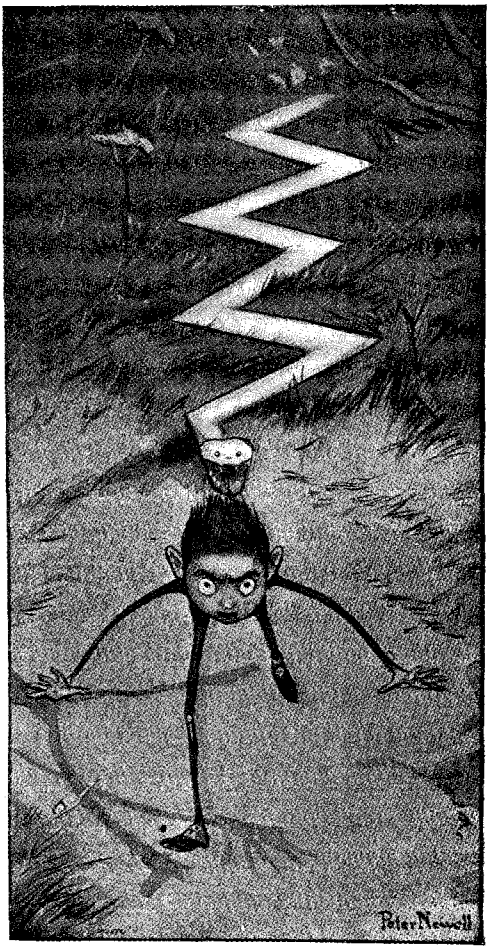
Peter Newell's *Pictures and Rhymes,* which has recently been published by the Messrs. Harper and Brothers, is strikingly clever in the manner in which the illustrations and the verse are brought into hearty accord. Both are distinctive. We reproduce herewith one of Mr. Newell's happiest whimsicalities.



AN ELECTRICAL SERPENT.

There are probably very few among the thousands of readers to whom the name of Lord Chesterfield has become as familiar as that of—let us say—Jack the Giant Killer, whose knowledge of the life and personality of the courtly old snob is more than the vaguest. His name is the synonym for worldly wisdom and *savoir faire* of a certain sort; we make his acquaintance in the pages of Thackeray's *The Virginians,* but beyond this the average reader knows little or nothing.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in September, 1694. He was brought up by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. After studying at Cambridge, he made a tour of Europe, and in 1715 was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. After his father's death and his succession to the title in 1726 he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Holland. In 1730 he was decorated with the Garter. For many years he played an active and important part in the politics of the England of his day, and after his retirement from office, owing to declining health, he lived in intimacy with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and the other eminent literary men of the time.

A little book of extracts from his letters to his illegitimate son, Philip Dormer, has recently been published by Mr. R. H. Russell. These letters more than any other of his writing have perpetuated his literary fame. The extracts have been selected and illustrated by W. L. Sheppard, who has done his work with admirable taste and discrimination. We quote a few of the most striking selections:

Next to doing the things that deserve to be written, there is nothing that gets a man more credit, and gives him more pleasure, than to write the things that deserve to be read.

When you have found out the prevailing Passion of any Man, remember not to trust him where that Passion is concerned.

A man is fit for neither Business nor Pleasure who either cannot or does not command and direct his Attention to the Present Object, and banish for that time all other objects from his thoughts.

The same Matter occurs equally to Everybody of Common Sense upon the same question; the dressing it well is what excites the Attention and Admiration of the Audience.

A seeming ignorance is very often a most necessary part of Worldly Knowledge.

We are so made we love to be pleased better than to be informed; Information is, to a certain degree, mortifying, as it implies our previous Ignorance: it must be sweetened to be palatable.

The late Michael Angelo Woolf held

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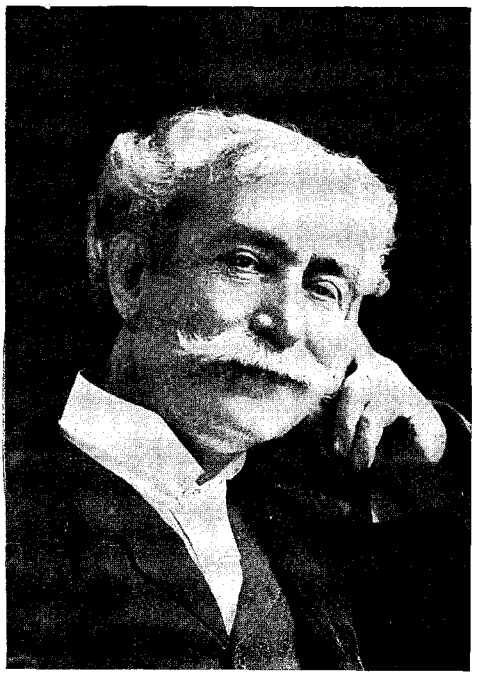

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF.

a unique and enviable place among the men and women who reach the general public through the medium of the comic weekly. There were thousands who knew nothing of his personality and to whom his very name was often unknown who felt keenly the loss of his East Side waifs. The best of these sketches have been collected and issued in book form by the G. P. Putnam's Sons, under the title *Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City.*

Mr. Woolf was born in London in 1837. He was brought to America when a child, and when a very young man began contributing to periodicals. For several years he turned aside from draughtsmanship to follow the stage. As an actor his life was rich in variety. In after years it furnished him with a fund of anecdote and reminiscence which he used with a humour and originality which no one who ever came personally in contact with him can easily forget. We passed a morning with him a very few days before his death last March in his odd little studio in an office building in West Twenty-third Street. He complained of not feeling well—the first symptoms of the illness which caused his death. Soon, however, the talk drifted to the subject of the theatre, and he rose from the couch upon which he had been lying, and rushed ardently into story after story of the old barnstorming days and of the great actors with whom he was associated in his youth. Charming as was his humour in his sketches of the children of the East Side slums, it was even keener and richer in his conversation. The book now before us is admirably fitted to convey an idea of Mr. Woolf's tenderness and power.

The second of the course of plays presented by Mr. John Blair was given in the Carnegie Lyceum on the twentieth of December. The play given was Paul Hervieu's *Les Tenailles,* called by the translators, George Peabody Eustis and Paul Kester, *Ties.* In addition to Mr. Blair, the cast included Frederick Lewis, P. Augustus Anderson, Gage Bennett, Miss Florence Kahn and Miss Alice Carrington. The next play of the course will be presented on the seventeenth of the present month. It is probable that Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* will be selected. In this case it is likely that Madame Janauschek will appear in the small but singularly effective part of the Rat Wife.

With every year the bonds uniting literature and the stage are becoming stronger. The type of Thespian whom Mr. Pinero placed before us last year in *Trelawney of the Wells* is as much removed from the actor of to-day as is the strolling player, the mountebank of the seventeenth century. The university is becoming recognised as the best training for the actor's career, as it is for the lawyer's, the clergyman's, the physician's. Our leading players are not merely thoughtful and careful readers; many of them write with singular felicity and power. Among the men who have contributed to the library as well as to the stage, Mr. Richard Mansfield occupies a notable place. Mr. Mansfield, we understand, has just completed a volume of essays, the result of his studies in dramatic literature and his observation of life during a career of remarkable scope and opportunity. His *Blown Away,* a nonsense book for grown-up children, his collected poems and his contributions

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to the *North American Review* and the Harper publications are already well known to readers. Mr. Mansfield wrote the comedy *Monsieur and Don Juan,* striking as a piece of literary work. The dramatisation of Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter,* in which he himself plays the leading part, was practically his own work, although another name appears on the playbill. The question of the authorship of *Beau Brummel* has been always a mooted one. It is a subject which Mr. Mansfield will never discuss. The Kingsbury translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was materially altered and edited by Mr. Mansfield before the play was ready for the stage. We present herewith a very characteristic portrait of the distinguished player in his study.

Another actor of strong literary tastes and affiliations is Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne. Mrs. Le Moyne relates the following story of how she met her favourite poet, Robert Browning, while visiting London as a reader in 1884:

The Duchess of St. Albans invited me to luncheon, and there I met Mr. Browning and Mr. Bret Harte. After luncheon we talked of many things. I say we, but I only listened in delight, till asked about my readings in London and the poems that met with most favour there. English audience, I assured them, would only listen to Bret Harte, Constance Fenimore Woolson and poetry dealing with rough Western life. One great favourite was an anonymous poem, "The Engineer's Story," and many thought it was by Bret Harte. That afternoon I recited it, and Mr. Harte said he had written that line,

I heard the surge of the engine,

as the old engineer slackens the speed of the engine and reaches for the child on the track. I also mentioned that I was obliged to put "Her Letter" upon every programme. Of course, they then begged to give it to them, and I did so. At the line,

Of the few baby peaks that were peeping from under their bedclothes of snow,

Browning was heard to murmur, "fine, fine, fine!"

Later, I turned to Mr. Browning, saying: "In New York my audience delight to have me read from your verse." "What do they care to hear?" he asked. "The short dramatic pieces, like 'Count Grismond,' 'Time's Revenges' and 'Hervé Riel,'" I replied. "But for my own pleasure I delight most in the poems, 'Over the Sea our Galleys Went,' 'Meeting at Night' and 'Love Among the Ruins.'" He asked to hear "Meeting at Night." I attempted it, and realised how valuable to him was every word and how well he remembered his early poems. My

RICHARD MANSFIELD, THE MAN OF LETTERS.

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SARAH COYLE LE MOYNE.

nervousness caused me to stumble at the third line and ruin it by saying,

And the little startled waves.

The poet smilingly corrected me with "No, no, my dear,

The startled little waves that leap."

Among other poems read that day was "Hervé Riel." This, you remember, was Browning's gift to the fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Franco-Prussian War. His publisher paid one hundred pounds for the poem, and the amount was presented to the fund. As I finished the recitation he reached out and pressed my hand, and his eyes were full of tears. "Ah, superb!" broke from Mr. Harte when I came to the lines,

As the big ship with a bound
Clears the entry like a hound.

The whole afternoon was full of such moments. I comprehended better the value of words to the poet and to all who love poetry. Mr. Stedman is right when he says, "All poetry must be voiced." Browning told us that his custom was to learn all about the heroes and legends of any town that he stopped in, and it was while going over the records of the town of St. Malo that he found the account of "Hervé Riel" saving the squadron in 1692. He said: "I have told the story exactly as set forth in the records of St. Malo, with this exception: I put the story into rhyme, and gave the hero 'a good whole holiday,' when in reality he had a life holiday."

Again after this I met Mr. Browning, and again some years later he was kind enough to remember me and send me a message from Venice.

One who has dreamed over the strange atmosphere and landscape of John Bunyan's book will not very readily accept the little and very commonplace hills and valleys of the county of Bedfordshire in the middle of England as the originals of the Delectable Mountains, the Vale of Humiliation and the Valley of the Shadow of Death of The Pilgrim's Progress. In the recent number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review,* however, Mr. James F. Fasham, in an article on Some Realities of The Pilgrim's Progress, endeavours to prove that the topography of the allegory was based upon the topography of the county in which Bunyan lived. According to this paper, all the wanderings of Christian took him only from Elstow to Bedford, a short mile apart. Elstow, the City of Destruction, was to Bunyan a spot inseparable from memory. There he spent his godless youth, indulging in the iniquities of tip-cat and other equally frivolous games, and there he returned later in life to indulge in such "wiles of the devil" as bell-ringing and dancing. His later life in Bedford was concerned with devout thought and religious obser-

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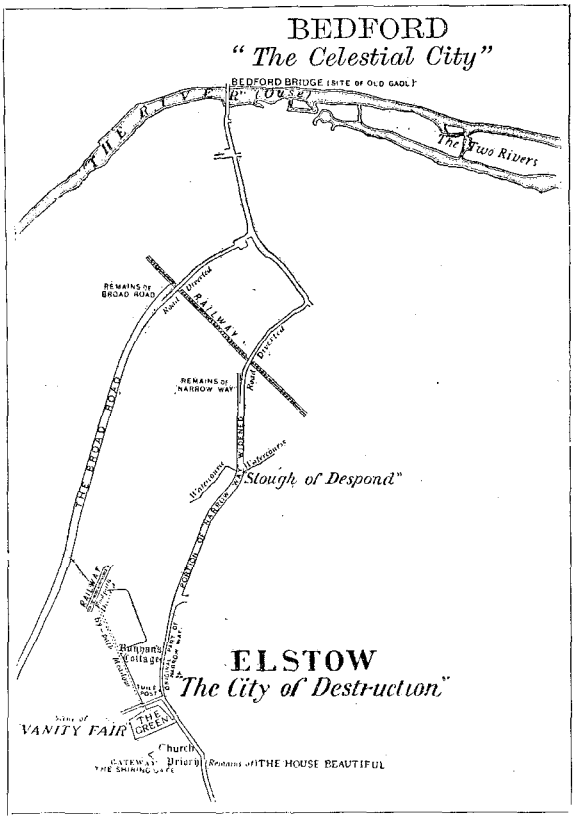
vances. Hence to him the one may well have typified the City of Destruction and the other the Celestial City.



The accompanying map, which we reproduce, shows how Pilgrim, leaving the City of Destruction, follows the narrow way to the Slough of Despond—a watercourse half way between Elstow and Bedford. The green at Elstow became in the story the scene of the Vanity Fair where Christian and Faithful were ill-treated and imprisoned. Upon Elstow Green a fair was held annually, not only in the days of Bunyan, but even generations before he was born, and both by repute as to the past and in the immortal tinker's own time it was somewhat of an orgy, although the more deeply associated with wickedness in the mind of the converted blasphemer. This fair is still held at the present day.

The two branches of the River Ouse are, respectively, the "River of Life" and the "River of Death." The Delectable Mountains were inspired by Bunyan's view of the low hills which surround Bedford, which itself lies in a hollow. When Bunyan was at the turning-point of his career he knew intimately an elderly villager who turned from religion to become an extreme Free Thinker. It was the character of this man that suggested the "Atheist of the Allegory." Christian, addressing Atheist, said: "You dwell in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born." Christian was born in the City of Destruction, which was the Elstow of fact, and Bunyan was born in Elstow, the City of Destruction, in the Dream.

Some little discussion has been aroused by our selection in the November Bookman of an eleven to represent the Valhalla of fiction. One correspondent questions the right of Athos to a place on the team; another finds Ivanhoe outclassed; a third expresses wonder that no mention was made of Mr. du Maurier's Peter Ibbetsen, while a reader in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to whose letter we shall again allude, selects a team which he wishes to pit against the aggregation chosen by The Bookman as a representative eleven.

Now this we deem a serious subject, worthy of the utmost respect and consideration. If Mr. Andrew Lang is permitted to chose a seraglio from among the heroines of fiction, why may not one who likes brawn as well as beauty frivol away some pleasant hours in idle speculation over its muscular heroes? We are very well satisfied with our own selection of an eleven. Critical suggestion has not shaken our confidence in the slightest degree, and we are ready to demonstrate by every law of the game its strength and its superiority. For the sake of making the argument more telling we show how our own eleven and the team chosen by our Pittsburg correspondent would line up.

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MR. A. A.'S SELECTION.

		Pan Michael	o	o	Umpslopagaas					
	Ivanhoe	o	The Black Knight	o	o	Sir Henry Curtis	o	Thord		
			Pan Longin	o	o	Samson				
	Athos	o	D'Artagnan	o	John Ridd	o	o	Goliath	o	Ulysses	o	Cœur de Lion
					Ursus	o	o	Herakles				
	Porthos	o			Taffy Wynne	o	o	Kwasind			o	Siegfried
					Aramis	o	o	Mowgli				

BOOKMAN ELEVEN.

As head coach THE BOOKMAN eleven has Zagloba, while Panurge and Private Mulvaney and Allan Quartermain are to perform like services for the challenging team.

Before the rival elevens are to be trotted out on the gridiron several questions of importance arise. Our correspondent has constructed his team on what, for the sake of politeness, we should call "Western lines." Hum! Very Western lines. As devout believers in the maintenance of the purity of American college athletics and the integrity of the strictest eligibility rules, we are obliged to regard Goliath and Samson, for instance, with the same disfavour with which, during the season which has just come to a close, we regarded, among others, let us say, Mr. Outland of Pennsylvania, Mr. Walbridge of Cornell and Mr. Wilson of Columbia. We wish to cast no aspersions on Goliath's prowess, but what on earth is he doing in the Valhalla of fiction? *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère.*

We are willing, however, loftily to waive all questions of eligibility, so completely confident and cocksure are we after looking over the personnel of the teams as they line up—on paper. In this matter we think that we are perfectly fair-minded and impartial. From tackle to tackle the aggregation selected by our correspondent is, we concede, undoubtedly formidable. It is strong, "beefy" and although likely to grow sluggish on the offence, would be capable of tremendous resistance when pushed to the last ditch. Mowgli, at left end, would, we grant, be hard to improve. At following the ball, the first chapter in the education of an end, he could not be surpassed; playing next to a good, swift interference splitting tackle, he would be hard to turn on end runs; and, on the whole, between him and Aramis we should look for a fairly "even break." The selection of Umpslopagaas at the other end of the line we ascribe to our correspondent's really fine sense of the humorous. Umpslopagaas! Why not Mr. Crowdis or Mr. Doucette or Jos Sedley or Daniel Lambert?

It is from a contrast of the backs, however, that we derive our greatest security. D'Artagnan we deem above all competition as the quarterback and captain of the Valhalla eleven. We do not in the least deny the craft of Ulysses, but we have always cherished a sneaking suspicion that during his long errant years he contracted that insidious malady, professionally known as the "Charley-horse." The offence of our correspondent's eleven, while it would certainly advance

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well against an inferior opponent, would, in our opinion, fail utterly in its attempts at ground gaming against a strong, aggressive line. In open play it seems totally useless. There is no one who could run in a broken field, or elude such a pair of ends as Aramis and Pan Michael.

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However, we are well aware of the worthlessness of comparisons on paper—for corroboration of this apply to our friends at Cambridge—and in the hope of putting the matter beyond all doubt, we respectfully invite our Pittsburgh correspondent to bring on his eleven, pledging ourselves to have our own team fit and ready for the fray. As the matter stands now it is only a subject for delightful speculation. Don Quixote de la Mancha found pleasure, we were told at the beginning of Cervantes's book, in disputing with the village curate and Master Nicholas, the village barber, whether Palmerin of England was a more redoubtable knight than Amadis of Gaul, or *vice versa,* which in nowise proved him crack-brained. It is not so many years since we used to delight in discussing whether old Rafferty, the Irish Detective, would have proved more than a match for Hawkeye, the Man of a Million Disguises. Hawkeye, it must be remembered, could metamorphose himself into a venerable apple woman or a coloured bishop in the twinkling of an eye; on the other hand, Old Rafferty—But these delightful disputes prove, of course, futile and never ending. What would have been the issue had the aforesaid D'Artagnan crossed rapiers with the aforesaid Pan Michael Volodyovski, or played at a game of wits with Polyphemus Zagloba; or if Wilfred of Ivanhoe had jousted against the Black Knight, instead of the convenient Templar in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche; or if Dr. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes had found the science of deduction opposed by the energy, ingenuity, cunning of M. Gaboriau's Lecocq; or, for that matter, if it had been a question of Spartacus and Mr. Jeffries, or if Alexander the Great had been pitted against Hannibal, or Cæsar against Napoleon, or John Churchill against Marshal Saxe, or General George Washington against any of them? Of course, about the last question there is really no doubt whatever.

Oh! Boney was a Frenchman, a soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him on the field of Waterloo;
But braver still, and greater far, and tougher than shoe leather
Was Washington, the man who could have licked them both together.

Which is a song that little American boys who were being lugged about Europe were formerly warned to use with discretion, lest it jar on sensitive French or British ears.

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Some years ago, in the reading-room of a hotel in St. Quentin, in the north of France, having exhausted all the reading matter of a more exciting nature, we turned, to wile away the time, to an inspection of the mysteries of a French almanac. In looking over the information about the United States, we were somewhat surprised to learn that the occupant of the Presidential chair—the almanac bore the date of some one of the early 90's—was a certain "A. Chester." In another part of the volume we found the name of F. Marion Crawford, and were delighted with the information that one of his most popular novels, *With the Immortals,* treated of the private lives of the members of the French Academy.

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Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who has been for several weeks in New York on a business visit, will sail for his home in Sorrento, Italy, sometime during the present month. In the course of a very pleasant conversation which we had with him recently, he spoke of the vast amount of work which he had planned for the immediate future. Besides his *Life of Leo XIII.,* on which he has been for a long time engaged, he expects soon to finish a book on *The Rulers of the South,* a companion volume to *Ave Roma Immortalis,* which will treat of Italy south of the Papal States. In addition, he is doing this winter some writing on modern Rome for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* The story written by him to be dramatised by Lorimer Stoddard, in which Miss Viola Allen will appear next autumn, has already been mentioned else-

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where. It is a story of old Spain. Mr. Crawford spoke of looking forward with eagerness to the time when he would find himself at liberty to write another novel of American life, to carry farther the stories of the people who figured in *Katherine Lauderdale* and *The Ralstons.*

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN we called attention to the curious vindication in real life of the story of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan.* Two of Mr. Crawford's most popular novels have in similar manner found actual parallels. *Paul Patoff*, it will be remembered, treated of the disappearance of a man in Constantinople, and the ultimately successful search of his friends. In the story Paul Griggs brings his influence to bear upon the private secretary of the Sultan, with the result that after a long and arduous search the missing man is found. About a year after the publication of *Paul Patoff* Mr. Marion Crawford, who is pretty generally known as the Paul Griggs of his books, had a friend visiting him at his house in Sorrento. The friend in question went thence to Constantinople, and soon afterward disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel was played out detail by detail. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. They followed the same plan and had the same suspicions. There was but one difference. It was that in actual life the man was never found.

Another curious coincidence of a similar nature was in connection with *Pietre Ghisleri,* that fascinating romance of modern Roman life. When writing the book, Mr. Crawford was for a time dubious as to the manner in which Lord Herbert Arden's death should be brought about. The device of the table napkins infected with the germs of scarlet fever, with which readers of the book are familiar, seemed to him to be somewhat unnatural and far-fetched. Years after the writing of the novel Europe was startled with the case of a French physician living near Paris. This man was a bacteriologist of some note, and a man of attractive personality and some social importance. A time came, however, when strange rumours began to spread. He had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after each of his dinners some one guest would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in another small-pox. At last matters reached such a stage that the physician was arrested, but he shot himself before he could be brought to trial. At a subsequent investigation, however, his servant, who was implicated to a certain extent, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit before each of his dinners of infecting with the bacilli of these diseases the food or the wine of some particular guest.

Felix Gras's new romance, *The White Terror,* which has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, is a story of the Midi after the French Revolution. The book shows the alternating triumph and reverses of Whites and Reds, and the lengthening of the shadow cast by Napoleon.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel, *The Orange Girl,* which was reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN, is being dramatised for presentation in England.

Tristram of Blent is the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's forthcoming novel, a story of contemporary interest with the scene laid in England. It is said to belong to the same class of fiction as *The Prisoner of Zenda, Phroso* and The Princess Osra Stories.

Mr. William Le Queux has just finished a new novel called *In White Raiment.* He is spending the winter at St. Remo, and contemplates a visit to Palestine and the ruins of Palmyra in the early spring before starting to cross Siberia.

The much heralded Dumas "discoveries" have proved to be a huge mistake. *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* and *Ammalat Bey* are, respectively, *La Boule de Neige* and *Sultanetta,* both well known among Dumas's fiction.

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Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's *The Double Thread* continues in popularity both in England and in this country. Miss Fowler likes novel writing much better than writing poetry. She loses herself completely in her characters. "Novels," she said recently, "are so much more interesting than poetry. When you write poetry you can only say what you think, but when you write novels you have so many puppets, and touch them all in turn. While you are drawing a character you are that character for the time being. You may not approve of what the character says or does, but you throw yourself into it like an actor who is playing a part." Miss Fowler does most of her literary work in the country —at Woodthorne, Wolverhampton, a place to which she is much attached. It is her idea that the life of a great city makes one think, but that the country gives one time to work out one's thoughts. She is a rapid worker. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* was written in the mornings of four months.

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The Diary of the Rev. James MacSparran, "sometime Rector" of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett, Rhode Island, written during the years 1743-51, has recently been reprinted by the Merrymount Press of Boston. This Diary was discovered in Providence in 1868 by the late Rev. Alexis Caswell, D.D., President of Brown University. James MacSparran was born in Ireland in 1693, and came to this country in 1718, landing in Boston. *The Diary* presents an interesting picture of New England colonial life in the middle of the eighteenth century. Among the prominent persons who figure in its pages are the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, D.D., New York; Daniel Ayrault (Huguenot), Newport; Rev. Philip Bearcroft, D.D., London; Judge John Cole, Narragansett; Rev. John Checkley, Providence; Rev. John Berriman, London; Rev. Arthur Brown, Piscataqua (referred to in Longfellow's "Wayside Inn"); Rev. Commissary Garden; Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, Boston; "Old Thomas Hazard," Narragansett; Rev. John Graves, Providence; Rev. Matthew Graves, New London; Moses Lippitt, Warwick; King George Ninigret, Narragansett; Gov. William Robinson, Narragansett; Captain Benoni Sweet, Narragansett; Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Scituate, Mass.; Rev. Samuel Seabury, New London; Col. Daniel Updike, Narragansett; Rev. John Usher, Bristol; Sir Peter Warren, Commodore; Judge Francis Willett, Narragansett, and others. Mr. Goodwin has prefaced *The Diary* with an interesting sketch of Dr. MacSparran and his times, in which he has reconstructed the Narragansett life of the last century with great success.

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A discussion which took place the other day between a well-known critic and a far-famed American author on the subject of the best books for boys and girls brought out the *obiter dictum* that by far the best book of the year for young American readers was Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith.* It is, without doubt, capital reading for sturdy young Americans, and with several of them we know it has proved a prime favourite. We should not be surprised to see *Janice Meredith,* after it has reached its zenith of popularity with adult readers, take a fresh bound into popularity with the younger generation.

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The mischievous star system which has grown to such prominence in the theatre is impressing itself more and more on our magazines. A glance over the various programmes for the ensuing year issued by them shows how prevalent this mode of attracting subscriptions has become. All the leading and popular magazines for 1900 have each one prominent feature, by which they hope to gain a large clientèle of readers; what remains in their announcements has a secondary and minor interest. The list which follows will be borne out by any reader who cares to take the trouble to go over the prospectuses:

"The Life of Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, in the *Century.*

"Eleanor," a novel, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in *Harper's.*

"Tommy and Grizel," a novel, by J. M. Barrie, in *Scribner's.*

"The Life of the Master," by the Rev. John Watson, in *McClure's.*

"The Great Battles of the World," by Stephen Crane, in *Lippincott's.*

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"The Autobiography of W. J. Stillman," in the *Atlantic*.

"William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man," by Hamilton W. Mabie, in the *Outlook*.

"The Theatre and its People," by Franklin Fyles, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"America's Literary Diplomats, from Franklin to Hay," in the *Bookbuyer*.

"Essays on the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," in the *Critic*.

The contents of other magazines, such as *Munsey's, Ainslee's* and the *Review of Reviews*, partake so largely of the element of timeliness and immediate interest that no outstanding feature arrests the attention. For a summary of the important features to appear in THE BOOKMAN we refer the reader to our advertising pages. One of these features, "The Great Newspapers of Continental Europe," is begun in the present number with Mr. Henry W. Fischer's article on "The German Newspapers." Another attractive and timely feature is an illustrated series on "The New Leaders in American Illustration," by Regina Armstrong, the first of which will appear in the February number.

The whirligig of time has brought into curious conjunction two novels which, appearing almost simultaneously half a century ago, caused a commotion on both sides of the Atlantic. *Vanity Fair* was dedicated to B. W. Proctor, who had been a kind friend to Thackeray in time of trouble; and Thackeray, in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, subsequently wrote: "Old Dilke, of the *Athenaeum*, vows that Proctor and his wife between them wrote *Jane Eyre*, and when I protest ignorance, says, 'Pooh! You know very well who wrote it.'" Then appeared a second edition of *Jane Eyre* with its famous dedication to the author of *Vanity Fair*. This increased the bewilderment. "I wonder whether it can be true (that the Proctors wrote *Jane Eyre*)," writes Thackeray again. "It is just possible, and then what a singular circumstance the cross-fire of the two dedications." Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë soon met in London after this, when the Lion of Judah and the little Joan of Arc—as each had apostrophised the other—dispelled the illusion of Currer Bell with, it is feared, the despoiling of other more cherished illusions.

Jane Eyre and *Vanity Fair* were of their time, and yet each novel was in revolt against the preconceptions of established codes in fiction. Both novels represent a reaction against romanticism, and a return to realism. In *Jane Eyre* we have the last vestiges of Richardson's influence on the English novel; in *Vanity Fair* we have the turn of the tide against Dickens and his school, which was then rampant in English fiction. Furthermore, both Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp had their birth in the strong aversion of their creators to antecedent heroines in fiction. Becky and Jane are wide as the poles apart in their lives, but there is that in their temperament which gives them certain points of likeness. Note, for instance, how at the very outset the spirit of revolt, the fiery independence, the fascination of feminine power, is illustrated by both girls, "small and plain," in Becky's throwing the "dixonary" at Miss Jemima, and Jane's undauntedly facing her aunt and telling her that she hates her for her cruelty. Two pictures stand out at this time with significance in the life of Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray. Not only do they indicate the road which they had mapped out for themselves thus early and definitely at the beginning of their career as novelists, but they are fraught with deep import in their subsequent influence on the English novel. It has been pointed out that the trend of Charlotte Brontë's art was influenced by her strong prejudice against the novel of the circulating library of her day. The ideal hero and the lovely heroine—even her sisters, Anne and Emily, had not been equal to throwing off their sway. Charlotte took her sisters to task for this, and one quiet evening when they were gathered in the parsonage, talking over their stories, she remonstrated with them, and exclaimed against the conventional type. "I will show you a heroine," said this plain little woman, "as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." She was true to her word, and not only made Jane Eyre the victim and the vindicator of her revolt,

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but in Rochester she converted a character that would previously have been an erstwhile villain into an ideal gentleman.

The other picture is more imaginative, but no less real in Thackeray's experience. When the author of the Snob Papers gathered his forces for his great satire on this vain world, it was with an instinctive recoil against the distorted pictures of life and the false motives of human action that prevailed in the novels of Bulwer Lytton, Dickens and the group of writers they represented. "Your plots and characters do not conform to the real," he has been imagined saying. "Mr. Bulwer, you are a sheer sophist. My dear brother Dickens, though you once thought me incompetent to illustrate your *Pickwick,* I like it beyond measure; but your knowledge of young women and little boys has its limits. The British damsel is not uncommonly gentle, demure and ingenuous; she is more likely to be a flirt, to be very deceitful, and may be delightfully wicked. I will now paint you a picture of life as it is. I will show you that women may be rogues"—and so forth.

Thackeray was faithful to his idea of Becky almost to persecution; he found her in the world, worldly; and he left her in the world, more worldly. Like Young Bailey, over whose sad end Mrs. Gamp grimly philosophised, Becky "was born into a wale, and lived in a wale; and must take the consequences of sech a sitiwation." *Vanitas Vanitatum!* that was Thackeray's cruel summing up. Charlotte Brontë, on the other hand, could not shake herself altogether free from the romantic influence, and, besides, had she not started out with the resolve that her heroine should triumph after much tribulation and be made happy? And so while Becky Sharp's end is logical, Jane Eyre's is anomalous. Jane and Becky—verily, these creatures in the hands of their inexorable creators had their reward.

Apropos of the illustrated article in this issue on "Stevenson's Second Visit to America," the following description of the novelist, with its free-and-easy reportorial swagger, taken from the New York *Sun* of that date, has a contemporary interest:

> Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, really does look like the watermelon portrait of him in one of the magazines. He sat in a Long Branch car on Tuesday on his way from Manasquan to New York.
>
> He has a long, narrow face, and wears his long brown hair parted in the middle and combed back. It is just such straight, coarse hair as General Roger A. Pryor's, but much lighter in colour. Stevenson sat in a forward corner of the car, with his hat off, and the cape of his coat up behind his head like a monk's cowl. His black velvet coat and vest showed plainly, and over his legs he wore a black and white checked shawl. His Byronic collar was soft and untidy, and his shirt was unlaundered, but his clothes were scrupulously clean. On the long, thin, white fingers of his left hand he wore two rings, and he kept these fingers busy constantly pulling his drooping blonde moustache. His face is slightly freckled and a little hollow at the cheek, but it has a good bit of Scotch colour in it.
>
> Mr. Stevenson presented such an odd figure that all in the car stared at him, particularly when a rumour of who he was ran among the people. But he seemed unconscious of the interest he aroused. He was reading a book, and every now and then he would fix a sentence in his mind, close the book on one finger, look at the ceiling and muse. When a sentence pleased him, he smiled at it, and then read it again. At the Jersey City depot he threw off his shawl and stood up, and then the figure he cut was extraordinary, for his coat proved to be merely a large cape, with a small one above it, and under both came his extra long legs, or, rather, his long lavender trousers, for they appeared to have no legs within them.
>
> Mrs. Stevenson was with him, but sat apart, studying the scenery. Her husband looked at her frequently with a whimsical smile, and found great fun in laughing at her behind his book when a dude of tremendous style took the seat beside her.

There is that upon which we base the prediction that the year 1900 will witness a considerable revival of interest, both in this country and in England, with regard to the literary work of Anthony Trollope.

There are two good reasons why such a revival of interest in Trollope should be looked for soon. The first is to be found

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in the fact that he stands second to Thackeray alone in the English school of realistic fiction, and therefore that he should share in the renewed honours that have of late been given to the greater though not more typically English writer. The second reason, which is to our minds the really important one, is the equally undoubted fact that Trollope has never yet received a proper recognition from either the critics of literature or from the reading public. Because Trollope wrote too much, because he was too frank in revealing the methods of his literary work, and because with most of those who knew him he was more or less personally unpopular, he has been shunted into a semi-obscurity from which none the less he is certain at some time to emerge. His personal unpopularity can count for nothing now that most of his contemporaries have passed away; and as for the rest, whatever his methods were and however much he wrote, the world cannot permanently ignore the author of the half dozen novels which in their way are among the best that our language owns.

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Barchester Towers, an inimitable study of English clerical society, and, more broadly, of human nature, full of delicious comedy and marvellous observation; *The Last Chronicle of Barset,* a tragedy so profound as to be Shakespearean in its intensity; *He Knew He Was Right,* the most powerful psychological study of jealousy that has ever been produced in English; *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux,* studies of parliamentary life that are of permanent social and political value; and *The Way We Live Now,* which few regard at all in rating Trollope, but which we consider a masterpiece in its way—these six books at least are not far from deserving the very highest ranking in the list of English fiction. And there are at least six more that deserve to live: *The Eustace Diamonds, Orley Farm, Can You Forgive Her, The Small House at Allington, The Warden,* and the short novel, *An Eye for an Eye.* So we confidently predict a Trollope revival, and when the time for it arrives, we, too, shall claim the right to a place among those who shall do honour to this masculine and typically modern writer.

Attention has already been drawn by commentators on current literary events to the interesting fact that the most popular books of the year are all of them from the pens of American writers: *David Harum, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood was in Flower, Janice Meredith, Mr. Dooley*—all American in authorship and all but one American in subject. We are not willing to view this as a mere coincidence or as of ephemeral importance. We believe that it is a reflection in literature of a spirit that is just as much felt to-day in our broadly national life. Americans have at last, we think, really learned to stand upon their own feet and to accept their own standards as the best for them. The movement away from foreign influence has been a steady but a continuous one for many years, and while, perhaps, it has been hastened by the thrill of national sentiment which stirred the American people throughout the brief period of our war with Spain, the same result was bound to come ere long. Nor do we think that it is in the reading public any more than in our authors that the change is now discernible. American writers until now have nearly always kept an eye on England and on English models in producing what they wrote, and the result was a self-consciousness and a lack of independence which were fatal to originality. Now they have turned their backs resolutely upon everything extraneous, and at last they are able to see our own life as a whole and in its real significance and true properties. And to our mind we have made in this as yet only a mere beginning. The potentialities that exist in this gradually maturing intellectual independence are so momentous as to appeal with exceeding power to the imagination of all good Americans.

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We find in the *Magnet,* the little periodical belonging to University College, Bristol, England, an entertaining paper on "Life in a Mediæval University," by Dr. Hastings Rashdall. The statutes of the Oxford Hall, as revised about the year 1480, have recently come to light, and they yield some amusing details, particularly concerning fines. Among them we note these: For lateness at meals, ¼*d.*; for laughing or talking at

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grace, ¼*d.*; "unhonest jubilations," or scurrilous words, ¼*d.*; preventing others from studying by clamour, vociferation or musical instruments, ¼*d.*; revealing the secrets of the Hall, 12*d.*; bringing a friend to meal or lecture without leave, 2*d.*; bringing an unsheathed knife to table, ¼*d.*; wearing arms, 12*d.*, with forfeiture of weapons; assaulting fellow, but without effusion of blood, 3*s.* 4*d.*; ditto, with effusion, 6*s.* 8*d.*

Dr. Rashdall has drawn up the following table of student routine in those days:

5.30 A.M. Rise, drink a flagon of beer at the buttery; *no other* breakfast.
6—8. Ordinary Lecture in the Public Schools (no fire; rushes on floor).
8. Mass (in early middle ages, optional; later, compulsory).
9—11. Study in room with three companions—perhaps "repeating" to each other morning's lecture. No fire; no glass in windows.
11. Dinner. Bible read in Hall. Menu: Soup thickened with oatmeal, beef, bread, cheese, small beer.
11.30. *College Disputation.*
12. The idle man takes a walk, or plays dice at the tavern; the studious returns to his books.
1.30. Luncheons—that is, a drink of beer in Hall.
2—3.30. Extraordinary Lecture.
3.30—5. Ditto.
5. Supper. Much as at dinner.
5.30—8. Study for the serious; roaming about the streets for the frivolous.
8. Curfew rings. "Potations" in Hall.
9. Run round quadrangle to warm feet. Bed.

In connection with *Stalky & Co.*, the prospectus, as it may be called, of the United Services Proprietary College at Westward Ho, North Devon, for 1882, is of considerable interest. At this period Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a pupil in the school, which he has made famous in his new book, *Stalky & Co.* Mr. Kipling was in the Upper Fifth. His house master was Mr. M. H. Pugh, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. The other boys in the form who had the same house master were Dunsterville, Beresford and Davies. The headmaster of the school was Mr. Cormell Price, M.A., B.C.L., for eleven years headmaster of the modern side, Haileybury College. The assistant masters were Messrs. W. C. Crofts, M. H. Pugh, H. A. Evans, J. P. Carr, C. W. L. Bode, C. L. Barnes, R. Bulmer and the Revs. H. C. Stevens and G. Willes. The charges were moderate, from sixty guineas to eighty guineas a year, and great stress is laid on the thousand acres of golf ground which the pupils could use. Mr. Kipling is marked as a prize-man in his form, and there is a favourable report of the work done by the late Dr. Edwin Hatch. Mr. Kipling's prize, it may be noted, was for English verse, the only subject in which he is mentioned.

The *United Services College Chron-*

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icle, which was edited by Mr. Kipling, is not especially different from other periodicals of the kind, and one is glad to see that it gives plenty of space to sport, though in a hasty examination we do not find Mr. Kipling's pen in this connection. He is, however, mentioned as secretary of the debating society, and there is a commendatory paragraph about his acting. "Kipling's Sir Anthony was a capital performance, somewhat marred unfortunately by an obvious catarrh and a voice too slender." We read on January 31, 1882, that at a meeting of the debating society, "after a considerable amount of voting, Kipling was re-elected secretary." We read again that Mr. Kipling read at one of the meetings Bret Harte's *Concepcion d'Arguello.* In the number for March 27, 1889, there is a poem by Mr. Kipling, "Inscribed in a presentation copy to the common-room of *Echoes.*" Also a number for December 17, 1894, in which there is a speech of Mr. Kipling's on the occasion of the distribution of prizes and the formal leave-taking of Mr. Cormell Price after his twenty years as headmaster. Mr. Kipling speaks strongly in this speech of the merits of Mr. Price, saying that his object was to make men able to make and to keep empires.

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London *Punch* possesses a chaplain. The holder of this unique office is the Rev. Anthony Deane. He was destined for the Bar, but, after duly eating his dinners, he decided to become a clergyman. Tall, fair, clean-shaven, in countenance he bears a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Anthony Hope. Not only is he a brilliant violinist and in the front rank of lawn-tennis players, but his witty pen has enriched *Punch* with many notable papers, especially the Holiday Rhymes. He began his literary career by writing "turnovers" for the *Globe;* he may end it as a bishop, or as one of the chief scribes in Printing-House Square. His possibilities are great, and he is married to a charming woman, the third daughter of Colonel Versturm.

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What a far cry, says the London *Outlook,* from the witty indelicacy of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* to the scientific shamelessness of Zola's *Fécondité!* When Fielding sent Tom Jones wandering on amorous adventures through Georgian villages, when Richardson's Lovelace caused the virtuous alarm of the sex, the novel then showed society like a strong house, with people and ideas, like bricks in walls, each in its place, forming an outlined whole, with individuality working its way along the ordered lines. A hundred and forty years stretch between the Realists of that day and the Realists of this. What frightful gulfs of life between the Fieldings and the Zolas, between the earlier régime and moder-

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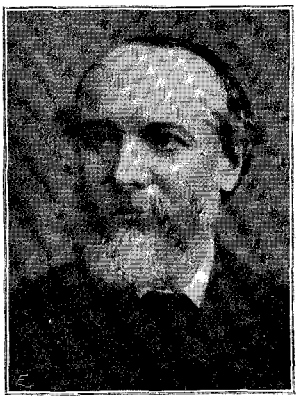
nity! What schools of the novel have arisen during the march of the people! First came the Rousseaus and Diderots; ideas, discoveries, theories of encyclopædists; then the Revolution bursts, Bonaparte's alarums and excursions; the English people seething and stirring the while, crushed back by Tory institutions; but under the crust of Order, the popular life in England and in France stirring, fermenting all the time, pouring along the new channels freed by science, commerce and economic change. Oddly was the whole popular movement idealised by Byronism and the Romantic poets singing of "Liberty and Revolt, of People Freed, and Priests and Tyrants Crushed," veiling the prosaic truth. Then came the Middle Bridge of Balzac between the Romanticists and the Realists, Balzac laying his finger on the modern stress of life, the growth of the *bourgeoisie*, the rise and rush of commerce, the parvenus arriving shoal by shoal, power of the press, general conceit of men, lowering of manners, greed, gentility, vulgarity of traders and successful men.

Next, Flaubert and De Goncourt, Maupassant and Zola found the naturalistic school. The ugliness, squalor, grim greyness of modern life, enduring all "the blessings of civilisation," are painted with convincing brush. The hymns to "Progress," "Science," "Enlightenment," "Education" are sung ironically by these Realists, much to the middle-class disgust. Then Zola separates himself from both art and reality, and Zolaism becomes a special growth. It was the ferment of human Life in cities that Zola came especially to chronicle, the last years of the Third Empire, when wholesale opportunity for speculation, jobbery and peculation was given to a flabby generation rushing to enrich itself under a capitalistic régime, and rushing also to build up poverty like a huge tenement-house. Then came the *débâcle*, the Commune, crash on crash, Panama; and France, to Zola's perfervid imagination, appeared like a sick man with cancers eating into the national life.

Looked at in detail, the individual life was treated by the true Realist Maupassant with balance, proportion and perspective, incisively and cruelly; but, looked at *en masse* by Zola, city life became a gigantic spectacle of appetite, a monstrous growth of luxury, cupidity and feverishness. By the force of his dominant conception of society's complex mechanism mastering man, Zola fabricated a new style of novel, a bastard realism, where a series of photographic slices of life were worked up to a romantic whole, with a strong sensual flavouring thrown in. Hence *La Curée, Germinal, La Terre, L'Argent, La Débâcle*, etc., are attempts to treat society scientifically, to give a whole set of architectural drawings of the structure



MR. CORMELL PRICE, HEADMASTER.

of society, drawn true to nature and true to scale. But science is not life, and the artist who tries to square his generalised scientific conceptions of life with its living delicacy, irresponsibility and wholeness, must end by sacrificing one to the other. This is what speedily happened to Zola. So long as he let his impressionistic faculty, his eye and his observation keep his conception in a fluid state, the freshness and clever vividness of his photographic method gave his work its real artistic strength; but the period arrived when his generalised gigantic ideas dominated his senses. Then he began to discover and treat questions (such as heredity in *Doctor Pascal*); and when he descended into the streets, note-book in hand, it was with the object of finding life conforming to his theories. And immediately he ceased to be an artist; he, the Naturalist, lost sight of perspective and proportion, lost sight of the delicacy and the atmosphere of life altogether. The novel

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Paris, for example, is no more the real Paris than Savage South Africa is South Africa. It is an exhibition of Zola's main ideas, fitted out with dummy Parisians, dummy anarchists, dummy magistrates, etc., to carry out Zola's practical propaganda. Zola now is interested in social questions—the Dreyfus Affair, the Depopulation of France, Socialism, etc. For his unconscious abandonment of art for the work of striving to regenerate his country every intelligent European will hold him in respect. The gifts of a great writer thrown on the side of justice are not to be despised, as the Dreyfus Affair has shown Europe. And Englishmen have learnt from Zola's action in this matter that up to that time English opinion in the main wholly misconceived the aim and spirit of the man, simply because his novels were flavoured with that spice which we have come to associate with French writing. As for art, it is curious to reflect that Zola has gone the way of Tolstoy and Björnson, both of whom have put art on one side to aid morality!

❧

The Paris *Figaro* recently told the story of the real Jean Valjean whose career inspired Victor Hugo to write *Les Miserables.* The record of this man, whose name was Urbain Lemelle, was taken from the notes of M. Moreau-Christophe, the Chief Inspector of Prisons under Napoleon III. Lemelle, like Jean Valjean, was the abandoned child of a drunken father. As a child he was sheltered by a kind-hearted peasant, and six years of his life were passed in taking care of cows and sheep. At the age of fourteen he determined to become a sailor, and began as cabin-boy on a river boat from Angers. Three years later, for a trifling theft committed at the instigation of a comrade, he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude.

❧

During the term of his punishment Lemelle proved an exemplary prisoner—resigned, industrious and religious. After his release he returned to Angers, determined to prove to his former companions that he was reformed. He found all doors closed against him, all employment denied him. One day while roaming through the country he stopped to rest in a field where there were some horses and liberty, and instantly the idea came into his head to borrow a horse, ride to the seaport, thirty miles distant, and embark for the New World, where he might begin a new life. He jumped upon one of the horses and rode without saddle or bridle all night, reaching his destination in the early morning, and turning the horse loose before entering the town. In the town he was arrested on suspicion, but managed to escape, and made his way to Nantes, where he found that his having no papers made it impossible for him to embark. He returned to Angers, was arrested for the theft of the horse and sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude in Brest.

❧

At the end of four years he escaped, and made his way to Paris. There he speedily found work, and by diligence, intelligence and integrity rose step by step to prosperity. He married and began to have a certain position. One Sunday, seven years after his marriage, he was walking in the suburbs of Paris with his wife when he was recognised by his Javert, a policeman, who had been a former convict. Lemelle was denounced, arrested and sent back to Brest to finish the eight years he had still to serve, in addition to the supplementary years for the crime of escaping. After serving part of this sentence he was pardoned by Louis Philippe, at the intercession of M. Moreau-Christophe, who had learned his story.

❧

To judge from the attitude assumed by some of the Jewish newspapers, any attempt by a member of that race to depict the life of the Ghetto in a frankly realistic manner constitutes an offence only slightly less heinous than treason. The echo of the storm raised by Mr. Zangwill's play is only just dying away, and now it is the turn of the author of *Yekl* to come under the ban. It will be a source of surprise to the vast majority of readers of those studies of Ghetto life which appeared in the November *Century* and the December *Scribner's,* "The Apostate of Chego Chegg" and "Rabbi Eliezar's Christmas," to learn that they have evoked a veritable tempest among Mr. Cahan's uptown coreligionists, ranging from personal abuse to suggestions of boycotting any periodical hencefor-

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ward bold enough to publish any of his stories. A fair sample of this criticism is a recent article in the Cincinnati *American Israelite*, over the signature "Nickerdown," which includes in its attack not only Mr. Zangwill, but also Mr. Howells, Henry James, Tolstoy and Ibsen, so that Mr. Cahan can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he is in good company:

"To most Jews," the article says, in part, "there is as much of a revelation in that class of their brethren introduced to them by Mr. Zangwill as there can possibly be to any non-Jews. Of the sort Mr. Cahan pictures even the lowest Russian Jews know nothing themselves—they would have to come to this country to discover that there is a depth lower than their own—providing that Mr. Cahan's portraiture is true, which I believe it is not. At least I hope, for the sake of my Russian brothers, it is not. I not only hope, but I am convinced, that this fellow Cahan has intentionally exaggerated what is worst among his own class of people. A man who is capable of painting the people from whom he comes in such vile colours would be enough of a scoundrel to lie about them for the sake of a few dollars. . . . If there are such Jews, it is easy to understand where the missions find their material to proselytise amongst. Cattle like that can be bought cheap, at so much per head, as witness Cahan's own willingness to sell himself and the stock whence he springs for the price of a magazine article. It is not at all necessary for Jews to buy the *Century* for the purpose of reading Cahan's vile lucubration. It is infinitely better for Jews to buy books and other publications which advocate their cause, than to give through vulgar curiosity financial support and encouragement to writers and publishers who do harm to the cause of Judaism and to the Jews."

Now, a moment's serious thought will show that an article of this sort will on the one hand be likely to enhance the market value of Mr. Cahan's articles, rather than otherwise, while on the other Mr. Cahan himself is far too sincere an artist and too earnest a student of the phases of human life to be deterred from his work by criticism. Short-sighted these newspapers certainly must be, or they would realise that within the Ghetto, with all its limitations, its antiquated observances, its dirt, its pitiful and oft-times sordid poverty, Mr. Cahan finds the best material for a finer and loftier interpretation of the dreams and aspirations, the ancient spirit of his race.

As it happens, however, a very real extrinsic interest attaches to this outburst of racial indignation in the timely and quite unintentional corroboration which it affords to Mr. Cahan's contention—a contention which at once gives him the theme and the title of his forthcoming novel—that between the East Side Talmudic Jews and their more prosperous German-American brethren there exists a chasm deeper and wider and more difficult to bridge over than that existing between Jew and Gentile.

"I blame no one for the existence of the chasm," he says; "I blame only conditions."

The love interest of the story will be furnished by the barrier which this chasm places in the way of a marriage between the wealthy uptown Jews and those of Hester Street; while to readers interested in sociological studies, a feature of the book which is likely to appeal warmly is the history of the struggle for the abolition of the sweat-shop, the industrial struggle between Jewish labour and Jewish capital. Although nearly finished, *The Chasm* will probably not be published for some months, as Mr. Cahan expects to pay a brief visit to Europe in the spring in order to verify certain historical scenes in the opening chapters.

As was announced in the BOOKMAN two months ago, *The Chasm* will deal with that great exodus of Russian Jews to America which began in 1882, and is known to them as the Great Emigration. The scenes of the earlier chapters will be laid in some of the smaller Jewish towns of Eastern Europe, where, according to Mr. Cahan, the essence of intellectual and spiritual life has remained essentially the same as it was seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, and where the twenty volumes of the Babylonian *Talmud* dominate the Jew every minute of his life. A people like this, transferred to New York, the Second Century confronted with the Nineteenth, must necessarily give rise to some strange con-

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trasts. When the first of the educated, university-bred Russian Jews landed in this city, with their blue blouse and cap, the badge of the student and revolutionist, and absorbed in their idealistic dreams, they found themselves an object of great interest and curiosity to the American Jew; but from the first the two classes failed to understand each other. Mr. Cahan frankly admits the great kindness of the uptown Jews to the immigrants, giving ample credit to their benevolence, and recognising them as the chief fountain-head of charity on the East Side. But beyond this point they failed to meet; the abyss, due to material and spiritual differences, the outgrowth of seventeen centuries, rendered anything like social intercourse impossible, and explained the half-veiled superciliousness, the unspoken animosity, which could be felt in all their dealings with others. Such at least is Mr. Cahan's thesis, and in developing it he has endeavoured to maintain a strict impartiality, claiming that any other method would defeat his purpose.

A recent book of peculiar contemporary interest is *How Count Tolstoy Lives and Works,* by P. A. Sergyeenko. This volume sets forth clearly the dual nature of Tolstoy—half artist and half man of action. It shows the daily life in which this magnet for the legitimate and illegitimate curiosity of Europe can be sure of solitude only when his wife stands guard at his study door. Public opinion in Russia has forced him to hold a reception every evening whether he will or not. The descriptions of Tolstoy's life in his household will not willingly be overlooked by admirers of the great Russian reformer.

INSUBORDINATE CRITICISM.*

IN his essay on *Criticism and the Man,* published a few months ago, Mr. John Burroughs discussed the question whether criticism, to be really valuable, should reveal as little as possible of the critic's personality. His answer was that self-expression is as essential in criticism as in any other art, and that if the writings of Arnold, Carlyle, Sainte Beuve and Hazlitt were purified of the personal element, there would be little in them that was worth the keeping. What moved him to write this very emphatic article we do not know, but we suspect it was the result of a course of reading in current American criticism. The colourlessness of our average critic, his halting, tremulous judgment, his mortal terror of literary solitude, and his well-authenticated gush were evidently in the author's mind, though he uses no hard language, and rather invites the critic's soul than blames its backwardness. He sees signs of promise, too, and mentions a few exceptional books that bear on them the marks of the minds that made them. A few critics here and there are in revolt. They refuse to be schoolmen in matters of taste, and they do not give a bibliography for their emotions. As an instance of this new tendency he cites Professor Peck's *Personal Equation,* whose title in itself sums up the movement. This and the same author's recently published volume may be taken as in some degree typical, and a judgment on them will involve some important points of doctrine.

There is in certain minds a rooted belief in some authoritative standard of lit-

*What Is Good English? and Other Essays. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1899. $1.25.

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erary orthodoxy. They cannot tell you what that standard is and they cannot name a dozen great writers that have conformed to it. Nevertheless, there is a shadowy literary decalogue, and men are damned for transgressing it. It is wholly negative. If a writer is not to use his own thoughts, they do not say from what source he is to derive them. If he may not make up his own mind, there is no regularly appointed factory where they make up people's minds for them. There is a mysterious Euclid of good taste, and no man can repeat its theorems. You are blamed for non-conformity, nevertheless. This is of course nothing more than saying that a well-known social law works itself out in literary matters. Man is a pattern-making animal, and he cannot leave off imitating even when he wants to. Old hacks bored almost to death by the usualness of things will be as skittish as three-year-olds at a bit of novelty.

Not that the mere newness should count for much or that it is always glorious to be egregious. All that we mean is that the element of personal distinctiveness is precisely the thing most needed in the American critical writing of to-day, which, according to some, is passing through a sort of Alexandrian stage. It is an age of comment—cautious and rather senile comment—and just as surely as barnacles will gather on a rotting hulk, parasitic literature will be most luxuriant in a non-creative age. This is why the unmistakable individuality of Professor Peck's writings has for us so great a value. Whether or not he takes this view of current criticism, he has avoided its defects. The essays in his new volume have an interest independent of the subjects which they treat or the truths which they convey or the numerical support which their views will receive. It is the interest which a man's vivid and straightforward expression of himself is bound to have, whether you agree with him or not. And there are many points on which you will not agree. There is not an essay in the book which deals with a matter of taste in so lifeless and indifferent a way as to rouse no one's opposition. There is not one that is based on the view that the way to form an opinion is to foot up both extremes and then divide by two. Nervous persons will object to the air of personal certainty. We can fancy them complaining of the way the author deals with "Fonetik Refawrm," for instance. Why shake the subject so savagely? Why call it "hopelessly, unspeakably and sickeningly vulgar," and leave the reformers all red and dishevelled and swearing vengeance? There is actually a sound of scuffling in this essay. And in the essay on the "Little Touches," and on what constitutes good English, the ego is not wholly subdued, and there is no evidence that the writer fears to have his tastes detected. But note that these essays deal with matter that cannot be determined by majority vote or by appeal to authorities. The more positive and the more frankly personal the decision, the more valuable it is. In fact, the sole value of this sort of writing is in its expression of the writer's personal views, and if these views do not arouse opposition somewhere it is safe to infer that they aim at that absolutely worthless thing, a general average in matters of taste. In these things the few may not be right, but the many are sure to be wrong. The article on "Fonetik Refawrm" especially is precisely what the subject needs. Can you reason a man out of his vulgarity? Is there any logical formula by which you can prove to him that he should not sit down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves of an August evening? Besides, it is a volume of essays, not the report of a board of literary canvassers. Your nervous person seems to think a man should go into committee for the whole world when he turns critic.

Professor Peck is one of the few writers on this class of subjects who insist on writing as men and not as committees. It is a welcome eccentricity, even though one's own particular whim is sometimes trodden upon. There are some remarks of his on pessimism that make our blood boil, and there are some titles included in his list of fifty best books that set our teeth on edge. Then there are a number of other things with which we almost violently agree. And the net result is a sort of turbulent satisfaction which is hard to define in literary terms, but which is probably due to the peculiar personality of a critic who will not compile his own thoughts or conceal his prejudices.

Frank Moore Colby.

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THE KING OF BOHEMIA

I.

THE dominant trait in the character and work of Henry Murger seems to have been a certain fear of growing old, a sort of nervous despair, half hysterical, half melancholy, as he watched the years slipping by. The recognition and comparative comfort which he enjoyed in his later life did not compensate him for this. When he died, at the age of thirty-nine, he was already an old man, bald, broken down, prematurely worn out by the hardship and dissipation of his youth. His

HENRY MURGER.

was in no sense a vicious life. It is impossible to approach him otherwise than sympathetically. Even to-day, nearly forty years since he was laid away in the cemetery of Montmartre, one feels the charm, the magnetism of his personality. We study him with a sort of respectful pity, we think of the long days and nights of fastidious labour, seeking to excuse, condone, explain away the excesses which sapped his strength and impaired his intellect. He is one of those strange figures who find, even in posterity, people to conspire for them, to suppress, suborn, fabricate, distort. We like best to think of him as young—he has conveyed to us something of his own ardour and at the same time something of his own repugnance. In his books middle age has as little dignity as it had in the comedy of Molière. To him it is *bourgeois* and ridiculous. His old men are *concierges,* boot-makers, grocers, provincials, proprietors—always creditors and usually hypocrites, whose mission is to serve as foils and butts of glowing, ardent youth. His old women are, with a few notable exceptions, hideous and ridiculous. He was in his twenty-seventh year when the sketches that make up the *Vie de Bohême* appeared in the columns of the *Corsaire.* He was already shaken in mind and body, and the last episodes seem inspired and dominated by the ghastly, shuddering fear that his youth was slipping away from him.

Murger was born, according to some, in Paris; according to others, among these last Armand de Pontmartin, his lifelong friend, in Savoy, in February, 1822. Among the writers classed as his contemporaries he was the youngest: twenty-three years younger than Balzac; twenty years younger than Victor Hugo; eighteen years younger than Saint-Beuve; twelve years younger than Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset; fourteen years younger than Gerard de Nerval. He was almost the same age as Émile Augier and the younger Dumas, and but a few years older than Victorien Sardou. Among these men the creator of the *Comédie Humaine* seems to have had the greatest influence on Murger's work, above all, on his later work. In *A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris,* the second part of *Illusions Perdues,* Balzac told of a society of young literary men and artists, who, disdaining the methods of trickery and exploitation then customary, were content to labour silently and indefatigably, confident in their strength and the ultimate recognition of their

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work. In *Les Buveurs d'Eau,* after the *Vie de Bohême,* his most powerful book, Murger has given us the reverse side of the picture, frankly acknowledging the inspiration.

Murger's father was a *concierge* and tailor. He wished to educate his son to hard manual labour. In this he was opposed by Henry's mother, and after a few years of good schooling, the boy, at the age of fifteen, was sent into a lawyer's office. He found the work uncongenial, and gave it up a year later to become the secretary of Count Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman, officially connected with the Czar's government. The position yielded forty francs a month, and soon became a sinecure. He held it until 1848, and for six or seven years entered his employer's house only to draw his salary. At the time of the overthrow of Louis Philippe's government Count Tolstoy had need of the services of his secretary, but the latter returned to the work half-heartedly, and an error that might have assumed grave political importance resulted in his losing his income of forty francs a month. It was then that Murger became a thorough literary Bohemian. In 1843, at the age of twenty-one, he had published an unsuccessful novel, entitled *Via Dolorosa.*

II.

The life of which Murger was at once the incarnation and the historian was one in which laughter and tears were strangely blended; a life passing swiftly to and fro between the public ball and the public hospital. In his treatment of this life, which certainly exists nowhere now, Murger has been charged with idealisation. But the novel, the play, the poem, are at best fragments of life seen across the writer's temperament. Be it realism or romanticism, it is the temperament that gives it life. The Bohemianism of which Murger was an adept was one of heroic aspirations and equally heroic absurdities. The poet Melchior, in *Un Poète de Gouttière,* doubting for an instant his vocation, reads aloud to himself one of his own poems, and in a transport of tears searches in the mirror for the aureole about his head. He wishes to go to the hospital, to "suffer in the bed of Gilbert," to write a hymn to pain that will wring from Paris the cry: "Another great poet who is dying of misery!" What honesty! What frankness! Absurdities like these are beyond pure invention. Nor can they be gleaned from observation of externals. These extravagant artists, these eccentric musicians, these poets whose motto is that "misery is the pasture of talent," are wrung from his own heart; their follies, vanities, excesses of imagination, are those of his own earlier years, which his maturer and broader knowledge of life had taught him to discard.

In the admirable preface of the *Vie de Bohême*—which, by itself, is one of the finest "special articles" ever written in any language—Murger traces the history of Bohemianism from the times of the Grecian vagabonds who went about singing the loves of Helen and the Fall of Troy, through the age of the Troubadours, the century of the Italian Renaissance, the days of François Villon, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, to the present century. He defines Bohemia as "the stage of art life, the anteroom of the Academy, the Hospital or the Morgue." Of Bohemians he says:

> To achieve their aims, all roads are good, since they know how to avail themselves of the chances of the way. Neither rain nor dust, neither shadow nor sunshine—nothing stops these bold adventurers whose very vices are lined with virtues. Their wits are spurred by their ambition, which sounds the charge and urges them to the assault of the Future. With them existence itself is a work of genius; a daily problem to be solved by the most daring mathematics. These men could borrow money from Harpagon and find truffles in the skull of Medusa. At need they know how to practise the abstinence of an anchorite, but let fortune smile on them for a minute and they cannot find windows enough out of which to throw away their money. Then, with their last crown gone, they begin again to dine at the *table d'hôte* of chance, where their places are always set, spending their days in the chase of that elusive animal, the five-franc piece.

For the truth of this passage one need only read Murger's correspondence with Champfleury, which will be treated later in the present article. The want of which he was almost all his life a victim was not due entirely to his own reckless extravagance. His inclination toward poetry was so strong that he would seldom yield

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to necessity and write prose. He was naturally a refined artist, a slow, capricious and painstaking worker, doing his work in the quiet of the night, drinking cup after cup of coffee, usually writing in bed for the want of a fire, living for weeks on bread and water, rather than, as he termed it, prostitute art. Prior to 1848 Murger wrote for *L'Artiste* and *Le Corsaire,* eccentric, humorous journals. The *Vie de Bohême* was first published in *Le Corsaire,* Murger receiving fifteen francs for each instalment.

III.

To Murger the seasons were symbolic of all life. His love of nature was passionate, ardent. Shut up in Paris, living from hand to mouth, dwelling, as did his Rodolphe, on the sixth floor, "because there was no seventh," he drew inspiration from the flowers growing in pots along the window-sill over the way. He would have liked to have roamed through great forests, to have listened to the sobbing of the wind, the roar of the sea. Denied this, he turned to the ticketed trees of the Tuileries and the plash of the Luxembourg fountains. For him, as for Balzac, the river Seine was full of darkness and mystery. He had the vagrom soul. He felt strongly the magic of names. "Barbary," "Bagdad," "Morocco," suggested magnificent day dreams. Like Daudet's Tartarin, he would have sought in the East the romance of the days of Haroun Alraschid. In the breast of every man of any imagination is implanted a passionate yearning for the life of ages less hard-headed and trammelled. He likes to reconstruct in day dreams an England of roadside inns, stage-coaches and highwaymen; a France of red heels, brocaded doublets, flashing rapiers. He accepts it in the old-world spirit, discards political economy, ignores the peasant groaning under the burden—his affair is with the soldier, the blackguard, the *grand seigneur.* His own age is one of cold-blooded practicality, an age of steam and shopkeepers and Cook's tourists; Cathay is a myth, all seas are sounded, all lands surveyed. Romance he can find only between book-covers, and lives with Tom Jones and Squire Western, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan.

In Murger's mind youth and spring were the same, autumn and winter were old age and death. This feeling so pervades his verse that it produces a certain sameness. His pathos is that of men growing old, of illusions lost, of idols shattered, of Bohemians seeing Bohemia passing away from them forever. He has written several deathbed scenes, notably that of Francine in *Le Manchon de Francine,* of *Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse.* But they are purely lyrical. They lack the depth, the feeling of the last scenes of the *Vie de Bohême.* The death-bed in fiction too often savours of artificiality, of attitude. It is lugged in for effect. It was the actor Dickens who wrote the deaths of Paul Dombey and Little Nell. There is a story one never grows weary of hearing of how Thackeray was found one day with red eyes and nose, which he explained by saying in a strangely broken and husky voice, "I've just killed the Colonel." No doubt the story is a true one. After he had finished Paul Dombey, Dickens relates that he spent the night wandering aimlessly and grief-stricken about the streets of Paris. But does not (and the suggestion in itself is rank heresy) the death of Colonel Newcome smack of the *tour de force?* There seems to have been two natures in Thackeray—the one peevish and irritable, the other great and generous. The first pervades the *Paris Sketch Book,* the *Fitzboodle Papers,* it was responsible for the almost malignant persecution with which he followed the career of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Walter Bagehot had rubbed against it when he said that "to be continually conscious of the flunkey behind one's chair is hardly a sign of very great and lofty genius." The second is seen at its best in the genial, delightful *Roundabout Papers.* The pathos of *The Newcomes* is in the long chapters preceding the Colonel's death—in the depressing atmosphere, suggestive of—well—of the long nights, the short, dark days of a Scotch winter. In the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* there is no attempt to enlist our sympathy. The deaths of Athos, of Porthos, of D'Artagnan killed by an explosion just as he was about to be made a Marshal of France, leave us unmoved. What provokes pity is that these men whom we have followed through so many intrigues, snares, duels, skirmishes, should ever succumb to old age. We want them perennially young—to have wrists of

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steel and nerves of iron. We want always to hear the clash of their rapiers and the clink of their glasses, just as we want Long Rifle Natty Bumpo to retain till the last his unerring eye and aim. The death of Madame Bovary is terribly tragic, but totally without pathos. We read the scene of the extreme unction with wonder, with horror; we feel the hand of a master, a marvel, but to the end we are held by curiosity, by admiration, not by tears. The deaths of Père Goriot and of Pons provoke only anger and indignation. The passion is too intense, the irony too well sustained.

IV.

The *Vie de Bohême*, published in 1848, is merely another of the heavyweight works of fiction which we owe to that incomparable decade of 1840-50. What worlds it opened up! Hugo gave us *Notre Dame;* Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo* and the series dealing with the immortal Musketeers; Eugene Sue, *Le Juif Errant* and *Les Mystères de Paris;* Balzac, *Les Parens Pauvres* of the *Comédie Humaine.* To the decade English fiction owes *Barry Lyndon, Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis, Barnaby Rudge, Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, The Caxtons, Night and Morning, Zanoni, The Last of the Barons, Harold,* and *The Pathfinder* and the *Deerslayer* of our own Leather Stocking Tales. What giants these men were! What giant cudgels they wielded! What Garguntuan banquets they set before us! Perhaps rather coarse and strong and substantial for the palate of the literary *gourmet;* tastes are tastes, and there are some who prefer the entrées and salads, but for those who can sit down with relish before the generous, smoking haunches, saddles and joints, how narrow and grey romance would seem if the works of that decade were blotted out!

The following paragraphs, taken from a letter written to Murger by Champfleury, illustrate the strange life they led during the years preceding the publication of the *Vie de Bohême.*

Our income was seventy francs a month. But we had confidence in the future. We rented a small apartment in the Rue Vaugirard, which cost us three hundred francs a year. You brought in six plates, a Shakespeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a bureau of incalculable age and a Phrygian cap. By a strange chance I was the owner of two mattresses, a bedstead, one hundred and eighty volumes, an arm-chair, two small chairs, a table and a human skull. We seldom went out, we smoked continually and worked a good deal. The days of our greatest misery came. We decided that as soon as our income was drawn we would keep an account of expenditures. We were wonderfully honest at the beginning of every month. Under the date of November 1 1 I read: "Paid to Mme. Bastien for tobacco, two francs." We also paid our grocer, our coal man and the restaurant. The first day of the month was evidently a revel. I find: "Spent at the *café* five sous." On the same day you bought fifteen sous' worth of pipes. On November 2 you paid an important sum, five francs, to the washerwoman. On November 3 you decide that as long as the seventy francs last we are to do our own cooking. In consequence you buy a soup pot, fifteen sous, some vegetables and some laurel leaves. In your capacity of poet you were over partial to laurel, our soup was constantly afflicted with it. We also laid in potatoes, tobacco, sugar and coffee. Profanity and gnashing of teeth marked the inscribing in our book of the expenses of November 4. On the next day we lent an enormous sum, thirty-five sous, to G——, who, it appears, had decided upon us as his regular bankers—the house of Murger and Company. Until November 8 we made the addition at the foot of the ledger. By that time forty francs sixty-one centimes had disappeared. On the 14th we were compelled to call on M. Credit. M. Credit went to the grocer's, the tobacconist's, the coal man's. He was not very badly received; assuming your form, he was very successful with the grocer's daughter. Did M. Credit die on the 17th? I find noted: "From Prince Albert three francs." On November 19 we sold some books.

This expense book deals with the year 1843. The following year they were obliged to return to their old attic in the Rue Doyenne. Here congregated the band of Bohemians which suggested the famous cenacle of the *Vie de Bohême.* Rodolphe was Murger himself, Marcel, Schaunard, Colline, Barbemuche, have all been identified. The band made its headquarters at the Café "Momus," described at length in the *Vie de Bohême,* and soon drove away the proprietor's respectable patrons. Seemingly no trace of this café

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remains. Paris, in its literary landmarks, offers some curious contradictions. One has no difficulty in finding and following the streets trod in the seventeenth century by Dumas's Musketeers. Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* deals with a period even more remote. Yet a *Cour des Miracles* and probably the one where Pierre Gringoire fell in with the society of cutthroat beggars, exists to-day within a few hundred yards of the Bourse and the great Boulevards, in the angle made by the Rue Réaumur and the Rue des Petits Carreaux. On the other hand, Little Pipcus of *Les Misérables* long since passed away. Very little of the Paris of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* remains; of the Paris of Eugene Sue, whose great romances dealt with the city of 1840, practically nothing.

V.

In 1851 Murger became connected with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From this time on his manner of life changed materially, but the years of privation and excess had undermined his health. Nevertheless, he continued to produce work with fair regularity until his death, which took place at Marlotte in January, 1861. For the *Revue* he wrote *Le Dernier Rendez-Vous, Le Pays Latin, Adeline Protat, Claude et Marianne* and *Les Buveurs d'Eau*. It was his wish to write for the stage, but he was totally unfit for the work of play-writing. To Theodore Barrière rather than to Murger was due the success of the dramatisation of the *Vie de Bohême*. Some of the episodes of the book were used, and butchered, in Clyde Fitch's *Bohemia*, played here about three years ago.

While Daudet was the incomparable master of climax, in the devices by which he begins his tales Murger shows the craft of a great playwright. Could anything be more inevitable, more natural and yet more delightfully surprising than the first scene of the *Vie de Bohême*, which treats of the establishing of the famous society? Schaunard, "the Great Musician," is evicted on the morning of the 8th of April for non-payment of his rent. Marcel, "the Great Painter," moves into the vacated apartment. Schaunard passes the day wandering about Paris. His adventures lead to his forming the acquaintance of Colline, "the Great Philosopher," and Rodolphe, "the Great Poet." The three spend the evening in a drinking bout. When they leave the café at midnight a thunderstorm comes up. Colline and Rodolphe live at the other end of Paris. Schaunard, who has completely forgotten the events of the morning, invites them to share his apartment. Of course, Marcel is found in possession, and the complications of the situation lead to the forming of the society. *Les Buveurs d'Eau, Le Pays Latin, Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse,* are descriptive of the same life, but by the *Vie de Bohême* alone must Murger be judged. The characters of the "four" are admirably drawn. His women, despite their environment, are at times as intangible as the women of Gautier's *Mlle. de Maupin*. But they are of an entirely different race. In Hélène, of *Le Pays Latin,* he gave us a *grande dame*. He knew no *grandes dames*. He had seen them in the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, at the opera. He, standing on the curbstone, attired in his strange coat of many seasons, had watched and dreamed and worshipped; then, turning away, had gone back to his attic and the grisettes of the Quartier.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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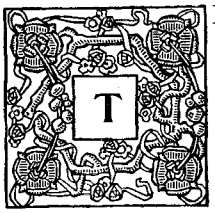
THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

V. Robert Louis Stevenson.



HIS modern master of English style, Robert Louis Stevenson, has told in one of his essays, collected in the volume *Memories and Portraits*, how by long and continuous application he learned to write. He always carried two books in his pocket, he says—one to read, the other to write in, and in his walks was always trying to describe with appropriate words all that he saw.

> It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I had wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself.

He was led, in his efforts at writing, to attempt to copy the style of some well-known author, sometimes one, sometimes another, as his ideals changed. At different times he thus "played the sedulous ape" to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne and others, and he tells of one fragment called *The Vanity of Morals* which was three times written, first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in that of Ruskin and third in imitation of Sir Thomas Browne.

Then, and our rising young authors who seek to emulate his style may well take it to heart, he says:

> That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear some one cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality.
>
> * * * * *
>
> And it is the great point of these imitations that there still shines beyond the student's reach his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is a very old and a very true saying that failure is the only high-road to success. I must have had some disposition to learn; for I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances. I liked doing them indeed; but when they were done, I could see they were rubbish.

In a letter to a boyish admirer, printed in the new *Letters*, he says: "Before I was eight I used to write stories—or dictate them at least—and I had produced an excellent history of Moses, for which I received £1 from an uncle," and in the prefatory sketch to the volume Mr. Colvin states that this "History of Moses" was dictated by Stevenson in his sixth year, and that the manuscript of it is still extant.

Stevenson's first appearance in types was in a little pamphlet, *The Pentland Rising*, the title-page of which is here reproduced. It consists of twenty pages, numbered from three to twenty-two, enclosed in a green cover, upon which the title is printed. It is dated at end "Edinburgh, 28th Nov., 1866," and was probably written before he was sixteen years of age, his birthday being November 13. This birthday of his that year was the two hundredth anniversary of the rising of the Scots in the Pentland Hills against the inhuman laws of their English rulers. The circumstances of the writing and printing seem to be nowhere chronicled, but it may be surmised that the boy, full of love of his own Scotland, and its history, his own birthday falling on the anniversary of an event so momentous in its after consequences, wrote this little sketch, which his proud relatives had printed. The little book was evidently treasured carefully, as at the sale of books belonging to his own and his mother's estate last April there were twenty copies of *The Pentland Rising*.

This little sketch has never been reprinted. When Colvin was editing the Edinburgh edition Stevenson was appealed to for permission to reprint some of his juvenile pieces and contributions to magazines. After giving a list of some of the latter, he says:

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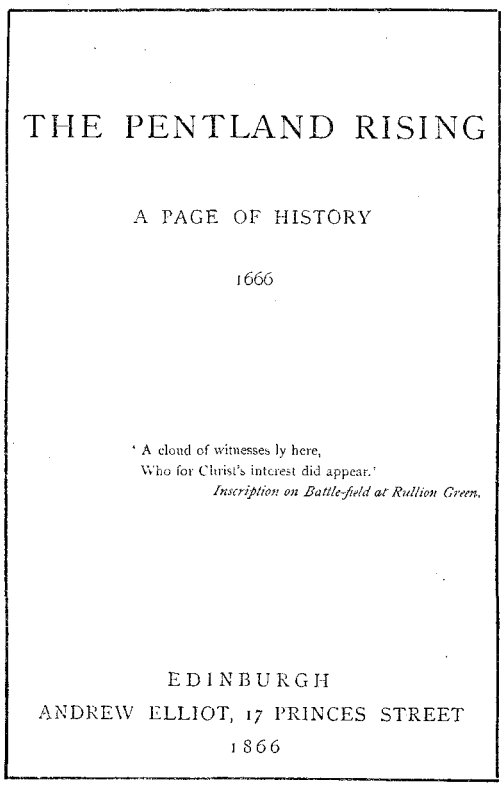
I have no objection to any of these being edited, say with a scythe and reproduced. But I heartily abominate and reject the idea of reprinting *The Pentland Rising*. For God's sake, let me get buried first.

There can, however, be no objection to reprinting here the paragraph giving



THE PENTLAND RISING

A PAGE OF HISTORY

1666

'A cloud of witnesses ly here,
Who for Christ's interest did appear.'
Inscription on Battle-field at Rullion Green.

EDINBURGH
ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET
1866

an account of the beginning of the revolt. The boyish character of the language is apparent in this extract:

Upon Tuesday, November 13, 1666, Corporal George Deanes and three other soldiers set upon an old man in the Clachan of Dalry and demanded the payment of his fines [for not attending church, etc.]. On the old man's refusing to pay, they forced a large party of his neighbours to go with them and thresh his corn. The field was a certain distance out of the clachan, and four persons, disguised as countrymen, who had been out on the moors all night, met this mournful drove of slaves, compelled by the four soldiers to work for the ruin of their friend. However, chilled to the bone by their night on the hills, and worn out by want of food, they proceeded to the village inn to refresh themselves. Suddenly some people rushed into the room where they were sitting, and told them that the soldiers were about to roast the old man, naked, on his own girdle [*sic*, probably a misprint for gridle]. This was too much for them to stand, and they repaired immediately to the scene of this gross outrage, and at first merely requested that the captive should be released. On the refusal of the two soldiers who were in the front room, high words were given and taken on both sides, and the other two rushed forth from an adjoining chamber and made at the countrymen with drawn swords. One of the latter, John M'Lellan of Barskob, drew a pistol and shot the corporal in the body. The pieces of tobacco pipe with which it was loaded, to the number of ten at least, entered him, and he was so much disturbed that he never appears to have recovered, for we find long afterward a petition to the Privy Council requesting a pension for him. The other soldiers then laid down their arms, the old man was rescued, and the rebellion was commenced.

Stevenson afterward wrote under the same title what he describes as a "bulky historical romance without a spark of merit," the manuscript of which he long ago destroyed.

Before the influx upon the market of the twenty copies belonging to Stevenson's mother *The Pentland Rising* was very rare, and copies had sold for upward of one hundred dollars. At present, however, it does not command quite so high a price.

In 1868 he wrote *The Charity Bazaar*, a boyish skit, filling four pages quarto, and which was privately printed. His next appearance in print seems to have been in the pages of a college paper, the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, which he and three fellow-students edited, and which lived through four numbers only. These numbers were issued from January to April, 1871. He says:

A pair of little active brothers—Livingstone by name, great skippers on the foot, great rubbers of the hands, who kept a bookshop over against the University building—had been debauched to play the part of publishers.

The first number was edited by all four associates, the second by Stevenson and James Walter Ferrier, the third by Stevenson alone, and of the last he says: "It has long been a solemn question who it was that edited the fourth," and then:

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It would perhaps be still more difficult to say who read it. Poor yellow sheet, that looked so hopefully in the Livingstones' window! Poor, harmless paper, that might have gone to print a Shakespeare on, and was instead so clumsily defaced with nonsense! And, shall I say, Poor Editors? I cannot pity myself, to whom it was all pure gain. It was no news to me, but only the wholesome confirmation of my judgment, when the magazine struggled into half-birth, and instantly sickened and subsided into night.

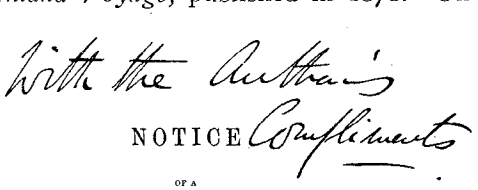
Stevenson contributed six articles to the four numbers, one of which, "An Old Scotch Gardener," he revised and reprinted in *Memories and Portraits.*

Stevenson's father and grandfather had been civil engineers and famous as lighthouse builders. Had he been of a more robust constitution, he would have been brought up to the same calling, that being his father's wish. As it was, several summers were passed with his father in assisting with the work at various points on the coast of Scotland. In 1869 he made the tour of the Orkneys and Shetlands on board the steam-yacht of the Commissioners of Northern Lights and in 1870 a similar tour of the Western Islands. He was, however, more a lover of the sea from the standpoint of the artist than that of the civil engineer. "I can't look at it practically; however, that will come, I suppose, like grey hair or coffin nails," he says in a letter to his mother while absent on one of these expeditions.

He, however, gave the family calling considerable study, and on March 27, 1871, read a paper before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, a *Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses,* for which he received the Society's silver medal, value three sovereigns. This paper was printed separately from the Transactions of the Society in a thin pamphlet, consisting of five pages of text only, beside the title-leaf. It has the headline, "Mr. L. Stevenson on a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," and contains five illustrations in the text. The invention or idea in its simplest form consisted of a permanent hemispherical mirror behind the light with a smaller hemispherical mirror revolving in front of it. The thing aimed at was to produce an intense, full-power light alternating immediately, without gradations with absolute darkness.

This little pamphlet, four leaves only, without cover, is the author's first book with his name on the title-page. It is extremely rare, and was not included in the bibliography published in THE BOOKMAN for September, 1896.

His first cloth-bound book was *An Inland Voyage,* published in 1878. On


With the Author's Compliments

NOTICE

OF A

NEW FORM OF INTERMITTENT LIGHT

FOR LIGHTHOUSES.

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From the Transactions of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Vol. VIII, 1870-71

EDINBURGH
PRINTED BY NEILL AND COMPANY
1871

January 1 of that year, when the manuscript, or a part of it, was evidently being considered by Kegan Paul and Company, Stevenson wrote to Colvin:

I only hope Paul may take the thing; I want coin so badly, and besides it would be something done—something put outside of me and off my conscience; and I should not feel such a muff as I do, if once I saw the thing in boards with a ticket on its back. I think I shall frequent circulating libraries a good deal. The Preface shall stand over, as you suggest, until the last, and then, sir, we shall see. This to be read with a big voice.

In *My First Book,* a series of contributions by various authors, Stevenson has told the story of his first published novel, *Treasure Island.* This ran in *Young Folks* in 1881 and 1882, and was published in book form in 1883.

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While playing with his stepson's water-colours, he had drawn and coloured the map of an island. Quoting his own words: "It was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets; and with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed my performance 'Treasure Island.' . . . The next thing I knew I had some papers before me and was writing out a list of chapters. How often have I done so, and the thing gone no farther! But there seemed elements of success about this enterprise. It was to be a story for boys; no need of psychology or fine writing; and I had a boy at hand to be a touchstone."

The story was begun, and what was written of it during the day was read aloud to the family in the evening. His father, whose life had been given up to studying the sea and its ways, was like another boy, and "caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his original nature." Then into the family circle dropped a friend, Dr. Japp, who had been commissioned by the proprietor of *Young Folks* to discover new writers for that magazine. When he left he carried off the manuscript of the uncompleted story, then known as *The Sea Cook*.

Fifteen days the author stuck to his task, and the story flowed freely at the rate of a chapter a day, and then he "ignominiously lost hold." It was weeks before the inspiration came again, and then the tale flowed from him "like small talk," and the story was completed.

Treasure Island . . . appeared duly in the story paper, where it figured in the ignoble midst, without woodcuts, and attracted not the least attention. I did not care. I liked the tale myself, for much the same reason as my father liked the beginning: it was my kind of picturesque. I was not a little proud of John Silver, also; and to this day rather admire that smooth and formidable adventurer. What was infinitely more exhilarating, I had passed a landmark; I had finished a tale, and written "The End" upon my manuscript, as I had not done since *The Pentland Rising*, when I was a boy of sixteen not yet at college. In truth, it was so by a set of lucky accidents; had not Dr. Japp come on his visit, had not the tale flowed from me with singular ease, it must have been laid aside like its predecessors, and found a circuitous and unlamented way to the fire. Purists may suggest it would have been better so. I am not of that mind. The tale seems to have given much pleasure, and it brought (or was the means of bringing) fire and food and wine to a deserving family in which I took an interest. I need scarcely say I mean my own.

Luther S. Livingston.

COME THEN

Nay, come not now—when buoyantly your feet
With lightest, softest footstep treads the air,
And joyously you smile on all you meet,
And from your life have banished care;
But when the fragrant flowers in your crown
Are scentless, and lie still in bleak and cold,
Weary with the strife, you're sad and old—
Come then.

Nay, come not now! The world rings with your name,
And on the highest wave is proudly rolled.
All men applaud you and your gracious reign,
While your fame has brought you gold;
But when the Path grows longer with each fight,
And faithlessness and grief their furrows press,
And crowded is your life with loneliness—
Come then.

Kate E. Pierce.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND ONE OF HER CRITICS

SO far as I am aware, no biographer or commentator has called attention to one episode in Charlotte Brontë's literary life, the facts of which I now lay before the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

The *Christian Remembrancer,* a Church of England quarterly, contained in its number for April, 1853, an article entitled "New Novels by Lady G. Fullerton and Currer Bell." The Currer Bell novel, it is needless to say, was *Vilette.* The reviewer began his notice of *Vilette* with the following paragraph:

After threading the maze of harrowing perplexities thus set forth by Lady Georgiana, having followed her characters through their course of fatal mistakes and hairbreadth perils, witnessed their bursts of tragic passion, listened to their turgid sentiments, and felt the whole to be the offspring of a lively imagination, confined within too narrow a sphere of observation—a society removed so high above many of the real troubles of life that they must needs allow idleness and luxury to coin some for them—it is, we own, a relief to turn to the work-day world of *Vilette.* The rough winds of common life make a better atmosphere for fiction than the stove heat of the "higher circles." Currer Bell, by hardly *earning* her experience, has, at least, won her knowledge in a field of action where more can sympathise; though we cannot speak of sympathy, or of ourselves as in any sense sharing in it, without a protest against the outrages on decorum, the moral perversity, the toleration of, nay, indifference to vice which deform her first powerful picture of a desolate woman's trials and sufferings—faults which make *Jane Eyre* a dangerous book, and which must leave a permanent mistrust of the author on all thoughtful and scrupulous minds. But however alloyed with blame this sympathy has necessarily been, there are indications of its having cheered her and done her good. Perhaps, as it was argued of Gertrude, she has been the better for a little happiness and success, for in many important moral points *Vilette* is an improvement on its predecessors. The author has gained both in amiability and propriety since she first presented herself to the world—soured, coarse and grumbling; an alien, it might seem, from society, and amenable to none of its laws.

In the *Christian Remembrancer* for October, 1853, under the heading "Notices," the following paragraph appears:

A letter from the author of *Vilette,* which claims at once our respect and sympathy, complains of a passage in our recent review of that work (April, 1853), which she says has been interpreted by some persons—not by herself, for this was not her own unbiassed impression—in a sense the remotest possible from our thoughts. We wrote in entire ignorance of the author's private history, and with no wish to pry into it. But her keen and vivid style, and her original and somewhat warped mode of viewing things, must excite speculation in her readers as to the circumstances of education and position which have formed both mind and style. Some grave faults in her earliest work we thought most easily accounted for by the supposition of a mind of remarkable power and great capabilities for happiness exposed to early and long trial of some kind, and in some degree embittered by the want of congenial employment. We refer our readers to the article in question, where not only is there no insinuation of "a disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life," but such a supposition is at variance with the whole line of suggestion, which tends to attribute what we must differ from in her writings to adverse circumstances, not to conduct. We will, however, distinctly state that we had no idea in our mind, and therefore could not desire to express any suspicion, of an unfavourable cause for a life of seclusion. We now learn with pleasure, but not with surprise, that the main motive for this seclusion is devotion to the purest and most sacred of domestic ties.

It is some time since I made note of this, but I had little hope of being able to recover the actual letter. However, in the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1857, there is printed a long and very able article on the life of Charlotte Brontë. In that article the letter in question is given in full as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Christian Remembrancer.*

HAWORTH, NEAR KEIGHLEY, YORKSHIRE,
July 18, 1853.

SIR: I think I cannot be doing wrong in addressing you a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the *Christian Remem-*

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brancer for last April. I mean an article noticing *Vilette.*

When first I read that article I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable, of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating; an occasional misconception passed scarce noticed, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since risen so heavy as to oblige me to revert seriously to their origin. Conscious myself that the import of these insinuations was far indeed from truth, I forgot to calculate how they might appear to that great public which personally did not know me.

The passage to which I particularly allude characterises me by a strong expression. I am spoken of *an alien—it might seem from society, and amenable to none of its laws.*

The *G*—— newspaper gave a notice in the same spirit. The *E*—— culled isolated extracts from your review, and presented them in a concentrated form as one paragraph of unqualified condemnation.

The result of these combined attacks, all to one effect—all insinuating some disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life—has been such that at length I feel it advisable to speak a few words of temperate explanation in the quarter that seems to me most worthy to be thus addressed, and the most likely to understand rightly my intention. Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded or naturally unjust thinker.

To him I would say no cause of seclusion such as he would imply has ever come near my thoughts, deeds or life. It has not entered my experience. It has not crossed my observation.

Providence so regulated my destiny that I was born and have been reared in the seclusion of a country parsonage. I have never been rich enough to go out into the world as a participator in its gaieties, though it early became my duty to leave home in order partly to diminish the many calls on a limited income. That income is lightened of claims in another sense now, for of a family of six I am the only survivor.

My father is now in his seventy-seventh year; his mind is clear as it ever was, and he is not infirm, but he suffers from partial privation and threatened loss of sight; and his general health is also delicate, he cannot be left often or long: my place consequently is at home. These are reasons which make retirement a plain duty; but were no such reasons in existence, were I bound by no such ties, it is very possible that seclusion might still appear to me, on the whole, more congenial than publicity; the brief and rare glimpses I have had of the world do not incline me to think I should seek its circles with very keen zest—nor can I consider such disinclination a just subject for reproach.

This is the truth. The careless, rather than malevolent insinuations of reviewers have, it seems, widely spread another impression. It would be weak to complain, but I feel that it is only right to place the real in opposition to the unreal.

Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he cannot now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped that shaft he shot at "Currer Bell," but when again tempted to take aim at other prey—let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the "golden rule."

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
C. Brontë.

The critic goes on to say:

Though criticism was never more needed than in the case of Currer Bell, yet this is inevitably a sad book for critics. We do not blame ourselves for what has been said in our pages of the author of *Jane Eyre.* We could not do otherwise than censure what was censurable. Where would books get their deserts, how could judgment be given, if private considerations had weight to restrain independent public opinion? Critics would then be no better than partial friends. But such revelations as this book gives us are a lesson to weigh words. We should never forget that the unknown author has a known side; that he is not an abstraction. And here we are taught that the private side of a character may be in strong contrast to its public manifestation; that it needs rare discernment to form a true estimate of a writer from his works; and that the boldest, most fearless style, may emanate from a nature which has its sensitive, shrinking, timid side. We believe that all the critics thought they had a tolerably tough nature to deal with, that there was no need to sugar the bitter draught in this instance; and when a woman assumed a masculine tone, wrote as well or better than any man among them, and showed herself afraid of nothing, that gallantry and patronising tenderness which is commonly bestowed upon women was changed to gall. And now the administrators of the potion have to reflect on the private most feminine sorrows of this Amazon; of a patient life of monotonous duty; of the passionate hold the purest domestic affections had on her character; and which

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among them, if he could rewrite his criticism, would not now and then erase an epithet, spare a sarcasm, modify a sweeping condemnation? We own it wounds our tenderest feelings to know her sensitiveness to such attacks; and when she sheds tears over the *Times* critique—of all things in the world to weep over—our heart bleeds indeed.

I have not succeeded at the date of writing to discover the authorship of the articles in question, though I have a clue. The *Christian Remembrancer* was published by Messrs. J. and C. Mozley, and one of the editors was Canon Mozley, the eminent theologian. In Dr. Mozley's letters, edited by his accomplished sister, Miss Anne Mozley, whose essays in the *Saturday Review, Blackwood's Magazine* and *Bentley's Quarterly Review* are still worth turning to, we find that Mozley announced, in a letter to his brother, dated January 1, 1855, that he has resolved to sever his editorial connection with the *Christian Remembrancer* on account of an important divergence from the High Church party. He says, "I do not think it right under such circumstances to have anything more to do with the editing of the *C. R.* What I have had, indeed, has been of an imperfect, irregular kind, and more belonging to the practice of *amicus curiae.*" He goes on, "I have written to Scott some three weeks ago to this effect." Scott is the Rev. William Scott, father of Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, and an active contributor to the *Saturday* in its early days. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Scott, who resided in London, was the active editor of the *Review,* and his connection continued for a considerable time at least after Mozley gave up his place on the staff. The *Remembrancer* survived well into the sixties. Perhaps the publication of these facts will bring additional information, which will be gratefully welcomed. It is tolerably clear that the two articles referred to in the *Christian Remembrancer* are from different hands. So much new Brontë matter has been brought to light lately that it is hardly possible to keep up with it. If I have been anticipated, let me plead ignorance as an excuse for this article. I know, of course, the slight allusions to the *Vilette* article in Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle,* but they do not touch my point.

I am not aware that Charlotte Brontë on any other occasion wrote to an *editor* about any review of her books.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

PRELUDE

Not with the maddening tumult of the wind
  That sweeps with unresisting impulse rife,
Nor fiercer flame, that leaves sad waste behind,
  But softly would I move along thy life;
As 'mid still eloquence of woodland maze
  We stay the step, and silently pass nigh
Where the imprisoning hush of twilight ways
  Shrines, dryadlike, the heart of Mystery,
Lest the spell break we tread not all too near,
  But steal with trembling breath dim paths along—
Finding the shadow than all light more dear,
  Finding the hush more sweet than any song;
Thus, at its portal, 'twixt thy soul and strife,
I would move softly, love, along thy life.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

I German Newspapers

ON the long history of German newspaperdom—and it goes back to 1403 A.D., when a Leipzig bookmaker issued the first Zeitung to commemorate the obsequies of the Emperor Frederick—in all these five centuries only one instance of influence wielded by the press can be recalled. In March, 1813, the *Schlesische privilegirte Zeitung,* in Breslau, published Frederick William the Third's *Call to Arms* (*An Mein Volk*), preceding that spirited harangue, which was composed by Hippel and inspired by Gneisenau, with the terse announcement, "The king has entered into a defensive and offensive alliance with his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, Czar of all the Russias."

The placing of this bit of momentous news at the head of the official proclamation was a stroke of editorial brilliancy never surpassed and never repeated in the annals of Teuton journalism. It gave colour and backbone to the royal effusion, carrying it from the sloth of a half-egotistical, half-patriotic appeal to the heights of promising performance.

Schlesische privilegirte Zeitung.

No. 34. Sonnabends den 20. März 1813.

Se. Majestät der König haben mit Sr. Majestät dem Kaiser aller Reußen ein Off- und Defensiv-Bündniß abgeschlossen.

An Mein Volk.

PRUSSIA'S CALL TO ARMS AGAINST THE FIRST NAPOLEON, MARCH, 1813.

As all the world knows, it had an electrical effect. The people rose as one man; those who could not bear arms laid their fortune, their jewelry, their personal apparel even upon the altar of the Fatherland, and the great struggle against Napoleon began.

Yet this convincing proof of the beneficial influence of publicity was entirely lost, and the "nation of thinkers," though forever rummaging in the tomes of the past, has never yet recalled and recommended as an inspiring example the *Schlesische Zeitung's* masterstroke. But while German editors failed to learn a lesson that might have carried them to the head of continental journalism at a comparatively early age, as an offset, they forgot another thing calculated to mar their reputation for honesty and loftiness of purpose.

On June 19, 1815, Blücher caused the first yellow sheet to be issued in the tongue of Goethe and Schiller, but though he was, and still remains, the popular idol, his example found no imitators.

Here is a fac-simile of the *Berlin News* (*Hande and Spencer'sche Zeitung*), in which Blücher claims Waterloo's laurels in this summary style: "I have won the most complete victory over Napoleon in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, at La Belle Alliance." Twenty-five thousand, then an incredible number, of copies were sold; but, notwithstanding the distinguished *accoucheur,* sensationalism and exaggeration proved still-born children. Not quite still-born, perhaps, for they were allowed to make themselves heard, and the public was even amused to watch the *Wechselbälge* kick up their little feet; but both as to newspaper-makers and readers the departure from the legitimate was momentary only. A paper con-

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ducted on the lines of the New York "yellow journals" could not live in Germany. Scare-heads and the similar devices of perverted journalism are confined to the "extra" fiends, rat-office printers and others eking a precarious living by issuing occasionally a penny-dreadful, printed on one side only, and containing no other matter besides the hair-raiser on which the fakir seeks to fatten. And woe to him if he falls into the hands of the police. Not only the "extra" shouters, but the publisher, editor and printer are jailed on charges of creating and abetting, respectively, a public nuisance. This offence is punishable by imprisonment "not less than three days and not more than two years."

The German newspaper is, above all, dignified. In the better class of papers there is a wall between "upstairs" and "downstairs" that no gold-laden ass can scale, though he be shod with diamonds; and even the small papers feel it their mission to uphold their party views and to instruct and guide with a seriousness and a disregard of pecuniary considerations that is almost pathetic. There is no such thing as securing attention by scare-heads and articles conforming to the term. While, in order to be talked about, the papers of many countries cut some curious capers during their teething period, the German gazette is as sedate, as ponderous of mien and as poor in matters of news, or, on the other hand, as frivolous and wide-awake and bourgeois on its birthday as after a career of twenty years.

Take, for instance, the case of Berlin's youngest paper—the *Petit Journal* of Germany—*Der Lokal Anzeiger*. After a long newspaper experience in the United States August Scherl started his little sheet on American lines. He dispensed with the mill-stone leader, threw overboard heavy phraseology and confined himself to news served attractively, concisely and independently. That was unusual enough, but when Berlin woke up to the fact that the new weekly treated political intelligence exactly as it did police court news—without comment of any sort—German astonishment knew no bounds, and for a time the *Anzeiger* was tolerated out of curiosity, rather than from motives of appreciation. Scherl, on his part, took care that no one was without the new paper on Sunday mornings, and to this end began a war against the news companies. Realising their unwillingness to reform antiquated methods, he collected a thousand women, able to give a small, interest-bearing security for faithful performance of duties. These became his canvassers and carriers, each being assigned to a district in which to make a house-to-house appeal for readers, *not* subscribers, for at first the paper cost nothing beyond the delivery fee of two and one-half pfennigs, about half a cent per copy. The two and one-half pfennigs and a like amount paid by the office was the carrier's wage, each being required to dispose of two hundred papers in as many households or offices, a little army of inspectors and spotters preventing deceit or waste. In this way the foundation for the *Anzeiger's* great circulation was laid—no

Berlinische Nachrichten
von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.
Im Verlage der Haude- und Spenerschen Buchhandlung.

Extra-Blatt No. 1. Sonnabend, den 24sten Juni 1815.

Berlin, vom 24. Juni.
Morgens 3 Uhr.

So eben langt, aus dem Hauptquartier Sr. Durchlaucht des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt, durch den als Courier abgesendten Lieutenant Mernst, folgendes Schreiben an mich hier an:

„Ew. Excellenz benachrichtige ich, daß ich gestern, in Verbindung mit der Englischen Armee unter dem Herzog von Wellington, den vollständigsten Sieg, der nur erfochten werden kann, über Napoleon Bonaparte davon getragen habe. Die Schlacht fiel in der Nähe einiger einzelnen auf der Straße von hier nach Brüssel belegenen Häuser: „la belle alliance" (die schöne Allianz) genannt, vor, und einen besseren Namen, dieses wichtigen Tages kann es wohl nicht geben. Die französische Armee ist in einer völligen Auflösung, und eine außerordentliche Menge von Geschütz erobert. Die Zeit erlaubt es mir nicht, Ew. Excellenz in diesem Augenblick mehreres mitzutheilen. Ich behalte mir die Details vor, und bitte Dieselben nur, den guten Berliner diese frohe Nachricht mitzutheilen.

Hauptquartier Genappe, den 19ten Juni 1815 Morgens 5½ Uhr.

Blücher."

Der Lieutenant Mernst fügt noch folgendes mündlich hinzu: Bei seinem Abgange hatte man bereits 192 Stück Kanonen, und mehr als das Doppelte an Munitions- und Proviantwagen gezählt. Die gesammten Equipagen Bonapartes und seiner Generale waren in unsere Hände gefallen. Der General Duhesme, der eine Abtheilung der alten Garde kommandirt, war tödtlich blessirt und mit 2 Adjudanten gefangen. Die ganze Nacht hindurch hatte der General-Lieutenant Graf von Gneisenau mit der ganzen Armee den Feind verfolgt, jedoch nirgends eine Gegenwehr gefunden. Der Fürst Blücher war im Begriff, sein Hauptquartier nach Charleroi zu verlegen. Bonaparte floh auf Avesne, von der Englischen Armee über Nivelles verfolgt. Am 19ten Mittags stand das Corps des General Bandamme noch dem 3ten Armee Corps unter dem General Freiherrn v. Thielemann, bei Wavre, gegenüber: Da die Straßen über Nivelles und Charleroy jenem Corps abgeschnitten, auch das deutsche Armee-Corps von Trier aus auf Givet vorgedrungen ist: so ist Bandamme überall abgeschnitten, und ein Schicksal wie bei Culm kann ihn leicht zum zweitenmale ereilen.

Kalckreuth.

Zur Feier dieses glänzenden Sieges wird morgen, den 25sten, in allen Kirchen der Hauptstadt ein Tedeum begangen werden.

Extrablatt der „Berlinischen Nachrichten" mit der Nachricht von dem Siege der Verbündeten bei La Belle Alliance, am 18. Juni 1815.

Nach einem im Besitz des Geheimen Justizrates Hessling in Berlin befindlichen Exemplar. Originalgröße.

Brenner, Gesch. d. Preuß. Staates

NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCING NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL.

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Nr. 319 Zweites Morgenblatt. Vierundvierzigster Jahrgang. Freitag 17. November 1899

Frankfurter Zeitung

(Frankfurter Handelszeitung) und Handelsblatt. (Neue Frankfurter Zeitung.)

family paper was ever started on more legitimate and business-like lines.

After the ten-pfennigs-a-month edition had taken thorough root a price was put on the newcomer, and the paper was issued thrice weekly at a cost of fifty pfennigs a month. The first daily issue, having a *bona fide* subscription list of a hundred thousand names, appeared a year later, and Scherl's canvass, conducted in the mean time, had gone to such lengths as to enable him to publish from his lists a city directory so much more complete and reliable than the existing one that the older institution was forced out of business. It is Scherl's boast that he has on an average five to six subscribers in almost every house in Berlin. I once saw this penny paper on the Kaiser's desk in the Neues Palais, and on inquiry learned that forty-two were delivered at the Schloss every morning and evening, exclusive of copies intended for the servants' quarters.

"And how many *Kreutz-Zeitungs* do you get?" I asked the fat *portier*.

"Two—one for Majesty" (the Berliner eschews the pronoun in connection with titles), "one for Majesty and the other for Graf Eulenburg," the chief court marshal. Alas, the ingratitude of kings! The *Kreutz-Zeitung* was especially started for the defence of throne and altar, and during the fifty years of its existence has been as loyal to the monarchy and as eager to be the Government's speaking-tube as the *Anzeiger* was, and is colourless in respect to affairs of the royal house, and independent of official and semi-official news and literary sources.

Yet such is the power of circulation, even in *réclame*-despising Prussia, that imperial ministers and courtiers not only prefer Herr Scherl's bourgeois sheet for perusal, but occasionally furnish it exclusive news of the "all-highest circles," which the organ of feudalism and the aristocracy is obliged to reprint with credit, as it dare not ignore intelligence appertaining to the Crown.

When I talked with the managing editor of the *Kreutz-Zeitung* on this subject, he smiled disdainfully. "The neglect on the part of statesmen who have degenerated into politicians," he said, "doesn't affect us in the least; for until our paper dignifies court news by printing it in the proper department, no such information is taken for 'voll' (entirely correct)."

The *Kreutz-Zeitung's* real name is "New Prussian Gazette," but no one, not even its own editors, call it by that title, the synonym suggested by the iron cross on its head having completely obscured the real designation. With the *Lokal Anzeiger* this organ of publicity shares the distinction of devoting much space and venom to abuse of the United States. Indeed, if it were not for that, the American people would probably be ignorant of their existence; for, despite their large circulation and courtly prestige, neither paper exercises the smallest vestige of influence. The *Kreutz-Zeitung* hates us because we are republican, because we are prosperous and because our natural products make competition for the Prussian *Junker*, who imagines that he was ordained by Providence to feed the masses at prices most agreeable to his

Königlich privilegirte Berlinische Zeitung

von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.

№ 434. Vossische Zeitung. 1899.

Abend-Ausgabe. Freitag den 15. September.

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Morgen-Ausgabe.

Berliner Tageblatt.

Nummer 587. Berlin, Freitag, den 17. November 1899. XVIII. Jahrgang.

pocket. Our late war with Spain has, in addition, stirred up its military bile, for, with one or two exceptions, the *Kreutz-Zeitung's* editorial staff, inclusive of correspondents and reporters, consists of ex-army officers, every one of whom seems to think that the marshal's staff he carried in his knapsack escaped his grasp only by the merest chance. To these men the American policy of recent years has been bitterly distasteful. They have consistently poked fun at the "Yankees" and sneered at our "lack of discipline, training and equipment." And when we were at war with Spain the reports of victory were branded as "infamous lies," while the Madrid inventions received precedence over every other piece of news. The *Kreutz-Zeitung's* rancour is bred by ignorance and party spirit, but with the *Lokal Anzeiger* it is another matter; for not only its publisher, but its editor-in-chief, Herr von Kupfer, too, know and love America, while acknowledging that the success of their undertaking is entirely due to methods and ideas studied and acquired by them in this country. Yet so profound and general is German animosity toward the United States that the most widely read of German dailies thinks it politic to subserve, against its own better knowledge, to popular clamour. And this reminds me of another America-travelled Berlin editor, who delights in vilifying the United States—Doctor Lange, of the *Deutsche Zeitung*, a paper which of late began to figure in the cable dispatches as a purveyor of most reliable, exclusive news of the Transvaal War.

In the fall of 1896 I happened to call on Dr. Lange at his office, and, after getting through with my business, asked him to tell me frankly what particular fault he had to find with the United States. "Only this," said the great man, giving me a withering look, "America is intelligent, capable, full of achievements, but it has no culture."

The German *arbiter elegantiarum* accompanied his sentence with most expressive gestures, which disclosed frayed and soiled paper cuffs, a ditto collar and a ditto bib, which imperfectly concealed a blue Jaeger shirt, which, he explained, needed no washing. He simply shook it well at the end of every week. That in the matter of furnishing the most momentous news of the day Dr. Lange's little paper at present outdistances the *London Times* and the *London Mail*—though its ordinary news service is restricted to the dispatches of the official agency, and though it is inconceivable that the *Zeitung* has correspondents in the field or can pay telegraph tolls from the African interior—this seemingly inexplicable capacity for securing "beats" that develop over night without any preliminary outlay in money or grey matter is a feature peculiar to German newspaper life that needs explanation.

With the exception of the *Lokal Anzeiger* and its namesakes and imitators in other big cities, almost all German dailies are organs of some party, or fraction of party, or of a group or clique, whose interest they espouse, and the members of which furnish it with "pap" in the way of news, subscribers, editors or money. Of the three kinds, the news-pap is most acceptable, for nothing builds up a German paper more rapidly than a reputation for getting "exclusives," official or semi-official, of a diplomatic, military

1. Ausgabe. Berliner Morgenblatt.

Lokal-Anzeiger.

Central-Organ für die Reichshauptstadt.

Nummer 541. Berlin, Freitag, 17. November 1899. 17. Jahrgang.

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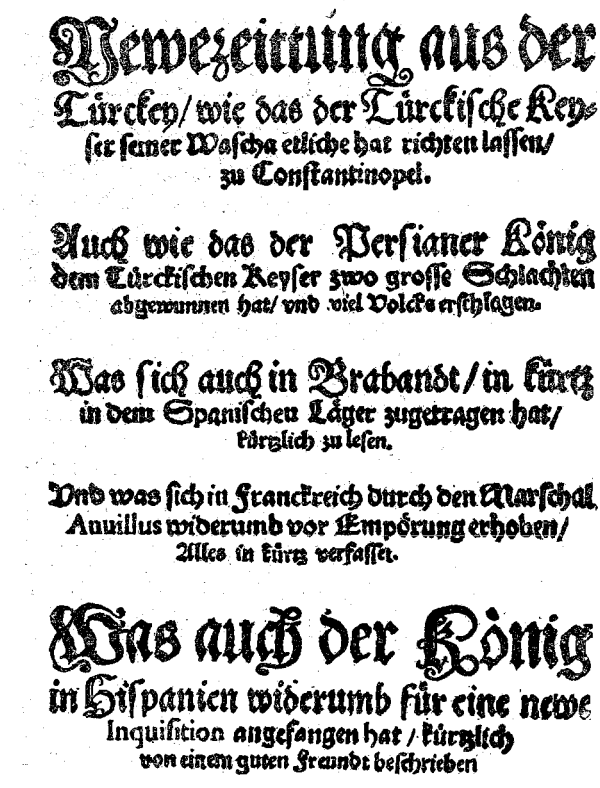

Newezeittung aus der Türckey/ wie das der Türckische Keyser seiner Wascha etliche hat richten lassen/ zu Constantinopel.

Auch wie das der Persianer König dem Türckischen Keyser zwo grosse Schlachten abgewunnen hat/ vnd viel Volcks erschlagen.

Was sich auch in Brabandt/ in kürtz in dem Spanischen Läger zugetragen hat/ kürtzlich zu lesen.

Vnd was sich in Franckreich durch den Marschal Anuillus widerumb vor Empörung erhoben/ Alles in kürtz verfasset.

Was auch der König in Hispanien widerumb für eine newe Inquisition angefangen hat/ kürtzlich von einem guten Freundt beschrieben

Newezeittung aus der Türckei ꝛc. ꝛc.
Gedruckt zu Berlin bei Michael Hengken 1578
Eine der ersten in Berlin gedruckten Zeitungen, in Originalgröße wiedergegeben
Berlin, Gesch. d. Preuß. Staates

FRONT PAGE OF GERMAN NEWSPAPER OF 1578.

or political order. In Germany the Government has never ceased to exercise the ancient *ius primae noctis,* save that it enslaves the mind only now, instead of both body and soul; there the master still claims the exclusive right to fructify public opinion, and the nation of thinkers, like the serfs of old, willingly lends itself to the process, at the same time hatching with equal eagerness all sorts of wind eggs and cuckoo eggs, smuggled into its nest by wire-pullers and fuglemen.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* is a rabid anti-Semite sheet; numbers of anti-Semites sit in the ministerial offices; the great majority of the Kaiser's goldsticks, too, belong to that party. Now, it is a fact that the Berlin cabinet is kept exceedingly well informed on affairs in Natal, and there is little doubt that Prince Hohenlohe likes to see anti-British news in print. But if they were given to the *North German Gazette,* or some other well-known tout, the source and the underlying motive of the publication would be at once patent to everybody; so transcripts of the cables are turned over to Dr. Lange's gazette, which has no official connection with the foreign office, and is reckoned with the opposition, and whose politics the *régime* in power openly d i s a v o w s. Similar windfalls gladden to-day this, to-morrow that, editor's heart. Though no Herr Redakteur ever thinks of spending m o n e y for "scoops," e v e n the least enterprising of them s t a r t l e s the community from time to time by an exclusive announcement of consequence, that makes his paper the talk of the day and often the subject of contention in parliament a n d diplomatic c i r c l e s. No ward politician or taphouse hanger-on ever believed more thoroughly in influence than the editor of the Fatherland. Some seven or eight y e a r s ago a second-hand playwright named Hugo Lubliner brought out a short-lived drama, that, on account of its treatment of the labour question, attracted his Majesty's attention. William went to the third performance, and in the course of it "commanded" the author to his box, telling him that he, Lubliner, seemed to have a rare understanding of the problem, and that his play expressed the imperial views. Two days later Lubliner announced his intention of publishing a daily to advocate the Kaiser's (and his own) labour views, and after a month *Der Abend* made its appearance. The report of what the Emperor had said to Lubliner during a three minutes' interview of courtesy had sufficed to procure the financial backing necessary for the first few months. When the paper had been out a week, Lubliner asked my opinion of it. I told him it was lacking in authority, incomplete, amateurish, and, in short, impossible.

This influence-worship is so blind that German editors never investigate a story coming from official or semi-official sources; they print as facts and editorial

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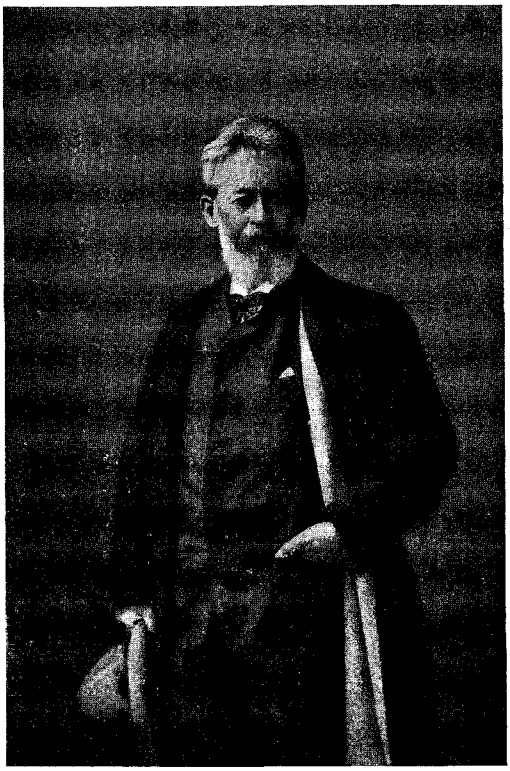
expressions whatever masters or friends send in, be it *ballon d'essai,* revelations, booms or rectification, mere supposition or, perchance, the truth. And if, a day or two later, a higher authority than that previously cited makes a denial of the published account, that in turn is accorded space.

In the matter of general news all papers with a limited amount of money at their command are served on equal terms. Wolff's Bureau—the Reuters of Germany—is a Government affair, subsidised by "news-pap" and the right of priority in the dispatch of telegrams to such an extent that no special correspondent can get stuff on the wire until Wolff has said *Mahlzeit* or "good-night." That, in return, Wolff prepares the intelligence he disseminates according to the taste of the foreign office, the various ministers, Government and police officials, is only natural, and it may be relied upon that nothing detrimental to the powers that be is circulated by him. If an editor is caught tripping, he cannot plead that the matter slipped into the paper in the rush of business; for, as the Berlin States Attorney once pointed out, "a newspaper printing specials must appoint editors to look after such undesirable wildcat information." Indeed, so undesirable are "specials" that the Government has always refused to allow a newspaper rate. But how does the reading public relish this diet? So well that the success of the *Anzeiger* class of papers in nowise interfered with the limited prosperity of dependent sheets. The average German feels lost in the political arena if bereft of leading strings. When Bismarck fell, one of his organs, *Das Deutsche Tageblatt,* also gave up the ghost, and as it happened about a month before quarter-day, the publisher made arrangements with the *Berliner Nachrichten* to supply his subscribers free of charge until the expiration of their terms. But though the *Nachrichten* was the counterpart of the defunct paper in all but unreasonable hero worship, the subscribers would not consent, and so many of them brought suit against the bankrupt *Tageblatt* company for breach of contract, that the *Nachrichten* thought it good policy to bring about an *entente cordiale* with Friedrichsruhe. This was done, and matters ran smoothly with the



LUDWIG PIETSCH, THE GREAT FEUILLETONIST.

Tageblatt's former readers. Nowadays the *Nachrichten* or, with its full title, the *Berliner Neuesten Nachrichten,* figures in cable dispatches occasionally as the mouthpiece of the foreign office, which sounds well, but is absolutely devoid of significance; for, although Count Bülow makes a certain glib-tongued secretary an alleged connecting-link between his stores of information and the press, no one ever carried away from his palace a single bit of positive, accurate news. During my several terms as Berlin correspondent, I found it best to ignore entirely this source of misleading bulletins and embryo canards, and also the press bureaus of the other ministries, yet was never beaten on that account. On the other hand, I scored heavily once or twice through studied neglect.

German official information is so seldom worth telegraphing that one gets at the truth only when one catches an official unawares.

The *Berliner Tageblatt*—no connection with its dead namesake, already mentioned—made its way by unconven-

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tional methods, and an American desirous of improving his German cannot do better than read this daily, which rivals our own *Evening Post* and *Commercial Advertiser* in literary excellence, the *Herald* in newsiness and the *Sun* in brightness. Its Monday edition, besides, is a clever imitation, in abridged form, of *Harper's Weekly* with the illustrations left out. The *Tageblatt* is owned by the Fatherland's chief advertising agent, Herr Rudolph Mosse, and edited by a sharp reviewer, Dr. Levyson, who marshals a staff of ten *Redakteurs* and four or five reporters, press bureaus furnishing the bulk of local news, whereof each makes a specialty in some such line as police, scandal, courts, sports, fires, funerals, balls and fêtes, hotel arrivals, etc. "Wild" reporters have also free access to its columns—anything to get amusement out of life. These are "men in buckram," hungry for reputations, who deal in the marvellous and *outré*. Most of the serious papers throw their effusions in the waste basket. The *Tageblatt* prints and elaborates them if amusing, adding some such comment as "unsubstantiated," or "from an irresponsible source." Out of this collaboration of penny-a-liner and literary artist spring many delightful feuilletons, and I doubt whether the method is not an improvement on the one prevailing in some New York newspaper offices, where "star" writers are hired to rewrite news reports.

"Wild" reporters earn from twenty-five to fifty dollars per month; the legitimate reporter can often make as much as a hundred dollars, but never more. Editors receive from a thousand to twenty-five hundred and even three thousand dollars per year; feuilletonists secure from a pfennig (one-quarter of a cent) to a cent and a quarter per word. The average foregn correspondent is looked upon as a feuilletonist and his exclusive services are engaged only in rare instances. The *Tageblatt's* Cuban correspondent, during the late war, was a salaried man, I believe, and so was the young doctor of philosophy whom the *Lokal Anzeiger* sent to Spitzbergen to report Andree's "last words," but they were exceptions. To emphasise this, it need only be mentioned that of all German newspapers the *Frankfürter Zeitung* alone keeps a regular correspondent in New York who is authorized to use the cable. The American representative of the *Koelnische Zeitung* is an artist and charming descriptive writer, but he does not know a hundred words of English. The *Tageblatt,* the *Münchener Allgemeine* and the *Lokal Anzeiger* expect only sensations from their New York men, which come timely enough if sent by mail; the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna, and the excellent *Lloyd* in Budapesth, also make a specialty of American news, but seemingly draw their inspiration indirectly from the American newspapers.

As the organ of the *haute finance* the *Frankfürter Zeitung* is as eagerly read in Wall Street as in the board of trade centres of Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, London or Paris. It has, like the *Cologne Gazette,* four editions daily, at five and eleven A.M., and at two and seven P.M. Leopold Sonnemann, a noted democratic deputy, is the chief owner and all-powerful director of this able, reliable and liberal-spirited organ of publicity that comes nearer to the much-talked-about American ideal newspaper than any other foregn daily. Sonnemann is his own chief editorial writer, while L. Schueler, Theo. Saevigk, Dr. F. Mamroth, Dr. Paul Goldmann and Dr. L. Cohnstadt compose his general staff, and are as thoroughly imbued with his ideas as the *Sun* staff was with the ideas of the late Charles A. Dana. Though the People's Party claims the *Frankfürter* as its organ, Sonnemann has proved himself independent of all ties on many occasions. He is as radical a democrat as ever dared print a line under the Prussian gag laws, and his fearless leaders frequently bear a cosmopolitan hue.

While the majority of German papers print "under the dividing line" a serial story in place of a feuilleton, the *Frankfürter Zeitung* has retained, with the old name, also the old meaning. Its feuilleton consists of short stories, criticisms, news of science, the arts, humour and *causerie,* all of them original contributions by men with recognised standings in their professions. The *Frankfürter's* Berlin offices employ more editors and reporters than some of the newspapers of the capital do, and no foreign correspondent dares say "good-night" until he has seen the latest *Zeitung* from the old

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Free City, with its financial news and political information. The only competitor the Wolff bureau ever had was established not in the capital, but in Frankfurt with the idea of supplying newspapers throughout the empire with intelligence cribbed from Herr Sonnemann's paper. The *Zeitung* probably prints sixty thousand copies daily, and the universal character of its circulation is reflected in its advertising columns, that quite as often contain financial prospectuses in English, French and Italian as in the German.

As the *Cologne Gazette* has a popular, or, more correctly, a vulgar edition called *Blätter,* and the *Tageblatt* one styled *Berliner Zeitung*, so are the small-fry burghers of the Main-city treated to a pseudo *Frankfürter Gazette,* the *Kleine Presse,* which contains all the parent's dispatches of general interest, but none of its *haute finance,* high politics, scientific news and literary treats, the deficiency being made up by local gossip, beer-bench philosophy, and sensational novels. The sideshow adjuncts to these important papers strike a New Yorker as strangely incongruous, but they serve their purpose—that is, the acquisition of a large local circulation. Besides they are good to quote from. For instance, if the *Frankfürter, Koelnische,* or *Tageblatt* deem it advisable to print an unconfirmed or wholly unconfirmable rumour, yet do not care to stand sponsor for it, it is inserted in the *Presse, Blätter* or *Berliner,* and reprinted with full credit to these sheets, which are entirely unknown outside of their localities. Again, every newspaper needs "fillers," and there are gossipy stories and funny items that no German journal of prestige could afford to print as original contributions, as they might injure its reputation for dignity and seriousness. Like its Frankfurt colleague, the *Koelnische Zeitung* is uncontrolled by party or government influences. At times, however, it yields to the temptation of getting news and, in exchange for information, lowers itself, for a limited period, to advocate some ministry, government measure or view. Thus Bismarck used it for many years, but during the time of servitude the *Koelnische* grew so much in prestige, clientèle and wealth that it can now afford to ignore imperial cajolery as it once ignored the great Frederick's threats.

"That press scamp Roderigue indulges in a thousand impertinences against me in his dirty gazette," wrote the King from Berlin, January 9, 1745, to his representative in Cologne, "and if he does not stop I will find ways and means to punish him whether the scoundrel be my subject or not." Yet "Roderigue" continued to attack the King of Prussia, and the monarch who had flouted Europe could not cow him.

The *Gazette's* four editions combined make a paper as large in size and in number of pages as the *London Times,* which it aims to rival in many ways, and, indeed, the *Zeitung's* own reports of wars and of parliament lose nothing by comparison with those of "The Thunderer."

The *Koelnische* has one or more noted men travelling in unexplored, or little explored, countries all the time, and encourages good literature by printing original novels by the greatest German writers; its criticisms on matters of art, literature and the stage, whether dated from Cologne, Berlin, Munich and Dresden, or from Paris, London or St. Petersburg, are of the highest character. It has excellent mail correspondents in most parts of the world, and its Berlin, London and Paris bureaus are esteemed highly enough to secure a surprising amount of important exclusive news; yet the *Koelnische Zeitung,* like its Frankfurt namesake, somehow misses being a great paper. It registers, but lacks initiative; once in a while it helps defeat an unpopular person or measure, but it doesn't build up; its influence is negative only, despite the fact that all prominent Germans deem this journal indispensable to such an extent that it means complete obscurity to be born, betrothed, married, blessed with offspring or buried without proper announcement in its columns. A host of readers, however, does not necessarily signify a large circulation. I doubt whether the most widely read and most substantial Berlin daily, the *Vossische Zeitung,* has more than two-thirds the *Cologne Gazette's* subscription list, which is 40,000 at a generous estimate. The W. R. Hearst of Germany, Herr Scherl, admits that it is impossible to obtain more than 125,000 subscribers for a daily in the Fatherland no matter where it

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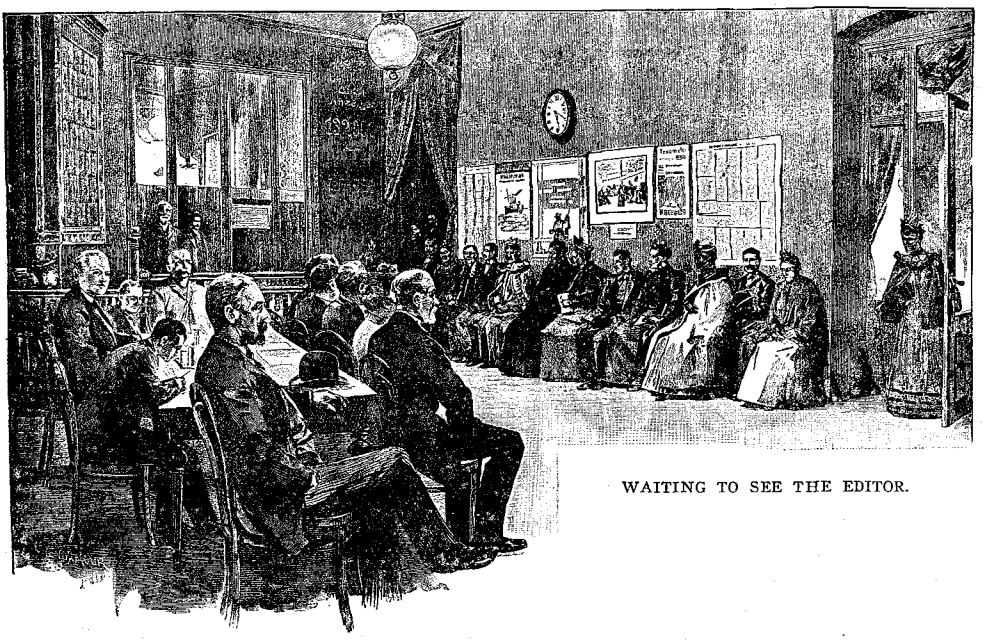

WAITING TO SEE THE EDITOR.

is published, how well it is managed and how popular and cheap it is, and this seeming paradox is easily enough explained by the circumstance that three or four families keep one paper between them, while unattached men and women read their papers in cafés, clubs and sewing societies. Aside from limited circulation, all papers, with few exceptions, suffer from the curse of tradesmen's ethics, that forbid certain branches of business to advertise except at stipulated periods, at the beginning of the season and before certain holidays, Easter, Christmas and Whitsuntide, and among these fastidious advertisers that do not advertise are, strange to say, all the leading dry-goods houses. A half-page "ad" on quarterday in all the local sheets satisfies their craving for publicity, exceptions being made only in the case of the *Vossische* and *Tageblatt,* which get a weekly sop of ten to fifteen square inches. The public is supposed to know this and to look up these sheets on stated occasions if it cares to find out about the great merchants' offerings. The *Vossische*—its real name is *Koeniglich Berlinische privilegirte Zeitung* (Royal Privileged Gazette)—is as much of a Berlin institution as the Schloss or Unter den Linden. Founded in 1704, it has numbered among its contributors successively all the enlightened men of Prussia and Germany, even the great Frederick and Alexander von Humboldt.

Frederick, the *Vossische* archives tell us, was fond of writing criticisms on his own prima donnas, tenors and dancers, cajoling or damning them in most forcible, unorthographic language, as it suited his pleasure or the budget of his opera house, while Humboldt varied the monotony of his essays occasionally by some such "Letter to the Editor" as this: "I fail to understand on what pretext the censor suppressed my innocent verses on Countess Lottum's garters. Was it necessary to send the garters and the legs belonging to them to police headquarters to convince the Cerberus there that the description was authentic and not exaggerated? HUMBOLDT."

The *Vossische Zeitung,* commonly called *Tante Voss,* is as old-fashioned as the New York *Tribune,* but also as cheerful as *Life,* an authority in matters of literature and art, liberal, public spirited and, above all, reliable. Dr. Stephany, the editor-in-chief, writes most of the leaders himself, but also buys this sort of commodity from any well-accredited literary man who chances to offer something coinciding with his policy. Yet though Stephany's name stands at the head of the *Vossische,* he is not half as well known as his feuilletonist, who signs only his initials, even now that the

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Emperor has made him a "professor." This gentleman, Herr Ludwig Pietsch, is an artist by profession, but his pen became so highly valued in the course of time that he had to lay the brush aside. Love of the beautiful is the secret of his success as a writer. Whether he reviews a book, a picture gallery, or a battle; whether he attends a fête, an exhibition of sports or the police courts, whether he writes of some great genius or portrays a *Stilleben* in the poor quarters, he always manages to emphasise the bright, elevating side. He is at home in every saddle, always enthusiastic, always amiable. His women, horses, mountains, poets, dancers, his bishop in robes and his general at the head of an army live, breathe, act under the reader's eyes. Pietsch has interviewed, in the course of the last fifty years, every person of note the world over. His reminiscences of Grant are as intimate, if not as complete, as his recollections of Moltke, Turgenev, Mark Twain, Lasalle and Paul de Kock, Pius IX., Garibaldi, Victor Hugo, the third Napoleon, Isabella of Spain and hundreds of others. He knows or has known them all, and the world knows them better for his knowledge.

AUGUST SCHERL.

Though more wedded to its locality and less newsy, *Die Neue Freie Presse* occupies the same niche in Vienna letters as the *Vossische* does in the Kaiserstadt on the Spree; but while its judgment on matters musical, theatrical and matters of art may be accepted as final, American readers should hesitate to attach much significance to its political utterances, which, as far as they affect international politics, are for the most part mere combinations. Officially the Austrian Government speaks through the *Wiener Zeitung,* a small urban sheet, and semi-officially through the *Fremdenblatt,* which, as a newspaper, is a little ahead of the Berlin *Die Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,* but not much. The *Fremdenblatt* neglects *belles lettres,* which is a particularly heinous crime in light-hearted Wien. And that from the Heines, nephews of the poet, who own the paper!

Like this Vienna oracle, the rest of the German official press is more or less unworthy of serious consideration. The *Norddeutsche* has already been mentioned. It was never read by anybody save officials, government contractors and editors, but after Bismarck's retirement sunk to the level of a mere signpost or dead wall. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* also affects governmental inspiration now that its old master is dead, but its authority is a thing of the past, and a rather stupid provincial sheet is all that remains of the old disseminator of historic surprises. Another Hamburg paper, occasionally mentioned in the cables, is *Der Correspondent,* the organ of the Prussian minister of finance, Herr von Miquel, but unendowed with any of that gentleman's capacity for saying smart and salient things. The Berlin *National Zeitung,* always most unpop-

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ular politically, enjoyed, at one time, a reputation for judgment in matters of art, but since its musical critic "went to pieces" before the Kaiser's "Song to Aegir," applauding even his Majesty's capacity for plagiarism, the prestige conferred upon this journal by the late Lothar Bucher has evaporated. This gazette has now less than fifteen thousand subscribers, and one may judge of its hearty contempt for news when it is recalled that it opposed a telegraphic press rate on the plea "that there is too much telegraphing anyhow." To complete the list, there is the *Freisinnige Zeitung*. This is the organ of Eugen Richter, the famed parliamentarian, who occasionally contributes to its columns a little Attic salt and pepper from Cayenne, but it prints neither telegrams nor letters, only "cooked" reports of the Diet and Reichstag, together with a resumé and criticism of the news contained in the evening editions. To facilitate this, it is issued at eight, instead of at three or four P.M.

Newspapermen are likely to be interested in the editor's hours. A German *Redakteur* goes to work at nine A.M. and to his dinner at one P.M. Between the hours of two and six in the afternoon he works upon the morning edition, and talks with subscribers who call on him for advice or complaint. Sub-editors remain until eight or nine o'clock, when the night man takes complete charge until the last form goes to press. If there is any special need for reporters, he telephones for some one, otherwise he allows the poor souls to sleep peacefully.

In the night of April 23 to April 24, 1891, I was sitting in the Berlin office of the Herold Telegraph Bureau, then a competitor of Wolff's, when a man rushed in exclaiming: "Moltke is dead."

"Oh, that old ass, *R. I. P.*," said the night editor, and continued to look over his dispatches. I didn't know what he meant by this, but was out of the office and down the stairs and in a cab in less time than it takes to tell.

"To the General Staff Palace—double fare!"

The cabman nearly killed his horses, and I got the facts and the story on the wire before anybody else had an inkling of the great news. Then I went back to the *Herold* office to see how things were going. The editor was having his supper, a prodigious pot of beer, leberwurst sandwich and puffs from a huge pipe.

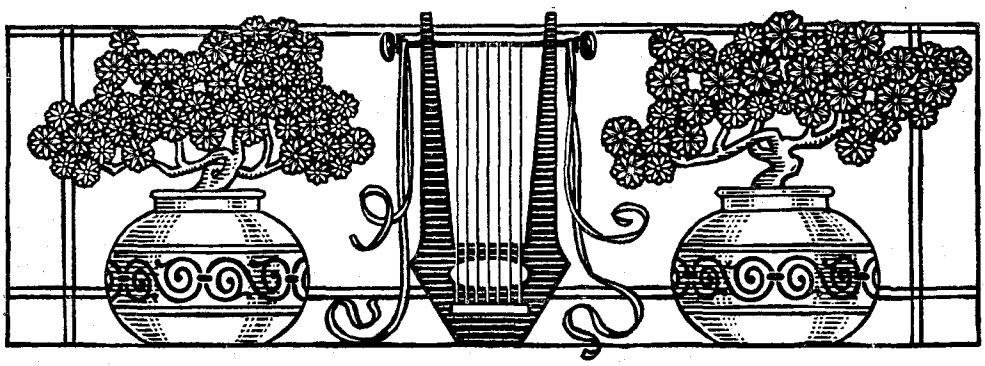
"*Ach Gott*," he said after a while. "I wonder what that ass of a Hans meant by interrupting my work to say that our janitor is dead."

"Your janitor?"

"Yes; his name is Moltke, a natural son of the Field Marshal."

I confess to helping the editor blackguard his inconsiderate informant. The Berlin morning papers of April 24 did not have a line on Moltke's death.

Henry W. Fischer.



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STEVENSON'S SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA

ONE day in the fall of 1887 two travel-worn strangers, a mother and son, arrived at the small mountain town of Saranac Lake, New York. The timely gossip of the village contained no whisper of information concerning the visitors. Not a person in the cosmopolitan population of the well-known health resort recognised the older of the two, and much less did any one conjecture that this stolid little woman at the inn was come to prepare the way for the protracted visit of a celebrity whose surpassing art had even then charmed the hours of thousands, and whose life was to be a living example of courage and good cheer to all who suffered under the scourge of disease.

After some deliberation Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, for she it was, accompanied by Lloyd Osbourne, finally decided upon a definite location for the establishment of winter quarters. A rambling little cottage at the foot of Baker Mountain and just on the outskirts of the village was selected, and immediate preparations were made for the reception of the author. On the morning of the 28th day of September the rumble of the mountain stage as it swung over the bridge by the Saranac River and up the private road to the house announced the coming of the expected traveller. Animated and smiling, Stevenson alighted, and cast eyes about his new home. He seemed delighted, and exclaimed: "This is the very place for me!" And, in truth, the cottage possessed many points in common with "The Ideal House," described by the author in a short essay written some three years before. Here was his home "within hail—of a little river—bold rocks near at hand—and the burn hard by a bridge." As may be seen in the picture of the house, the scenery possessed "a considerable variety of level" with "many near and bold details." "Your house," says the author, "should not command much outlook, it should be set—upon rising ground, or, if possible, crowning a knoll. A house of more than one story is a barrack."

Stevenson selected as his own the room in the southwest corner of the cottage, with windows overlooking the river and village. He spoke of the scene as "very Highland—bar want of heather."*

It will be recalled that the Stevenson party, consisting of the writer's mother, his wife, his stepson and the maid Valentine, left London on the 17th of August on the steamer *Ludgate Hill,* arriving in New York September 7th.

Stevenson had started from England with the intention of going to Colorado, but upon reaching this country the journey west was abandoned. As soon as the author set foot in the city he was besieged by a numerous company of interviewers. The publication of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* had brought Stevenson's name prominently before the American people, and he found himself, of a sudden, thrust into the limelight of popularity. His nature did not take altogether kindly to the new sensation. In the short twenty-four hours spent at the Victoria Hotel he came to "envy the cool obscurity of Skerryvore"†—that Bournemouth home to which he was never to return.

From New York the author went to Newport, spending two weeks there in the house of his friends, the Fairchilds. Returning to the metropolis, he saw his wife and son-in-law off to the Adirondacks, and waited word from them before following. In the meantime Stevenson sat for the St. Gaudens medallion, a copy of which is here reproduced. On Monday, the 26th, he started for Saranac Lake, accompanied by his servant Valentine.

The trip up from New York must have given pleasure to the eye of the author, and it has always been a matter of wonder to many that he did not pen a description of this journey or of the return one. If he called the way from New York to Rhode Island "a fairyland for the most engaging beauties," and "marvelled why American authors had been so unjust to their country,"‡ how much more must he have been impressed while *en route* to the Adirondack Mountains, and how justly his own pen could have

*Letter to W. E. Henley.
†Letter to Henry James.
‡Letter to Sidney Colvin.

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LLOYD OSBOURNE. SPORT. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
MRS. STEVENSON

treated the territory in a travel essay entitled, if you will, "Ordered North"! Surely the divergent scenery on either hand of the four hundred miles of curving rail was rife with inspiration? From the start, even a certain weirdness lays hold upon the traveller as he looks back upon the island of Manhattan and sees its incongruous mass of masonry fading slowly from the horizon in a shroud of yellow atmosphere. Then the mighty Hudson with its hills and nestling cities, and again, some hours later, that great "inland sea," Lake Champlain.

At Plattsburgh, where the way turns south, the outposts of the mountains muster like soldiers on a broad plateau. To the right rafts of floating logs, from the lumber camps above, cover the surface of the Saranac River. Small, round, charcoal furnaces, looking for all the world like the kraals of an African village, fly by the windows on the left. Steaming up the steep sides of Lyon Mountain, one catches a glimpse of swarthy, smeared-faced iron miners. A little way beyond the mountain the road skirts high over the valley of the Chateaugay—a deep, broad hollow, virgin green and jewelled with diamond water.

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"THE BRANCHES OF A GREAT WILLOW TOUCHED THE GLASS."

Previous to 1888 the railroad ran only as far as Loon Lake. Thence, from the latter, the route was by stage to Saranac Lake, a distance of twenty miles. The road then lay through a comparatively wild country. It was in the early morning that Stevenson started out for the ride. The great woods were at their best. Already clusters of leaves here and there showed the touch of autumnal dyes. The appearance of the foliage was such as to bring to mind the author's own words of description as used in his sketch "An Autumn Effect," written in 1875. "The autumn had scarce advanced beyond the outworks; it was still almost summer in the heart of the woods: I found myself in a dim, green forest atmosphere under eaves of virgin foliage."

Through breaks in the forest high mountains filled the landscape. At a short distance from the road were now to be found the same conditions that had confronted and dazed the gallant Chevalier Burke one hundred and twenty-five years before—"A labyrinth of rivers, lakes and portages"—to quote his narrative in *The Master of Ballantrae*—"a dreadful wilderness—thickets, swamps, precipitous rocks, impetuous rivers and amazing waterfalls."

It was many days after Stevenson's arrival at Saranac Lake before the town knew of the presence of its famous guest. The author, as had been his custom for several years, lived very quietly. A number of people called at the house, but few succeeded in gaining an interview with him. "I should think people would know that I am here for rest and do not care to be troubled," he would frequently exclaim. The story is told that at one time when the novelist had denied himself to all callers there came to the door of the cottage a couple of lads, weary and footsore with travelling. When Stevenson learned that they had tramped all the way from Keene Valley, a distance of thirty-two miles, to see him, he made an exception to the rule of the day. The tale of their journey had caught the Scotsman's fancy, and the young men were rewarded by receiving a short audience with the creator of those idyls of boyhood, *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*.

Certain hours on Saturday were finally set apart for the reception of friends by Stevenson and his mother, the latter having come to Saranac early in the fall. Visitors were not admitted at the front door. Owing to the fact that the author could not stand the wind, this entrance

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had been permanently fastened and enclosed in an extra casing of quilting, both inside and out. The callers were ushered through the rear entrance and received in the kitchen. It was Valentine's duty on Saturdays to scrub the floor of this room and transform it into a reception hall.

There was a never-to-be-broken regulation in regard to guests, which applied with equal force even to members of the household. It ran thus: At no time was there to be brought into personal contact with the author any one afflicted with a cold. The taking of the accompanying photograph serves to illustrate the morbid fear of contagion that was ever present with Stevenson. He had requested that the photographer include in the picture not only the family, but also the two servants. At the last moment it was discovered that a member of the group suffered from a cold. When the news leaked out Stevenson flatly declined to join the party. The photographer suggested that he place himself to the windward of the afflicted person. There was no answer to this clever ruse, and the author, outgeneralled, came to terms.

The winter of 1887-88 proved to be a severe one. There was not much in the bitter cold weather and heavy snows of Saranac Lake to appeal to the sensitive mind and delicate body of the Scotsman. His health, though, despite the trying climate, seems to have improved, for he writes in December: "I am well; better than for years."

When the weather became particularly bad and the mercury in the thermometer could "be seen no more by the eye of man," Stevenson swore that the fire gave forth no heat and that you sat before the logs "to burn your hands all the time on what seem to be cold stones." There were times nevertheless when "the sheltered house with fire-y painted walls" made a pleasing picture for the eye and heart of the exile. In the lines to "Winter," written at Saranac Lake, he paints the scene for us:

In rigorous hours, when down the iron lane
The redbreast looks in vain
  For hips and haws,
So shining flowers upon my window-pane
  The silver pencil of the winter draws.

When all the snowy hill
And the bare woods are still;
When snipes are silent in the frozen bogs,
  And all the garden garth is whelmed in mire,
So, by the hearth, the laughter of the logs—
  More fair than roses, lo, the flowers of the fire!

Many times the author sat before "the large, wood fire" and related, after his delightful manner, snatches of stories to those about him. Quite often he would engage his landlord, Mr. Baker, in conversation on the wood-lore and history of the Adirondacks.

"Now, we'll get our heads together over this fire and then I'll go out for a skate," he would say in kindly tone to Mr. Baker.

From these talks with the old settler Stevenson gleaned facts that were of value to him in the preparation of *The Master of Ballantrae.* This tale was conceived as the author paced the veranda of the cottage on a night in December. His own account of the genesis of the "Master" is as follows:

Worthy little maids should take and tackle their pianos,
Early in the morning, as I like to hear you do.
Stick to early rising, and the various other virtues,
Sticking out for early folk, will come and stick to you!

Robert Louis Stevenson

May 28th 1888.

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"It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders; a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly among the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. I was besides moved with the spirit of emulation, for I had just finished my third or fourth perusal of *The Phantom Ship*. 'Come,' said I to my engine, 'let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilisation; a story that shall have the same large features and may be treated in the same summary elliptic method as the book you have been reading and admiring.' I was here brought up with a reflection exceedingly just in itself, but which, as the sequel shows, I failed to profit by. I saw that Marryat, not less than Homer, Milton and Virgil, profited by the choice of a familiar and legendary subject; so that he prepared his readers on the very title-page; and this set me cudgelling my brains, if by any chance I could hit upon some similar belief to be the centrepiece of my own meditated fiction. In the course of this vain search there cropped up in my memory a singular case of a buried and resuscitated fakir, which I had been often told by an uncle of mine, then lately dead, Inspector-General John Balfour.

THE ST. GAUDENS MEDALLION.

"On such a fine, frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity; and the next moment I had seen the circumstance transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringent cold of the Cana-

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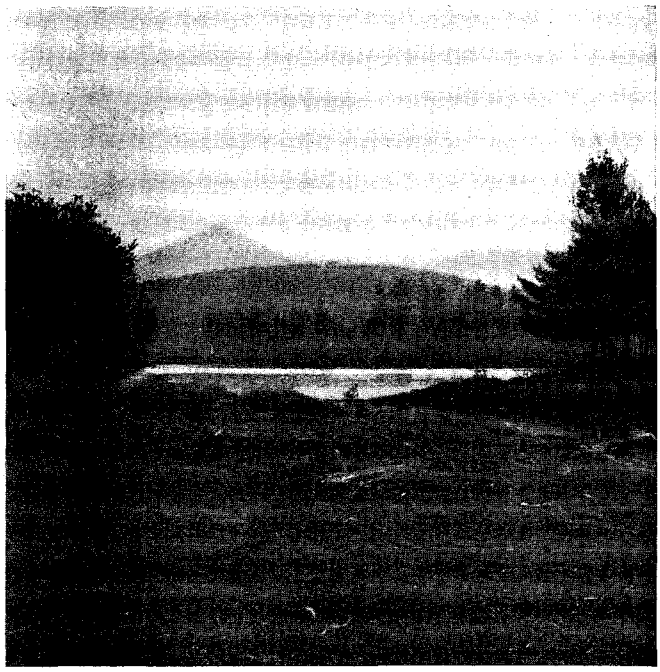

MOODY POND.

dian border. Here, then, almost before I had begun my story, I had two countries, two of the ends of the earth involved: and thus though the notion of the resuscitated man failed entirely on the score of general acceptation, or even (as I have since found) acceptability, it fitted at once with my design of a tale of many lands; and this decided me to consider further of its possibilities. The man who should thus be buried was the first question: a good man, whose return to life would be hailed by the reader and the other characters with gladness? This trenched upon the Christian picture and was dismissed. If the idea, then, was to be of any use at all for me, I had to create a kind of evil genius to his friends and family, take him through many disappearances and make this final restoration from the pit of death, in the icy American wilderness, the last and grimmest of the series. I need not tell my brothers of the craft that I was now in the most interesting moment of an author's life; the hours that followed that night upon the balcony, and the following nights and days, whether walking abroad or lying wakeful in my bed, were hours of unadulterated joy."

The Orient, as the author explains later, was known to him only through books, and "it was plain," he says, "that I should have to get into India and out of it again upon a foot of fairy lightness." But now that force of circumstances had drawn him to "the icy American wilderness," he was in a position to picture with some degree of accuracy that part of his narrative which dealt with the Adirondacks. Added to his own observations, Stevenson had at his service, as mentioned above, those of his landlord, who from boyhood had hunted, tramped and fished through all the adjacent region.

The old settler fondly cherishes the memory of the winter hours spent with his illustrious tenant, and speaks of them tenderly and is eloquent in his tribute to the kindly, buoyant and happy disposition of the author. He reminds one, too, that Robert Louis was guilty of no idle boast when he mentioned that he would go for a skate. "He was one of the best skaters I ever saw," remarked Mr. Baker, when surprise was expressed at Stevenson's ability to indulge in such heavy exercise. It appears that at least a score of times Mr. Stevenson shouldered the glistening runners and walked to Moody Pond, where, shut in by white hills and weird sentinel pines, he could enjoy a solitary spin.

Our author did a little snow-shoeing also, and seemed very happy as he went off over the hills, dressed in great fur coat and leggings like "a rank Saranacker and wild man of the woods."* On these short journeys, the dog "Sport," an Irish setter that had been given him at Saranac, and for which he formed a strong attachment, was his constant companion.

Several sleigh rides were taken, and Robert Louis was given a chance to view the surrounding country under the spell of winter's moon. He makes use of the impressions gained on these trips in MacKellar's narrative in the "Master." It is in this same region, we learn, that the

*Letter to Will H. Low.

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eyes of the faithful steward "rested almost pleasantly upon the frosted contexture of the pines, rising in moonlit hillocks or sinking in the shadow of small glens." And again, further along in the narrative, when the start of the search for the body of the Master is depicted: "We set forth along the uneven bottom of the forest; frost crackling, ice sometimes loudly spitting under foot, and overhead the blackness of the pine woods and the broken brightness of the moon."

Stevenson frequently referred to the central range of the Adirondacks, a view of which he was enabled to obtain by walking a few rods from the house. The sight of the bold outline of the peaks—Marcy, McIntyre, Colden, Haystack—swinging in a mighty curve to the southeast, was one to which he frequently referred. In the shade of this range of peaks, "a chief landmark of the wilderness," the faithful Indian Secunda was destined to dig the grave of Ballantrae, and the curtain was rung down on the last grewsome scene of the winter's tale.

Besides the greater part of the *Master of Ballantrae,* Stevenson wrote while at Saranac *Random Memories,* a portion of *The Wrong Box,* composed, in conjunction with Lloyd Osbourne, the poem "Ticonderoga" and the following papers and essays: "Chapter on Dreams," "Lantern Bearers," "Beggars," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Gentlemen," "Some Gentlemen in Fiction," "Popular Authors," Epilogue to *An Inland Voyage,* "A Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art," "A Contribution to the History of Fife," and "A Christmas Sermon." For the latter collection of papers Mr. Stevenson received the munificent sum of $3500—"a scale of payment which," he writes, "makes my teeth ache for shame and diffidence."*

The hours of the morning, chiefly before arising, were devoted to writing. The author worked along very regularly. There were days, of course, when the state of his health was such as to preclude all thought of attempting any sustained effort. For amusement in the long hours the novelist took to playing a flute, and on the "penny whistle," as he called it, became "a great performer before the Lord."* As to being a star performer before his own people, that was another question, of which, I am told by a friend of his, the less said the better. A trio would sometimes be formed of the author, Lloyd Osbourne and Mr. Krumbholz, a Saranac acquaintance, and practice on the instruments proceed to the great amusement of all three. In later years at Samoa, the D. tin whistle was replaced by a handsome flageolet.

With the approach of spring came the thought of leaving Saranac Lake. No definite plan for the future had been devised. Mrs. Stevenson left at the beginning of April for San Francisco, to arrange, if possible, for the purchase or hire of some available yacht at that port. Two weeks later, on the 16th, the remainder of the party took the train for New York. The baggage was left behind, as the family intended returning to the mountains in a month or so if no new scheme developed meanwhile. It was determined before leaving Saranac that quarters should be hired for the early summer at Osgood Pond, a wild sheet of water near Paul Smith's. Mr. Baker had engaged guides for this contemplated sojourn in the woods, when he received word in May that the author had decided to go to the Pacific.

While in the city Stevenson arranged with his publishers to have a special set of his works sent to Dr. Trudeau, who had acted as his physician at Saranac. The fifteen volumes of this set, as many will recall, were bound after Stevenson's orders, "in half white vellum, grey tint sides, edges absolutely uncut, showing white edges all around." The books

*Letter to Sidney Colvin.

*Letter to Mr. Archer.

Blanche + Bertha Baker
from a profound admirer of them
and their cats
Robert Louis Stevenson

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STEVENSON'S COTTAGE.

OSBOURNE MRS. STEVENSON, SR. VALENTINE.

were of uniform size and their backs lettered in black ink at the top, "Dr. Trudeau's Set," and in the centre a single word of the title. Upon the fly-leaf of each volume the author wrote: "Dr. Trudeau's Complete Set, from the Author," and also a little verse of dedication, signed "R. L. S." These dedications are here published with the kind permission of Dr. Trudeau:

THE DYNAMITER.

As both my wife and I composed the thing,
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

Greeting to all your household, small and big,
In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!

THE MERRY MEN.

If just to read the tale you should be able,
I would not bother to make out the fable.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY.

It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it *thundered*—
Which was the Donkey? I have often wondered!

PRINCE OTTO.

This is my only love tale, this Prince Otto,
Which some folks like to read and others *not* to.

MEMOIR OF FLEMING JENKIN.

The preface mighty happy to get back
To its inclement birthplace, Saranac!

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

My other works are of a slighter kind;
Here is the party to improve your MIND!

VIRGININIBUS PUERISQUE.

I have no art to please a lady's mind.
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot,
If you'd just try this volume, 'twould be kind!

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

No need to put a verse on this; I dipped
Into it, and see p. 39.

(On the page noted the word devilry has been printed "deviltry," and the author objects to the mistake as follows:)

I will stand being misspelled; but not this *reveltry*
Of nonsense. Deviltry!!!!!! O Devilry!

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

—To win your lady (if, alas! it may be)
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

TREASURE ISLAND.

I could not choose a patron for each one:
But *this* perhaps is chiefly for your son.

KIDNAPPED.

—Here is the one sound page of all my writing,
The one I'm proud of, and that I delight in.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Trudeau was all the winter at my side:
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

UNDERWOODS.

Some day or other ('tis a general curse)
The wisest author stumbles into verse.

AN INLAND VOYAGE.

My dear Trudeau, there is not one
Other rhyme left in me, so please
Accept in prose the assurance of my
Gratitude and friendship.

All the volumes of this unique set were lost in the fire that destroyed Dr. Trudeau's house in 1893.

The climate of New York City rapidly undermined the author's health, and he determined to seek some quiet country place convenient to the metropolis. Upon the advice of Mr. Will H. Low he engaged rooms at the Union House, Brielle, New Jersey, not Manasquan, as stated

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by Mr. Sidney Colvin in his editing of the new Stevenson letters.

The first of May saw the author cozily settled in his new quarters. As the hotel was essentially a summer resort, the members of the Stevenson party were, thus early in the season, its sole guests. Louis's apartment was situated in the corner of the house, and had, as usual, a southerly exposure. Two windows looked east over the Manasquan, a broad giant of a river that made for the sea a half mile above the town. Except for a short beat of surf at the mouth of the Manasquan, the ocean was completely hidden from view by the cedar groves of Point Pleasant. The branches of a great willow touched the glass of a long window that faced the south. Through the meshes of the budding leaves the author could, without rising from his bed, see the shimmer of the water and the white sails of the boats. Much of Stevenson's time during the month was spent in this room, as the weather without continued foggy and disagreeable. Lloyd Osbourne became engrossed in the task of sailing a catboat, and when not working at his little "Davos Press" (the latter an up-to-date typewriter this time), he was generally to be found out on the water.

Mr. Colvin makes the statement, in the letters referred to above, that Robert Louis went to the Jersey coast "for the sake of fresh air and boating," and while there was "initiated into the congenial craft of catboat sailing." It is not my purpose to deny the exiled Scotsman "fresh air," nor do I care to say that the "craft of catboat sailing" is not congenial —for some; but in the case of Stevenson sailing of any kind was out of the question, and, on most reliable information, it may be stated that he never put foot into a sailboat while at the Union House.

Near the end of the month Stevenson made his will and had it witnessed by Mr. Wainright, proprietor of the hotel, and Lem McNinney, a man-servant, who had been engaged to wait upon the author. McNinney, who is an odd and interesting sort of a character, now lives in a little house in Manasquan, and recalls both the signing of the document and many other events connected with Stevenson's sojourn at Brielle. Every morning it was his duty to make the fire in the invalid's room. On entering the bedroom, he was sure to be met with some raillery from Stevenson, who would be already at work, propped up in bed with pillows and clothed in a great red blanket. One morning, after the writer had been bothered by the incessant demands of a woman interviewer named Potts, he called McNinney to him and asked:

"Lemuel, who is this Mrs. Potts, Pats or Poates?"

It happened that the lady in question was no favourite of the servant, and he had the extreme pleasure of seeing her final request refused. McNinney, like the Samoans of later days, formed a strong attachment for the Scotsman. He dwells upon the fact that his master "made himself equal to all people," using "none of this high-toned language;"—that he "was charitable, good and kind—oh, he certainly was," and, taken all in all, "you couldn't help loving him."

The daughter of Mr. Wainright was in the habit of playing on the piano before going to school, and one day Steven-

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"A CHIEF LANDMARK OF THE WILDERNESS."

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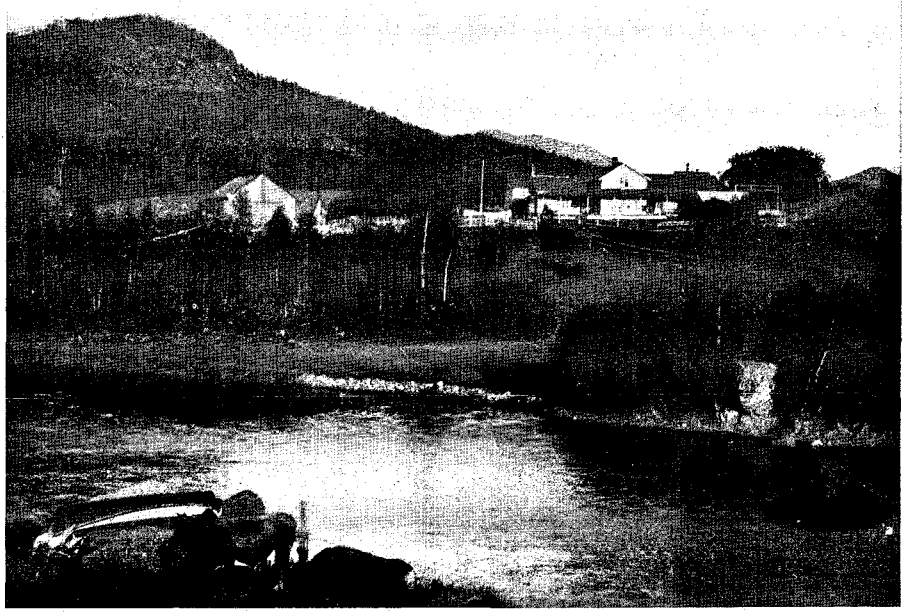

THE BAKER COTTAGE, WHERE STEVENSON LIVED WHILE AT SARANAC LAKE.

son, stepping into the room, surprised her at her practice. He complimented the girl on her application to duty, and jotted down the following lines in her album:

Worthy little maids should take and tackle
their piano,
Early in the morning, as I like to hear you do.
Stick to early rising, and the various other
virtues,
Looking out for early folk, will come and
stick to you!

Stevenson's friends, including Will H. Low and Mrs. Low and the sculptor St. Gaudens, paid frequent visits to Brielle; St. Gaudens at this time taking a cast of the author's hand.

During the month frequent communication was held with Mrs. Stevenson at San Francisco. When word arrived that the schooner-yacht *Casco,* Captain Otis, could be had for an extended cruise of the Pacific, Stevenson immediately wired his approval of the arrangements set forth, determining to put $10,000 in the venture. On the 2d of June, accordingly, the party set out for California. The trip across the continent was without special incident. To the eye of the man of letters the country passed through possessed few strange features. In *Across the Plains* he tells us of his first journey over the same route in 1879. He travelled now under vastly different circumstances. The immigrant days had passed for good and for all.

When San Francisco was reached several weeks were spent in laying in supplies for what was purposed to be a two-months' trip among the islands of the Pacific. On the 26th of July the *Casco* weighed anchor and set a straight course for the Marquesa Islands. As the yacht passed the Golden Gate and

The tall hills Titian discovered

died in the east, Stevenson was accorded his last glimpse of a white man's continent. The hand of destiny pointed to new lands, and fate decreed an abiding place among strange peoples.

William Henry Duncan, Jr.

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OLD LETTERS.

Faded and old is the ribbon,
  Blue once, as azure-lit skies,
Breaking in twain with untying,
  A truce held to Time as he flies.

Breathing of rue and rosemary,
  And lavender pressed in the leaves;
Yellowed and mellowed, love's dreaming,
  Tied in the long garnered sheaves.

What is the harvest they bring us,
  Flotsam of life and the years?
Kissed by the dust in their sleeping,
  Bathed in love's sunshine and tears.

A verse from a laurel-crowned poet,
  A garland of faith to the fair,
A petal from roses that shattered,
  A curl of a baby's bright hair;

A tale of a ball in its season,
  A scrap of a gown that was worn,
A confidante's news of a heartbreak,
  A lover's page, tattered and torn;

A child's painful hand that was guided
  To trace out its first words of love;
A message of birth and of sorrow,
  A bridal song, sealed with a dove.

They flutter and drift from their moorings,
  Like white thought that quiver and shine,
Dropped deep in the heart of forever,
  The past that was thine and is mine.

Ay, ashes of roses, I scatter
  Your memories, ever the same,
Ay, ashes of roses, old letters,
  I lay your white hearts in the flame.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

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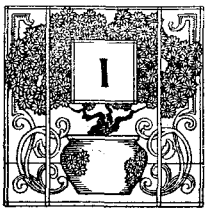
"ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN"



REMEMBER as if it were yesterday the lively sense of delight I had in my first reading of *Treasure Island,* and the thrill that made the boy's heart leap within me at the breaking out of the old sea-song:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was not less exciting for having been read first, surreptitiously, between the covers of a ledger; and one Christmas of my youth was made memorable by "The Misadventures of John Nicholson," which, appearing in a Christmas annual, invaded the dreary afternoon hours that hung heavily over an office desk in a grey, old corner of a Scottish city, and caught up the recalcitrant worker in dull figures to the heights of fancy. But these pleasures were received with the unheeding, unreflecting indifference of youth to the author who had sweated and toiled to provide them. (There is a new boy now, it seems, who talks as glibly of Henty and Munro as his elders of Meredith and Hardy.) It was not until the winter of 1887 that Stevenson became a living entity to the writer; but since then his homage has been unswerving, and the thrall of the magician complete. When the sad news of his passing reached us just five years ago, it was as if, to quote his own words, "some fair and honourable portion of our existence had fallen away." This essay from which I have quoted it was which indirectly brought Stevenson into my consciousness as a distinct personality; one to whom I had become indebted; one in whom I felt a personal interest that grew in warmth with the years. "Ordered South" had just been published in the volume of profoundly interesting and suggestive essays called *Virginibus Puerisque.* This particular essay, written in 1873, and originally contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine,* was selected from the book as a text for editorial comment on Stevenson's view of life in the *British Weekly* for December 30, 1887. Some passages in that editorial burned themselves into my memory, and as they reflect an important phase in the development of Stevenson's life and art, it will be most pertinent to quote them here, besides contributing to the egotistic regard of the reviewer in whose inconsiderable career they marked the beginning of an epoch, for, like many another youth, to him English literature began with Robert Louis Stevenson.

Read in connection with the appendix of maturer years, "Ordered South" helps us to understand what Mr. Stevenson has done and yet may do. Very early in life he was "ordered south." What that means, the difference it makes, we need not explain. Spitting a little blood: that may change for us the face of earth and sky. The remote horizon of seventy is replaced by near and nearing walls. How will this be taken by a high, young heart? Mr. Stevenson's books are the answers to the question—the answers, for he has thought and spoken twice.

To realise that one is fallen out of the race when as yet hardly in it—to feel the shadow of the prison house upon us in youth—that is hard. But if it must be so, the natural escape is in stoicism—as real as it can be made. The ambition is to be fearless and gentle under the condemnation; to accept the sentence silently; to look for the stars that come out when the sun is down and the west faded. It is to make little—to make nothing of one's self—to put one's self out already from the activities of humanity. But this is inhuman. We come then to look on our fellows as an alien race. This is what Mr. Stevenson did for some time. He was an observer, not contemptuous, but not sympathetic. The changing and passing show, "the shadows and the generations—the shrill doctors and the plangent wars going by into ultimate silence and emptiness," he viewed as one apart. This, though in some ways the strength, is yet, on the whole, the weakness of his work hitherto.

But the years are bringing, if they have not brought, Mr. Stevenson to wiser and gentler thoughts. He now sees that no man truly falls out of the race or wholly loses the power to serve his fellows. He understands how unspeakably important to some the life of even the meanest among us is. He knows that the spirit of delight comes often on small wings. He has learned how sweet life may be when

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every added year is an unexpected grace. . . . Divinely pitiful thoughts of the fellow-passengers on the last cruise, though they do not know it; the insight of one who is both with them and above them; the wisdom of one who has faced the worst and has borne the burden of the thought of death—these should give us work of a greater kind than Mr. Stevenson has yet accomplished.

I make no apology for this long quotation. Better than any words printed anywhere that I know of do these illuminating sentences shed light on Stevenson's track, which may now be traced in his published *Letters*.* How penetrating was their insight, how keen-sighted their interpretation and prophetic augury concerning Stevenson may be perceived when we read that at this time *Memories and Portraits* and *Virginibus Puerisque* were his latest published writings. So much of the man's soul is laid bare in his letters; so frank and spontaneous is their disclosure of the moods and whims that moved him, and so sensitively and transparently do they reflect his views of life and the dominant feeling of the moment that, with the key which the passages quoted puts into the hands of the reader, a door may be opened in the life unfolded in these pages, which will let us into the secret of its truth and beauty.

The impulse toward self-expression in literature, joined to the artistic consciousness, was early manifested in Stevenson. Out in the open air he feels "the bird's need to whistle, and I, who am specially incompetent in this art, must content myself by chattering away to you on this bit of paper." In this same letter, written at the age of twenty-two, there is also evident the deep feeling for nature which never forsook him: "All the way along I was thanking God that he had made me and the birds and everything just as they are and not otherwise; for although there was no sun, the air was so thrilled with robins and blackbirds that it made the heart tremble with joy, and the leaves are far enough forward on the underwood to give a fine promise for the future." The longing for life, and life more abundantly, is uttered with a poignancy that is affecting in one so young: "I am supremely uneasy and restless—almost to the extent of pain; but O! how I enjoy it, and how I *shall* enjoy it afterward (please God), if I get years enough allotted to me for the thing to ripen in. When I am a very old and very respectable citizen with white hair and bland manners and a gold watch, I shall hear three crows cawing in my heart as I heard them this morning: I vote for old age and eighty years of retrospect." Already the long shadow of the prison house was beginning to creep toward his youth.

In one of the letters of this period, during his student days at Edinburgh, he tells a story which brings out a side of his nature that was always highly characteristic of him, his chivalrous regard for women, reminding us of what Meredith has said of him who can look upon women, even the most depraved, with a noble eye:

Last Friday I went down to Portobello, in the heavy rain, with an uneasy wind blowing *par rafales* off the sea (or *"en rafales"* should it be? or what?). As I got down near the beach a poor woman, oldish, and seemingly, lately at least, respectable, followed me and made signs. She was drenched to the skin, and looked wretched below wretchedness. You know, I did not like to look back at her; it seemed as if she might misunderstand and be terribly hurt and slighted; so I stood at the end of the street—there was no one else within sight in the wet—and lifted up my hand very high with some money in it. I heard her steps draw heavily near behind me, and, when she was near enough to see, I let the money fall in the mud and went off at my best walk without ever turning round. There is nothing in the story; and yet you will understand how much there is, if one chose to set it forth. You see, she was so ugly; and you know there is something terribly, miserably pathetic in a certain smile, a certain sodden aspect of invitation on such faces. It is so terrible, that it is in a way sacred; it means the outside of degradation and (what is worst of all in life) false position. I hope you understand me rightly.

An eloquent passage in a letter, written a little later, inspired by looking at a photograph of the "Three Fates of the Elgin Marbles," causes us to join the chorus of general wonderment why Stevenson was so late in trying his skill in fiction at a woman both lovable and passionate; for much as we may be attracted by Catriona and others of that

*Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

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ilk, it is not until we come to Kristie in the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston* that we realise with what power and passion he could have drawn for us a real woman. He has been speaking of "the three deep-breasted women, living out all their days on remote hilltops, seeing the white dawn and the purple even—"

And think, if one could love a woman like that once, see her once grow pale with passion, and once wring your lips out upon hers, would it not be a small thing to die? Not that there is not a passion of a quite other sort, much less epic, far more dramatic and intimate, that comes out of the very frailty of perishable women; out of the lines of suffering that we see written about their eyes, and that we may wipe out if it were but for a moment; out of the thin hands, wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception that the indifferent or the merely happy cannot know; out of the tragedy that lies about such a love, and the pathetic incompleteness. This is another thing, and perhaps it is a higher. I look over my shoulder at the three great headless Madonnas, and they look back at me and do not move; see me, and through and over me, the foul life of the city dying to its embers already as the night draws on; and over miles and miles of silent country, set here and there with lit towns, thundered through here and there with night expresses scattering fire and smoke; and away to the ends of the earth, and the furthest star, and the blank regions of nothing; and they are not moved. My quiet, great-kneed, deep-breasted, well-draped ladies of Necessity, I give my heart to you!

"My enthusiasm has kind of dropped from me," he wrote wistfully to Edmund Gosse in 1879. "I envy you your wife, your home, your child—I was going to say your cat. There would be cats in my home, too, if I could but get it. I may seem to you 'the impersonation of life,' but my life is the impersonation of waiting, and that's a poor creature." But the momentary self-pity passes in a ringing rejoinder on himself—"Upon my word, we are a brave, cheery crew, we human beings." The fact is that this mood was induced by the one love romance of Stevenson's life, upon which he had entered about three years previous, when in the forest of Fontainebleau he met the woman who was afterward to become his most loyal and lifelong companion. With the unswerving, passionate devotion and determination of one who belonged to the fierce, masculine race of Burns, Stevenson resolved to make this woman his own at all hazards. The subsequent story of his crossing the ocean in the steerage of the steamship *Devonia,* and overland in the emigrant train to San Francisco in pursuit of his quest, in defiance of his parents and friends, who looked aghast at his wild errand, is familiar. Terribly trying and almost disastrous to his health as was this strange and romantic journey, it was fruitful of literary productiveness, and, what is more, of a union that was a lasting blessing to him for the rest of his days. But the loneliness of that time must have left a scar on his gentle soul that was never quite healed. "Not one soul," he writes, "ever gives me any *news* about people or things."

Everybody writes me sermons; it's good for me, but hardly the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it. Simpson did, the other day, and it did me as much good as a bottle of wine. A lonely man gets to feel like a pariah after a while—or no, not that, but like a saint and martyr, or a kind of macerated clergyman with pebbles in his boots, a pillared Simeon, I'm damned if I know what, but, man alive, I want gossip.

And then he calls a sudden halt to repining: "My health is better, my spirits steadier, I am not the least cast down." Writing to Mr. Colvin again when the bow of promise came up over his gloomy horizon, he says, referring to *The Amateur Emigrant:* "God only knows how much courage and suffering is buried in that MS. The second part was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante—that of the penniless and dying author." The rebound was quick and exhilarating: "F. and I marry, and go up to the hills to look for a place. . . . Thence as my strength returns, you may expect works of genius. I always feel as if I must write a work of genius some time or other; and when is it more likely to come off than just after I have paid a visit to Styx and go thence to the eternal mountains? Such a revolution in a man's

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affairs, as I have somewhere written, would set anybody singing." Was he thinking of the true realism as he himself defined it—to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing?

But as the years go on the walls of the prison house press more closely on him, and all his fortitude and cheerfulness are needed for the hard fight with the grim shadow of death that dogs him and drives him from one corner of the globe to another. He is crushed by bad news of Symonds, his good lung going, and cannot help reading it as a personal hint. "God help us all! Really I am not very fit for work; but I try, try, and nothing comes of it." He feels "like flight some days; honour bright." He reasons it out philosophically: "What I now propose is, out of every quarter to work two months and rest the third. I believe I shall get more done, as I generally manage, on my present scheme, to have four months' impotent illness and two of perfect health—one before, one after. I break down." And as we have so frequently observed, right after this calculation of invalid resources comes the following bit of bracing gospel, which he preached and reduced to practical living as few men so burdened have done, in season and out of season:

I re-read the other day that heart-breaking book, the *Life of Scott*. One should read such works now and then, but O, not often. As I live, I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place; the *Waverley Novels* are better to re-read than the over-true Life, fine as dear Sir Walter was. The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts and sermons that are dull and dowie; and even the Shorter Catechism, which is scarcely a work of consolation, opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever written—upon Man's chief end.

There is one letter in which Stevenson writes thoughtfully and seriously to his mother about the teaching of Christ—a Christmas sermon (December 26, 1880) he calls it—which is worth while reprinting here in connection with the foregoing strictures, on "our little piping theologies, tracts and sermons." Very early, while at the University in Edinburgh, Stevenson had pained his parents by his departure from their covenanting theology, and the argument would seem to have cropped up at times later in life.

. . . The assurance you speak of is what we all ought to have, and might have, and should not consent to live without. That people do not have it more than they do is, I believe, because persons speak so much in large-drawn, theological similitudes, and won't say out what they mean about life, and man, and God, in fair and square human language. I wonder if you or my father ever thought of the obscurities that lie upon human duty from the negative form in which the Ten Commandments are stated, or of how Christ was so continually substituting affirmations. "Thou shalt not" is but an example; "Thou shalt" is the law of God. It was this that seems meant in the phrase that "not one jot nor tittle of the law should pass." But what led me to the remark is this: A kind of black, angry look goes with that statement of the law of negatives. "To love one's neighbour as one's self" is certainly much harder, but states life so much more actively, gladly and kindly, that you can begin to see some pleasure in it; and till you can see pleasure in these hard choices and bitter necessities, where is there any Good News to men? It is much more important to do *right* than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been and will ever be impossible; and the faithful *design to do right* is accepted by God; that seems to me to be the Gospel, and that was how Christ delivered us from the Law. After people are told that, surely they might hear more encouraging sermons. To blow the trumpet for good would seem the Parson's business; and since it is not in our own strength, but by faith and perseverance (no account made of slips), that we are to run the race, I do not see where they get the material for their gloomy discourses. Faith is not to believe the Bible, but to believe in God; if you believe in God (or, for it's the same thing, have that assurance you speak about), where is there any more room for terror? There are only three possible attitudes—Optimism, which has gone to smash; Pessimism, which is on the rising hand, and very popular with many clergymen who seem to think they are Christians; and this Faith, which is the Gospel. Once you hold the last, it is your business (1) to find out what is *right* in any given case, and (2) to try to do it; if you fail in the last, that is, by commission, Christ tells you to hope; if you fail in the first, that is, by

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omission, his picture of the last day gives you but a black lookout. The whole necessary morality is kindness; and it should spring of itself from the one fundamental doctrine, Faith. If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness by you, you should be happy; and if happy, surely you should be kind.

I have dwelt in only one aspect of the man in this review of Stevenson's *Letters;* it would be a delight to speak of his meeting with Henley and others in the profession of letters as recorded in these epistles, and the correspondence which ensued; of the playfulness and humour; the sentiment and noble feeling; the literary criticism and *obiter dicta* on everything and everybody observed, loved and noted by him; the boundless patient charity and wide tolerance of his spirit; the frank egotism and warm devotedness of his attitude toward his friends; the tenderness, the sunny disposition, the wit and banter, the whimsicalities of his gentle sport; above all, the charming letters to Mr. J. M. Barrie, with whom he had a very close affinity, but space does not permit. In this voluminous correspondence (and it by no means contains all that Stevenson wrote, or that may yet see the light in print) we possess one of the noblest literary treasures of the century. I repeat what I have said elsewhere, that in all likelihood the best judges will concede that in Stevenson we have the greatest letter-writer in the English language.

The matchless charm of Stevenson's letters lies in their spirit of perennial youth. However matured he became, through experience and suffering, in wisdom and knowledge, to the last the temper of the man was that of a hilarious and glad-hearted son of joy. Those who lived with him and were with him to the end will tell you how he kept to the dreams of his youth and made the atmosphere about him tingle with freshness and rejuvenescent delight. Mr. Sidney Colvin, in his introduction, notes the especial hold that Stevenson had upon the young by reason largely of the fact that much of his best work was done in the spirit of youth, and Mr. Barrie had this quality in mind when years ago he asserted that no other living writer exercised so strong a spell of enchantment on his readers. Dip where you will into these letters, you will nearly always find them pitched in this exuberant key—and what voice is so thrilling, so rousing, so victorious as the ringing voice of everlasting youth!

Above all, the predominant note in these letters is their sweet humanity. For a mate to the glad, buoyant, brave spirit, making sport of his troubles and finding merriment in despair, we must go to fiction. Stevenson is the Mark Tapley of real life. There was that miracle of transmuting vitality in his nature which always turned the waters of Marah sweet. The earlier view of life, touched with pessimism when he was "ordered south," could not find acceptance for long by one who was so intensely human; it was but a momentary mood; it comes and passes in the letters of the period; it was the single instance, this essay on "Ordered South," in which he adopted the invalid point of view, and when published in book form in 1887, he appended, somewhat ashamed of the publicity he had given his sick thoughts, a note of sober apology for this *virginibus puerisque,* on the ground that "a slightly greater age teaches us a slightly different wisdom."

The "humanest affection" with which Stevenson regarded mankind burgeoned and blossomed through his writings in the hearts of countless thousands. He had learned "the wisdom of one who has faced the worst and has borne the burden of the thought of death." This constant living in the neighbourhood of death humbled and mellowed him; it warmed him toward his fellows and made him a partaker in their joys and sorrows. He had "some to help, some to love, some to correct; it may be, some to punish." His life had grown, with a myriad filaments, into the lives of others. Up to the last he was unrepining and even gay. The week in which he died was filled with social engagements, while work was pouring steadily from his pen. The later years saw in him an expansion of concern and interest in human affairs, and a deepening of that joy which he took in mingling with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Had he desired it, no better epitaph might have been graven on his tomb than that which has been graven in these letters and on the hearts of his admiring readers:

Write me as one who loved his fellow-men.

James MacArthur.

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THE CHARM OF PARIS*

I.

THERE are two Parises, only one of which—the glaringly obvious Paris—will be seen by ninety-five per cent. of those of our fellow-countrymen who, three or four months hence, will be taking deadly farewell of Topeka and Duluth, Chicago and Savannah, Denver and Syracuse, and swarming along the transatlantic steamer piers of the North River front. The other Paris—but there is no use rushing into a discussion of that subject just yet, and our countryman abroad is a topic that is always timely and interesting. There was once a man whose sense of the humorous was stronger than his reverence for the mouldy things of this world, and who travelled, not that he might tramp gloomily the polished floors of picture galleries or tiptoe in and out of dim cathedrals, but that he might study his fellow-Americans with profit and amusement. One of his favourite occupations was to spot his countrymen and country women at table d'hôtes and hotel reading-rooms, deduce from their accent, appearance, manner, dress their native city or State, and then rush off to the hotel office to verify his deductions. In the course of time he attained great skill and accuracy. "At first," he blandly confessed to the present writer, "I was more than once at fault. I avow it. Insight, sir, and perseverance, rare perseverance, are needed for the subtler distinctions. The merest tyro can say, 'These are from Chicago,' 'these from Boston,' 'these from St. Louis.' That, of course, is mere child's play. But when one reaches the point where he can distinguish between Atlanta and Savannah, Bangor and Portland, Albany and Troy, Easton, Pennsylvania, and Rahway, New Jersey, that"—here his shirt front swelled with haughty pride—"that is Art."

*The Stones of Paris. By Benjamin Ellis Marten and Charlotte M. Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

Bohemian Paris of To-Day. By W. C. Morrow and Édouard Cucuel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, $2.00.

No type can be more accurately and decisively explained in a few brief words than the composite American who will "do Europe" during the coming summer. It would require very little guesswork to give his itinerary, the names of the hotels at which he will stop, what sights he will see and what excitements he will particularly enjoy. He has for a long time been expatiating on what he intends to do. He is very kind and very knowing. Ours is a great country, he will admit, and a great people. But we lack tradition. The Mammoth Cave and Niagara are very well in their way, but "just think, sir, of Eternal Rome, enthroned upon her seven hills, and the Tower of London and the Loover and the Tweeleries gardens and the Bwah de Bolony!" And when, next autumn, he returns, his neighbours will find him more arrogant, more cocksure than ever, with a repertory of anecdote, which will, for the most part, refer neither to cathedrals nor picture galleries, extensive enough to last him through-

STAGE DOOR OF MOLIÈRE'S THEATRE.
"The Stones of Paris."

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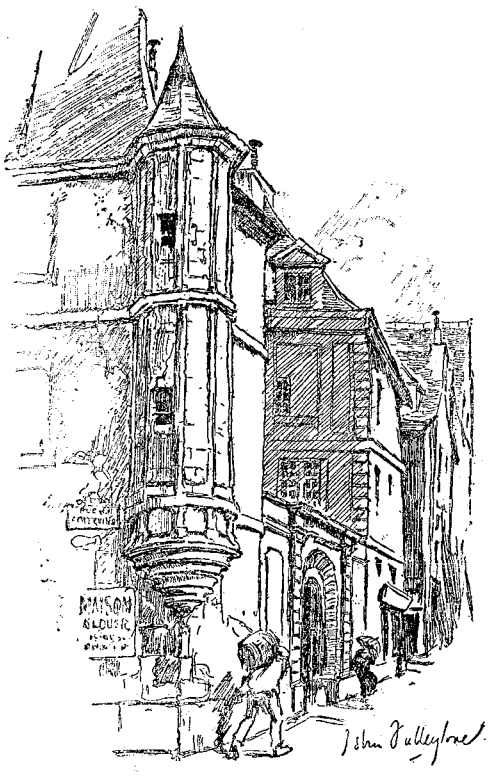


OLD BOHEMIAN PARIS.
"The Stones of Paris."

out the rest of his natural life. This, however, is how he will impress the Europeans:

At Como—"Do they call this a lake! What would they say to Lake Michigan?"

On the Rigi-Kulm—"Do they call this a mountain! What would they say to the Rockies?"

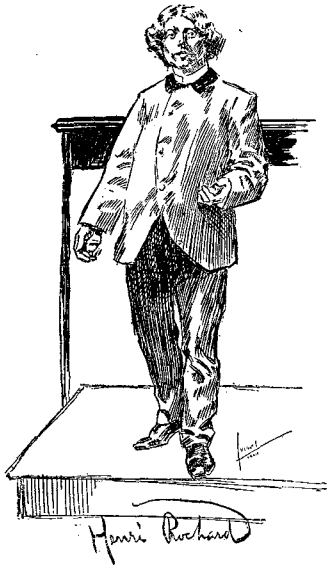
On the Rhine steamboat—"Do they call this a river! What would they say to the Mississippi?"

Everywhere—"Do they call this a hotel! What would they say to the Waldorf?"

Then this man is a humbug! Not at all. He is only a conservative patriot.

But it is in Paris—the obvious Paris—that the composite American will show himself most interesting and unique. London after a week will probably bore him. He will spend a day at the British Museum, another at Sydenham, a third in the Tower; and in the evenings will frequent the Criterion American Bar in company with a fellow-townsman or two or some men with whom he came over on the steamer. Then he will begin to grow mopy and lonely, and will pack up his belongings and travel the way that leads into the Gare du Nord.

After one of Mr. Baedeker's red guide books the present writer knows of no book that will prove more interesting and instructive to one who wishes to know the obvious Paris than *Bohemian Paris of To-Day*. This is not a book that is important or that is likely to be of lasting value; the narrative incidents scattered here and there throughout its pages are often of the hackneyed, stereotyped sort, that rather strain the credulity; but to deny that it is entertaining would be absurd. Mr. Édouard Cucuel drew the illustrations and furnished the material which Mr. W. C. Morrow turned into good, readable letter-press. For instance, Mr. Cucuel describes a cabaret frequented by Paul Verlaine; Mr. Morrow writes a graphic description of the great man's entry and reception. The scenes of the Bal Bullier are wonderfully interesting in themselves, but the authors introduce Mr. Pugson, of Cincinnati, whose exhilarations and *gaucheries* serve admirably to heighten the effect. In the chapter treating of the Moulin de la Galette, on the heights of Montmartre, wishing to describe the *maquereau* of the lowest type, they lug in a contrivance that is spirited and dramatic, although rather shopworn. But after all it would be



A POET.
"Bohemian Paris of To-day."

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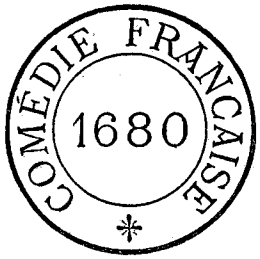


STAMP OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

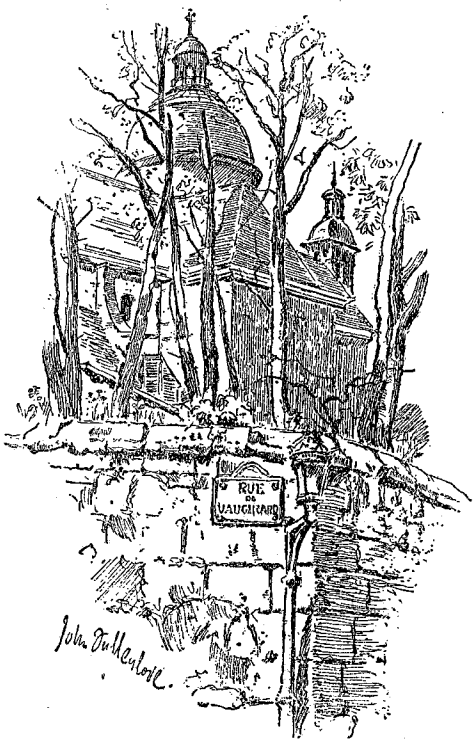
hypercritical to dwell upon small matters of this kind to too great an extent. The book is not only amusing: it conveys to the reader much of the charm of the latter-day Paris—the glitter of its streets by night, the glare of its *café chantants*. We see the great wings of the Moulin Rouge flapping against the night, the surging throng of revellers in the Place Blanche the evening of the Bal des Qua'tz' Arts, the long sweep up the "Boul' Mich' " from the river to the summit of the mountain of Sainte Geneviève, the strange Bohemian mirth of the underground Cabaret du Soleil d'Or. There is much of this that the American making a two or three weeks' stay in the French capital will not and cannot see. But on account of this he will find the book none the less entertaining. He can take a *guide interprête* to lead him about the freak *cabarets* of the *boulevards extérieurs*, he can re-read *Bohemian Paris of To-Day* on the trip homeward, and, taking care to throw the book overboard before passing Sandy Hook, will have a rich fund of thrill-inspiring anecdote of the obvious Paris to delight his male friends and to enhance his fame.

II.

But there is another Paris, born of its stones and traditions, half fancy and half fact, tangible, yet intangible, in which the mysterious past and the still more mysterious present are indissolubly linked. This is a city intrenched within high walls—a city of quaint structures and narrow streets, which echo the clash of rapiers and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Fable land though it be, it is readily re-evoked. The sight of an old street name, of a quaint gable or wall, and the old Paris comes back to us, perhaps as François Premier saw it when he was on earth and in pursuit of La Belle Ferronière, or as the young D'Artagnan saw it when he, astride of his Rosinante, first entered it through one of the gates on the southern side of the river; or as it was to Molière when he laughed its *précieuses* and its deceived husbands to scorn; or as it seemed two hundred years later to the men and women of the *Comédie Humaine*. It is all old Paris—be it the Paris of François Villon or of Henry Murger.

Whatever sources of information the authors of *The Stones of Paris* have drawn from, they have given us a book that charms and that is likely to last. These pages show us the scholar's quarter of the Middle Ages—the quarter which Pierre Gringoire knew so well; the city of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, the haunts and homes of Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Ronsard, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Beaumarchais; the Paris of the Revolution; the southern bank of the present century; and the scenes immortalised in the romance of Balzac, of Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo.

It is easier to-day to put one's hand on the Paris of the sixteenth century than on the Paris of the eighteenth. In those remote days changes were slow to come, and the older stones have been often left untouched. Everywhere about the older streets of the Marais and of the Quartier



WALL OF THE CARMELITES. SCENE OF THE MEETING OF THE KING'S MOUSQUETAIRES AND THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS.

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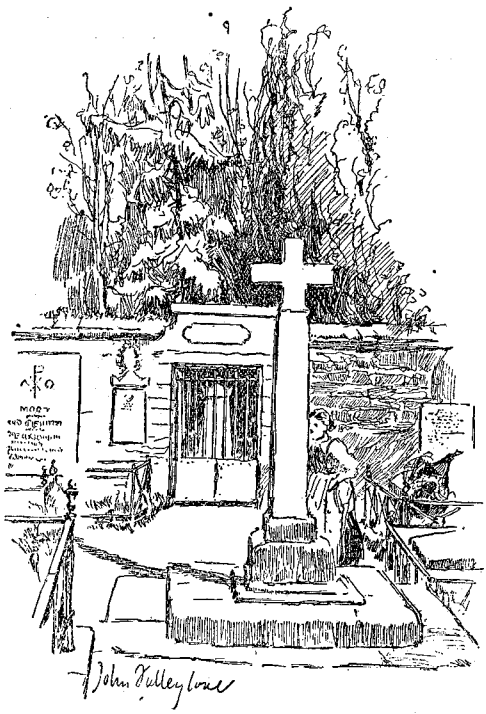

LITTLE PIPCUS. THE REFUGE OF JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE.
"The Stones of Paris."

du Temple are traces of the city of the later Valois and earlier Bourbons. Notre Dame is only one of the scenes which call up the figures of Quasimodo, Captain Phœbus and Esmeralda, and both sides of the river and the city between are rich with the associations of the King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards. One with even the most superficial knowledge of Paris and the series of romances dealing with the character of Jonas D'Artagnan cannot have failed to note the shifting of the scene from the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg Palace in *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royale in *Vingt Ans Après* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne.* The Gascon Don Quixote entering Paris and finding a lodging in a house—which may still be seen—in the Rue des Fossoylurs, now the Rue Servandoni, proceeds to the Hotel de Treville—all traces of which have now vanished—in the Rue du Vieux Colombier. Nearby, in the Rue Ferou, Athos had his rooms; Porthos's reputed and mysterious lodging was only a stone's throw away, while Aramis lived farther down the slope in the Rue de la Harpe, which in the seventeenth century was one of the main arteries between the southern part of the city and the islands, but which has now become unimportant and commonplace. At the corner of the Rue Vaugirard, which passes the front of the Luxembourg Palace and the Rue Cassette, is the wall of the Carmelites where D'Artagnan repaired to fulfil his duelling engagements with the three musketeers of the company of De Treville after the incidents of the shoulder of Athos, the baldric of Porthos and the glove of Aramis. The authors point out for us the residence of Miladi de Winter, fronting the Place Royale, now the Place des Vosges, but, curiously enough, fail to mention that the square was the scene of the reunion of the four in *Vingt Ans Après.* The omission is of serious importance, since there has been prevalent to some extent the idea that the meeting took place in the garden of the Palais Royale.

Passing over with a brief word of mention the chapter treating of the Paris of Victor Hugo, which deals in the main with the route followed by Jean Valjean in his flight from Javert, we turn one by one with mingled pleasure and disappointment the pages which describe the scenes of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine.* It is quite superfluous to say that when a really adequate study of the Paris of Honoré de Balzac appears it will be the work of a Parisian of the Parisians; it will be the result of years of ardent and sympathetic research, and will be of imposing proportions. The London of Dickens, rich as it is in itself, is exceedingly poor by comparison. In these pages the reader is taken to the antiquary's shop of the *Peau de Chagrin* and the *Maison Vauquer of Le Père Goriot.* The present writer confesses himself a little puzzled at the identification of the latter structure as No. 24 Rue Tournefort,

BOHEMIA.
"Bohemian Paris of To-day."

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finding more consistent with the text of Balzac a house a hundred yards away, on the Rue Lhomond, as the scene of the schemes and seizure of Vautrin and the sufferings of Goriot.

Firmin Dredd.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

IN a rather bare month the new play which aroused the most intellectual curiosity, although little general interest, was a tragedy in blank verse, by "John Oliver Hobbes," which had its first public performance at a matinée given by the pupils of Mr. Sargent's school. *Osbern and Ursyne* attracted to the Empire Theatre some of the small number of persons whose hopes are fixed on the re-birth of a literary drama. Probably no one of them believed that Mrs. Craigie's play was either a dramatic or an artistic success, but there were a number in whom it raised feelings much more intense than those which respond to the ordinary skilful drama of the day. One of the most delicate artists on the American stage said after the performance that it made her discontented with the work that recent years had given her. The reason for this is that among all its faults there shines a fairly strong intelligence. Mrs. Craigie is not a poet. Although a good deal of her verse is respectable, very little of it is "simple, sensuous and impassioned." Much of it, however, is good enough to answer the purposes of tragedy better than ordinary prose. The fate of tragedy in the modern world is one of the most difficult aspects of the future to foresee. The tragic problem novel, even at its height, as in *Anna Karénina,* and the drama which ends in destruction without the elevation of verse or the corresponding glow of feeling and imagination, of generalised characters and heightened language, are probably doomed to failure as substitutes for what used to be the highest dramatic form of expression. They will have their place, of course, but it will be a less elevated place. The novel is such a democratic form of art, so much fitter than the drama to carry its meaning to the average mind, that it will certainly hold its own with the advance of democracy. Prose, for the same reason, is likely to remain largely the successor to verse in all departments of literary art. That there is a strong desire, however, for poetry, and for dramatic poetry, in the most educated fraction of the community, is undeniable. If Mrs. Craigie had been able to write the whole of *Osbern and Ursyne* as well as she has written the simplest and most dramatic scenes in it, it would have been a notable event in the current history of the stage. The story, while conventional, is an adequate frame for whatever dramatic force and poetic fervour the authoress might have. It deals with the love of Ursyne, the daughter of an eleventh-century count in England, for Hugh, Earl of Carliol. He is engaged to Arlette, cousin of Ursyne. Arlette, believing him dead, loves Eadric, a Saxon. Osbern, Hugh's cousin, very intelligent, but half insane, loves Ursyne. Hugh returns, and in the complications which follow, the mad Osbern kills him. He is about to be tortured when Ursyne stabs him and then herself, telling him he can have in death the love which her previous passion had kept from him in life. In painting the various emotions of these characters toward each other, their high moral tone and their strong passion, Mrs. Craigie has broken her effects too much. Instead of taking two or three simple relations and working them out fully, she has produced an intricacy which makes the play have some resemblance to a puzzle. The language also is psychological, in the bald sense, technical and thin at times, run-

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ning into subtleties which have no human value, no throb, no warmth and clearness. It is possible that Mrs. Craigie may find cleverness a successful ingredient of comedy, but if she intends to continue writing tragedy, the first thing she ought to do is to throw away every element which lacks common human nature and human warmth.

In entire contrast to this interesting failure is the most uninteresting success of the *Manoeuvres of Jane.* Even when Henry Arthur Jones comes within sight of distinction, as in *The Liars,* he does not really reach it; and in this latest comedy he is so absolutely like the uninspired, conventional creature, not infrequently a tradesman, whom we call *bourgeois* or philistine, that perhaps the success of the play, which has run a long time in England, is a matter of course. However, there have been cases in which English successes have failed here, just as good plays like *Trelawney of the Wells* have been more appreciated here; and if the American public should happen to reject *The Manoeuvres of Jane,* it would do itself considerable credit. Acting can do much for a play, but not everything. Ferdinand Gottschalk, in making his reappearance on our stage, gave one of the best farcical caricatures seen here for some time, and Allison Skipworth in a very small part attracted the attention of critical observers by a perfection which is rarely seen in minor characters in England or America, which she showed last year at the Lyceum, and yet which does not seem to make managers willing to try her in important rôles. Mary Mannering illustrated an important truth in the relation between the play and the actor. She played her part well, but she put into it just as much seriousness as it could possibly hold, probably a good deal more than Mr. Jones ever intended it to hold. This distinction between the part as written and the part as acted is an almost impossible one for the spectator, as the play passes rapidly before him, to grasp, and there is no greater difficulty in dramatic criticism. Miss Mannering's performance was certainly one of the most attractive features of the evening, but to say whether the play would have gained or lost by the broad acting which the author doubtless intended, is pretty nearly impossible. A certain change that has taken place in the Lyceum Theatre brings out this same principle. When *Miss Hobbs* was first given there, at the end of last summer, Annie Russell played the title-rôle as if the girl were a reality. She had in her mind an actual woman, filled with a certain theory naturally acquired, which she endeavoured to live out, until a little real experience cured her of it. To-day that point of view is thoroughly abandoned, and Miss Russell acts the part with a large mixture of the conventional exaggerations of farce. To say that the result is favourable is, of course, to point out that Jerome's comedy belongs to a lower order than Miss Russell hoped it did, and, like everything else, is best treated for what it really is. It is a trifle gloomy, however, that one of the few actresses well endowed for true comedy should have to lower her method for a whole year, in order to increase the popular success of a harmless but also worthless trifle.

The public is going in droves to the Broadway Theatre to see *Ben-Hur,* and will continue flocking there for months. What is presented to them is almost purely a spectacle, a series of remarkable mechanical stage pictures, extremely well done. There is no real beauty in the scenery, although there is in one or two of the dances, but there are profusion and scenic movement which have seldom if ever been better accomplished. The chariot race, for instance, about which there has been the greatest amount of talk, is a really stirring picture of running horses, who are made by rapidly moving scenery to appear as if they were straining forward, not on a treadmill, but in an actual arena. The play is full of features of this kind, and no interest seems to be stronger in the contemporary public. That its ideal value is slight there is no doubt, but whether we can ever get away from it in a country where the theatre must be so largely subject to average taste, is an open question. Of the novel, very little is given, but what there is room for, after time is allowed for the picturesque element, is presented in its true spirit. Among the actors Edward Morgan in the title-rôle has most of the work to do. He shows that his powers have increased and his faults diminished of late. He gives the spiritual nature of

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the Prince of Hur admirably—the mixture of the warrior and the moral enthusiast, and the deep sadness of a man who has suffered. The direction in which his acting most needs to be improved is in its appeal to the eye, in ways of standing and filling a scene—the things in which Sir Henry Irving is strongest.

About the greatest performance which has taken place since the last article was written it is perhaps rather late to speak. *The Merchant of Venice,* as performed by the Lyceum company, dwarfs hopelessly everything that has followed it. It was a reminder of what a great play is worth when it is interpreted by great actors. The level of the company was high; Sir Henry's Shylock, although overacted, was in spots wonderfully vivid, and Miss Terry's Portia contained some of the most thoroughly beautiful acting to be seen in our day. A performance like this makes it hard to see weeks stretch away with our regular American managers offering us such fodder as *Ben-Hur* and *The Manoeuvres of Jane.*

Norman Hapgood.

LITERARY LONDON

AS I write we are in the thick of the war, and waiting with intense anxiety for some really decisive news. It might well be supposed that there would be little room for interesting books, that the sole reading would be newspapers. As for the newspapers, I doubt whether, with one conspicuous exception, they have gained very much. That exception is, of course, the *Daily Mail.* The *Mail* was perhaps the most influential factor in hurrying on the war. It is no secret that Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. Rhodes are on very friendly terms, and the Rhodesian view has been presented throughout. Mr. Harmsworth, however, is by far too wise a man not to see that the exposition of opinions, however important, is not enough. He has despatched to South Africa a large number of efficient correspondents, has engaged the services of the best experts at home, and in addition was clever enough to secure an early newspaper train for the country. With other arrangements that have been made since then the *Daily Mail* can now be had at almost every breakfast table in the large towns of England. The consequence is that the circulation has gone up to considerably more than a million of copies, a sale altogether unprecedented in England, and perhaps unprecedented in the world. The *Times* has done well, and is liked by many people for the careful editing of its news. But no paper published at threepence in this country can be really popular. The *Daily Chronicle* has courageously taken the unpopular side, and has maintained it without flinching. I understand that this has had no injurious effect, but rather the reverse on its circulation. There will unquestionably be a great reaction in popular excitement before all is done, in fact, there are many signs of this already.

Meanwhile, the illustrated newspapers have been doing splendidly. The *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* have been printing something like one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies a week, and *Black and White,* which has had a hard struggle since its commencement, is now in the full tide of its success, and permanently established. Two new sixpennies hope to make a position for themselves by this war. One is Sir George Newnes's paper, the *King,* which is to be edited by Mr. J. W. Smith, the American editor of the *Strand.* Mr. Smith's idea is, I believe, to have photographers in all parts of the world. Mr. Shorter will also produce his new paper. Not much has been allowed to leak out, but it is understood that this will meet

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the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* on their own ground. The paper will be larger than either of these, and will rely upon artists rather than upon photographers. The first numbers of these journals may be expected by the middle of January, and no doubt the competition between them and their older rivals will be exceedingly severe. All will depend on the advertisements, and Mr. Shorter has secured as his advertisement manager and one of his directors Mr. King, who so ably conducted the advertisement department of the *Sketch*.

I doubt whether the war has made any real difference in the sale of books, though on this point there are various opinions. Nothing is more unsafe than to take isolated experiences as typical of the general state of things. After all, the men who know best how books are selling are the bookbinders, and in conversation with the leading bookbinders of London, I find that they report themselves busier than they have ever been. Religious books, in particular, are doing remarkably well. There are three at least —Drummond's *New Evangelism,* Stalker's *Christology of Jesus* and Matheson's *Life of Christ,* for which the demand is so great that the publishers are almost unable to keep pace with it. Of the year's new novels, undoubtedly the most popular is Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage.* Miss Cholmondeley is one of the late George Bentley's writers, and used to contribute to *Temple Bar.* In her previous novels there was undoubted talent, but now at last she has made a hit, and her next book is sure of a great reception. Among biographical books, by far the most interesting is the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* A critic in the *Athenaeum* has pronounced the astounding judgment that the letters are ordinary and commonplace, but the practically unanimous verdict is that the letters have been too severely and discreetly edited. They give a true side of Stevenson, but as a portrait they are incomplete. The real story of Stevenson's life has not been told, probably will never be told, and perhaps ought never to be told. If the reader will take him as he finds him in these letters, and follow his example, he will do well, and the frailties of his humanity may well be allowed to fall into the dust. It is good news that Mr. Graham Balfour is to write his life. Those who came nearest Stevenson in the days of his fame and have been his authorised exponents were English and American, and with all Stevenson's catholicity he was from first to last a Scot. It is doubtful whether any one not a Scot can really understand the Scottish character.

I am greatly interested in a new experiment which two great proprietors are about to make in Sunday magazinism. The magazines for Sunday reading in this country have not been holding their own in recent years. I suppose the reason is that on Sunday even religious people read anything. In the old days it was supposed that they should confine themselves to what had a bearing on religion. Sir George Newnes is about to publish the *Sunday Strand.* It will cost sixpence a month, and is really a very handsome and well illustrated periodical. There are to be a hundred and twenty pages, and one hundred and sixty illustrations. The point of the number is the first instalment of Ian Maclaren's *Life of Christ,* which is splendidly illustrated by an American artist. The advertisements have come in very well, but if the *Sunday Strand* is to succeed, it must sell at least one hundred and fifty thousand copies a month. It will also have to face very soon a formidable rival in the *Sunday Circle,* published by Messrs. Harmsworth, and edited by Mr. Hartley Aspden, who has successfully started various religious weeklies for Messrs. Harmsworth. It will cost only fourpence, and will apparently aim at a wider popular constituency than the *Sunday Strand.* It may be that just as ordinary magazinism was revived when the *Strand Magazine* was started, so a new and successful departure may be taken in Sunday magazinism. It is reported that the *Contemporary Review,* which was started by Alexander Strahan, and from the beginning has been published by his firm, now known as Isbister and Company, will be transferred in January to the Columbus Publishing Company, which is managed by Mr. Cohen, and issues the *Topical Times,* a journal of the stage and of the music hall. The *Contemporary,* it is said, will be altered in various respects, and it is probable that a new review upon the old lines will be commenced shortly.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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LITERARY PARIS

PARIS, as everybody knows, has long been a paradise for dogs, a hell for horses. The horse is certainly going to be better off very soon, thanks to the development of horseless vehicles. But what of a third animal, a biped, about whom the old saying keeps prudently silent, namely, the man of letters, the bookman? What Paris has been for him I shall not attempt to-day to decide, but in the future, if not absolutely a paradise, it is not going to be the reverse, either. It will be due partly to a lady, a writer herself, Madame Jeanne Robin, who has just opened in one of the quietest streets in Passy, the Rue du Ranelagh, what she calls *La Maison des Lettres,* what others call *La Maison où l'on Prête.* Men of letters are not all millionaires; they may be in need of a temporary loan, and they have not very strong securities to offer. They may now apply to *La Maison des Lettres,* where Madame Robin, acting as trustee for a number of friends, will let them have what they may need, from five francs up, in exchange for a promise to repay the loan when they can, the whole transaction remaining entirely confidential. So, you see, faith in human nature is not dead yet.

Another and very strange and unforeseen windfall has come to a group of bookmen. Of the five Academies of the Institut de France, the one that is farthest away from the eyes of the general public is certainly the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Its field comprises Philology and Archæology. It expects no gifts, no legacies, except from some specialist well acquainted with its labours. And yet it has just now been announced to be one of the beneficiaries by the will of a Monsieur Dourlans, the proprietor of a public dancing hall, known as the Bal Dourlans, and also as the Salle Wagram, used sometimes as a hall for more or less noisy public meetings, but oftener as a resort for coachmen, *valets de chambre* and other domestics of both sexes in quest of choregraphic amusement. Think of Professor Gaston Paris, or better still, old Jules Oppert, the decipherer of Assyrian inscriptions, being appointed *Administrateur du Bal Dourlans,* and seeing to it that the venerable Academy should get from its new property as large an income as possible!

While her sister Academy was thus made the recipient of a piece of property of a not over-virtuous reputation, the Académie Française was awarding prizes to various individuals who had distinguished themselves by their virtuous deeds. The report on the *Prix de Vertu* was this year written by Ferdinand Brunetière, who, by the way, has just collected in book form a number of his last public utterances, under the suggestive title of *Discours de Combat.* The report of Professor Gaston Boissier on the literary prizes, read on the same day as Brunetière's report, mentioned no less than ninety-four works crowned by the Academy! Was I not right in saying that men of letters in Paris are decidedly better off than the poor horse is supposed to be?

Academicians, however, are not all on a bed of roses just now. Witness Jules Claretie, whose management of the Théâtre Française is fired upon with Boer-like accuracy by countless critics, intrenched in the feuilletons of numberless newspapers. This campaign was foreseen as soon as Sarcey died. He was Claretie's great friend, and his support would more than offset the attacks of any number of journalists. But he is gone now, and even his successor in *Le Temps,* Gustave Larroumet, is compelled to admit that Claretie has not been *un grand directeur.* A change in the management of the most literary and artistic of all great theatres is sure to come before long.

I have just mentioned Sarcey. His name has now again been brought rather sadly before the public. His furniture, his pictures, his books, etc., have just been sold at auction. In spite of the presence of many a celebrated autograph on the cover of a number of his books, the proceeds have not been very large. The eagerness of the great critic's heirs

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to turn into money what had belonged to him may have some literary consequences. It may lead to the publication of a selection of his admirable dramatic *lundis.*

In the meantime we must be satisfied with what we have, and resignation is not so very difficult when what we have is as good as Edmond Stoullig's *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique,* of which the twenty-fourth year has just appeared. Every year some noted man of letters writes for the book a preface; it has been done by Sarcey himself, by Brunetière, by Émile Faguet. This year's "préfacier" is Augustin Filon.

The stage has not thus far, this year, given very much of literary value. There seems to be some kind of a lull before the great battle which will be fought by Rostand with his *Aiglon.* I must, however, mention two plays, both belonging to the mercilessly satirical current, *L'Elu des Femmes,* by Pierre Weber and Victor de Cottens, and *Le Faubourg,* by Abel Hermant. Neither of these plays gives a very high idea of the present mental standing of what is left of the old French aristocracy.

No less satirical, but at another country's expense, is one of the last issues of *Le Rire,* with its suggestive sub-title, *Vlà les English.* Of course it deals with the war in South Africa.

No one need be surprised that such an event should have had its *contre-coup* in French literary production. It has invaded even the domain of the novel. Paschal Grousset, under his pseudonym of André Laurie, thus gives us *Gérard et Colette ou les Chercheurs d'Or de l'Afrique Australe,* and M. Eugène Morel a novel with this simple title, *Les Boers.* The Rosny brothers, under their joint signature of J. H. Rosny, also somewhat cater to *L'Actualité* with their last two novels, *Le Roman d'un Cycliste* and *Nell Horn, de l'Armée du Salut.*

Novels, moreover, have been plentiful of late. They are of all sorts. Some are for the wicked, many for the good. Among the latter I shall mention Mary Floran's *La Plus Riche* and, with a higher literary purpose, Samuel Cornut's *L'Inquiet.* As we are entering the holiday season the indefatigable Jules Verne must be heard from, and he is, with the second part of his *Testament d'un Excentrique.*

The great names of the contemporary French novel have almost all of them to be mentioned this month. To Anatole France we are indebted for a charming volume of tales, *Clio.* Marcel Prévost begins a serial, *Léa,* in *La Revue de Paris,* while Bourget begins another one, *Le Luxe des Autres,* in *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires;* he also places before the public a new and complete edition of his works, which is to be issued by Plon, Nourrit et Cie, and of which the initial volume is his *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.*

And finally *Les Annales* promises us a posthumous work by Daudet, *Premier Voyage, Premier Mensonge.*

And now to the poets. They seem to be turning to past ages. André Rivoire, in *Berthe aux Grands Pieds,* takes up the old legend of the hypothetical mother of Charlemagne; but he seems to be too strongly *fin de siècle* for the treatment of such a theme. And what a pity that his graceful and witty verse should serve to perpetuate the slander against the feet of good Queen Bertha! She had no big feet; she was not *aux grands pieds,* but *au grand pied,* with one foot very slightly larger than the other, just enough to enable her to make herself recognised as the rightful queen, and to drive away the spurious one.

Much more *naïve* and simple-minded is Deputy Clovis Hugues in his *Chanson de Jehanne d'Au.* It will be a fine companion book to Senator Fabre's *Chanson de Roland,* the appearance of which in book form will not be delayed long.

J. J. Weiss's posthumous work, *Molière,* is just out; it is in every way worthy of the dead critic's reputation. We find other and greater dead writers in Madame Edgar Quinet's *Cinquante Ans d'amitié,* a record, interspersed with original letters, of the friendship which bound Michelet and Quinet to each other. A noble life also, devoted to the cause of political liberty, is recorded in Comte de Montalivet's *Fragments et Souvenirs.*

The Vicomte de Vogüé gives us a new collection of articles, with a somewhat affected title, *Le Rappel des Ombres.* How much simpler Jules Delafosse, with his *Figures Contemporaines,*

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which go from Comte de Chambord to Gambetta, a rather wide range!

To Th. Batdebat and Henri des Houx we owe two exceedingly interesting monographs. The former speaks to us of *Lesseps intime,* just at the moment when the great "promoter's" statue is unveiled at the south end of the Suez Canal. The other, in the first volume of his *Histoire de Léon XIII.,* relates to us the life of the great pope down to his election by the Conclave in 1878.

I wish to call special attention to Hugues le Roux's last book, *Le Bilan du Divorce.* It belongs to an already large number of books in which France courageously tells herself the truth about her own condition. Though very serious in its purpose, Hugues le Roux's book is far from tedious.

Two important historical works have just appeared, one, the closing volume of Professor Maspéro's *Histoire des Peuples de l'Orient Classique,* the other the initial volume of a new and very remarkable *Histoire de France* by Vicomte de Caix and Albert Lacroix. This initial volume deals with prehistoric times, and with the history of Gaul down to its subjugation by Rome.

Art books have been numerous; three of them are more than readable, Catulle Mendès's *L'Oeuvre Wagnérienne en France,* Jules Breton's *Nos peintres du Siècle,* and especially Émile Michel's *Rubens.* It bids fair to be the most beautiful book of the holiday season.

Adolphe Cohn.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Owing to limitations of space we can answer but few letters in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

I.

A subscriber asks us where he can find a defence of lucidity as an essential element of style, and we reply that we know of nothing better than Herbert Spencer's essay on the philosophy of style, which emphasises and exalts the principle of clearness. Our correspondent has a special purpose in view; for he goes on to ask where he can also find a critical castigation of Mr. George Meredith for his lack of the principle so praised by Mr. Spencer. We are sorry that we know of nothing adequate to recommend. He might, however, refer to Le Gallienne's *George Meredith* (London, 1890).

II.

A Boswellian correspondent who apparently is interested in matters relating to the navy asks two questions:

(1) What do you think of the recent criticism upon Admiral Dewey?

We think that it was all in the most shocking bad taste. Having said this much we feel inclined to make the general remark that at the close of the extraordinary triumphal welcome accorded to him in New York, Admiral Dewey would have been well advised had he gone off somewhere and sacrificed to Nemesis.

(2) Which do you think was the most striking achievement of the Admiral—his victory at Manila, or his subsequent management of affairs, diplomatic and otherwise?

We think that Admiral Dewey's greatest achievement was the self-control through which he abstained from writing any articles for the magazines.

III.

A subscriber in Williamstown, Massachusetts, asks two questions:

(1) When did the word "decadent" come into use in literary criticism?

In the early fifties, when French critics began to apply it to the writings of Baudelaire and Gautier.

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(2) What is the significance of the word when it is applied to style? Of course I understand its ethical import, but cannot say that I quite realise what is meant by a "decadent style."

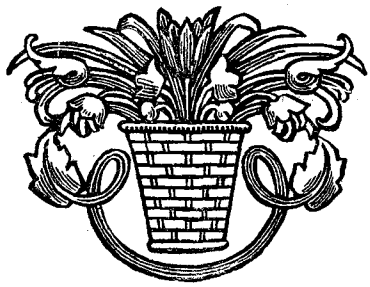
This question can best be answered by quoting a passage from Gautier himself, which is a striking bit of writing:

"The style of decadence" is nothing else than art arrived at that extreme point of maturity produced by those civilisations which are growing old with their oblique suns—a style that is ingenious, complicated, learned, full of shades of meaning and research, always pushing further the limits of language, borrowing from all the technical vocabularies, taking colours from all palettes, notes from all keyboards, forcing itself to express in thought that which is most ineffable, and in form the vaguest and most fleeting contours; listening, that it may translate them, to the subtle confidences of the neuropath, to the avowals of ageing and depraved passion, and to the singular hallucinations of the fixed idea verging on madness. This style of decadence is the last effort of language, called upon to express everything, and pushed to the utmost extremity. We may remind ourselves, in connection with it, of the language of the later Roman Empire, already mottled with the greenness of decomposition, and, as it were, gamey, and of the complicated refinements of the Byzantine school, the last form of Greek art fallen into deliquescence. Such is the inevitable and fatal idiom of peoples and civilisations where factitious life has replaced the natural life, and developed in man unknown wants. Besides, it is no easy matter, this style despised of pedants, for it expresses new ideas with new forms and words that have not yet been heard. In opposition to the classic style, it admits of shading, and these shadows teem and swarm with the larvæ of superstitions, the haggard phantoms of insomnia, nocturnal terrors, remorse which starts and turns back at the slightest noise, monstrous dreams stayed only by impotence, obscure phantasies at which the daylight would stand amazed, and all that the soul conceals of the dark, the unformed, and the vaguely horrible, in its deepest and furthest recesses.

Reference may also be made to Nordau's *Degeneration,* English translation, page 299, foll.

IV.

We have received a letter from a gentleman in London, Canada, asking a number of questions about Mr. Henry Harland, the editor of *The Yellow Book.* Our correspondent will find all these questions, except one, answered in an article contained in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1895, where there is given also a good portrait of Mr. Harland. The one question which is there unanswered is the question as to whether there exists a uniform edition of Mr. Harland's book; to which we reply in the negative.



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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.—*Continued.*

General de Riedesel, who had gone before his wife with the first detachment, that he might arrange a home in advance, had rented "Colle," the large house of Philip Mazzei, close to the log barracks. Madame de Riedesel was therefore at once in possession of comfortable quarters, and upon hearing from Janice how they were living, she offered her a home with them.

"Come to us, liebling," she begged. "Ze children zay lofe you so zat almost jealous I am; alreaty my goot husband he says ze Mees Meredeez ees charmant, and I—ah,I neet not tell it, for it tells itself."

"If it were right I would, Frederica, and I cannot thank you enough for wanting me; but ever since mommy had the fever she has not been really strong, and both she and dadda need me. Perhaps though, if you and the children—whom I dearly love—truly like me, you will help me in another way?"

"And how?"

"I heard you complaining to Baron de Riedesel yesterday of not being able to get a nurse. Will you not give me the place, and let my pay be for us all to live in the garret? We will make as little trouble—"

"Ach! Why deet I not it think before?" cried the baroness, boxing her own ear. "Cochon! Brute! You come, ma pauvre! But not as bonne, non, non."

"Indeed, Frederica, 'tis the only way that we can. We could not live upon you without in some way making a return, and the paper money with which we furnished ourselves has fallen till now 'tis worth but a threepence in the pound, so that we could not hope to pay for—"

"Bah! Who asks? You come as our guests; when you had ze plenty of milk and eggs you shared it weez us, and so now we share our plenty weez you. You, a proud girl, to be a nurse, indeet!"

"'Tis that pride which asks it, my dear. Ah, if you only would let me! Mommy suffers so with the cold, and has such a frightful cough, that every day I fear to see it become a pneumonia, and—"

"Stop! I was ze wrong. Come as you please, a l'instant. Ah, ze leetle ones, zay will go craze for joy; ze baron, he will geef no eyes to ze wife who is losing her shape, and ze officairs, zay will zay, 'Gott! How I lofe children!' Mais, I will not angree be, but kiss you so, and so, and so. And to all will I say, 'Voila, deet efer woman haf such a frent for herself and such a second mütter for her children?'"

The change was made the same day, and Janice assumed her new charge. It was, as it proved, not a very onerous one, for the children were well mannered for their years, and, young as they were, in the German method they were kept pretty steadily at tasks, while an old servant of the general, a German Yager, was only too delighted at any time to assume care of them. Janice herself slept in the nursery, and at first Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were given, as suggested, accommodation in the garret. But the baron, not content with the space at his command, as soon as the weather permitted, had built a large dining-room and salon, separate from the house, and this supplied so much more space that the parents were given a good room on a lower floor.

The new arrangement not merely brought them comfort, but also pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were treated as guests, and Madame de Riedesel made Janice quite as much her own companion as an attendant on the children. With her, once her nervousness was conquered, Janice talked French entirely; and more for amusement than for improvement, she began the study of German, with her friend as instructor, and, having as well the aid of every Brunswick officer, who only too gladly frequented the house, she was soon able to both read and speak it, to the delight of the baron; though his wife could not understand how any one who could talk French would for a moment willingly use any other tongue.

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Furthermore, they taught each other the various stitches in embroidery and crocheting each knew; and the German, who was an excellent housewife, not merely made Janice her assistant in the household cares, but, after expressing horror that the girl did not know accounts, spent many hours inducting her into the mysteries by which she knew to a penny how her money was expended.

Although these were all pastimes rather than labours to Janice, there were lighter hours in which she made a fourth at whist, learned chess from the general, and played on the harpsichord or sang to him. Once a week there was a musicale, at which all who could play on any instrument contributed a share, and dances and dinners were frequently given by the Riedesels and by General Phillips, the major-general in command of the British part of the Convention prisoners. The gentry of the neighbourhood who were invited reciprocated, and only too gladly made friends of their enemies. Horses in plenty were in the stable, and the two ladies, well escorted by officers, took almost daily rides, the baroness making herself a figure of remark to the natives by riding astride her horse in a short skirt and long boots. When the summer came, the amusements were varied by out-of-door fêtes and picnics; and Janice was made their companion during a whole month that the general and his wife spent at Frederick Spring for the former's health.

It was therefore a genuine grief to all the Merediths when, one morning, the baroness broke the news to them that her husband and General Phillips had at last been exchanged, and that they were to set out within the week for New York. Yet, even in the departure, their host continued his kindness; for, having rented "Colle" for two years, he placed the house at their disposal for the balance of his lease; and when, after tearful good-bys had been made, and they were well started on their northern journey, Janice went to her room, she found a purse containing twenty guineas in gold as a parting gift from the general, a breastpin of price from the baroness, and a ring from Gustava, with a note attached to it in the English print which Janice had taught her, declaring her undying affection and her intention to ask God to change her to a boy that when she grew up she might return and wed her.

The months that drifted by after this departure were lean ones of incident. Succeeding as they did to the ample garden, poultry, pigs, and two cows which the baron had donated to them, they were quite at ease as to food. The junior officers who still remained in charge of the troops saw to it that they did not want for military servants, thus relieving them of all severe labour; and while they keenly felt the loss of the Riedesels, there was no lack of company.

Distant as they were from the active operations of the war, they were kept pretty well informed of its progress, for it was a constant theme of conversation, and the movements were followed on the military maps of the officers who frequented the house. From them Janice heard how Clinton, despairing of conquering the Northern colonies by force of arms, had resorted to bribery, but only to win the service of an officer he did not wish, and not the desired post of West Point; and with tears in her eyes she listened to the news that André, setting ambition above honour, had paid for the lapse with his life. Then, as the tide of war shifted, it was explained to her why the British general, keeping tight hold on New York as a basis for operation, transferred a material part of his forces to the South, where, in succession, he captured Savannah and Charleston, and almost without resistance overran the States of Georgia and South Carolina.

"You see, Miss Meredith," she was told, "the yeomanry of the northern States are so well armed that we have found it impossible to hold the country against their militia; but in the southern States, aside from the difference between the energetic Northerners and the more indolent Southrons, the long distances between the plantations, and the fact that the gentry don't dare to trust their slaves with weapons, make them practically defenceless. The plan now is, therefore, to wear the Northern colonies out by our fleet, and by occasional descents upon the towns of the coast, while we meantime conquer the southern States. Had it been adopted from the first, the rebellion would have been ended two years ago; but it cannot fail, even at this late date, to bring them to their knees in time."

Virginia was not to escape from this new strategy, for presently a British force entered the Capes of the Chesapeake and seized the town of Portsmouth. Presuming that the capture of the Convention prisoners was one object of the invasion, the cantonment was hastily broken up, and all the troops were marched over the mountains to Winchester. From this deportation the Merediths were excepted, no mention of them being made in the orders issued by Governor Jefferson and by

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Washington, and so Colonel Bland left them solitary at Colle. The removal proved a needless precaution, for, after remaining but a few days, the British retired, having effected little save to throw the whole State into a panic, which subsided as quickly as it had come. Yet the hope of quiet was a false one, for in a few months a second expedition, under the command of Arnold, sailed up the James River and captured and burned Richmond. To face this new enemy, to which the militia of the State were deemed inadequate, Washington despatched Lafayette with a brigade from the Northern army, supposing the movement, like the previous one, a mere predatory expedition, which could be held in check by this number of troops; and upon news that General Phillips, with reinforcements, had joined Arnold, he further despatched a second brigade under Wayne.

Meantime, the force under Cornwallis, after overrunning North Carolina, now suddenly swung northward and effected a juncture with the British force in Virginia, raising it to such strength that the Continental army opposed to it dared not risk a battle, and was left no option, as the British advanced, but to fall back rapidly toward the mountains.

These latter events succeeded each other with such rapidity that the people of Charlottesville first heard of some of them by the arrival of the governor and the members of the Assembly, to which place they had voted an adjournment just previous to their being forced to abandon the capital. Sessions had scarcely been begun, however, when word was brought that the enemy was within a few miles of the town, and once again they took to their heels and fled over the mountains, escaping none too soon, as it proved, for Tarleton's cavalry rode into the streets of Charlottesville so close upon what was left of the government of Virginia that some of the members were captured.

The Merediths, two miles away, first heard of this incursion from a Charlottesville friend, who, in his flight, turned in at Colle to get the wherewithal to mend a broken bridle.

"But for warning coming to us by a short cut," he told them, "we had been made prisoners to a man, for their horse are said to have ridden seventy miles in the last twenty-four hours, in the hope of surprising us."

Before the repairs had been completed, another rider, in Continental uniform, was to be seen on the road, trotting his horse toward Charlottesville, and the first shouted a warning to him that made him first pull up, and then start toward them.

"British in Charlottesville!" he called. "What force, and under whom?"

"'Twas said to be Tarleton's legion, and to number about two hundred and fifty."

By this time the newcomer had approached close enough to be recognisable, and Mr. and Mrs. Meredith both uttered exclamations of amazement at finding it to be Colonel Brereton. Nor was he less taken aback, for he jerked his horse in so sharply that he set him rearing. Only Janice seemed unmoved, though the hand grasping one of the columns of the front portico, and the eyes, not once looking at Jack after the first moment of realisation, to a close observer would have told a different tale.

In the brief time it took to curb the horse, the officer as well gained control of himself, for he steadily demanded, "Where then shall I find Governor Jefferson?"

"'Tis beyond my knowledge. I left at the first alarm, with the intention of carrying the news to General Lafayette, hoping that by a quick movement he might be able to bag this force."

"I left the general at Raccoon Ford, ere daybreak this morning, to consult with the governor on certain matters."

"He had due warning, and no doubt fled."

"Confound this Jack-o'-lantern governor of yours, who seems to spend his life in the saddle, running away from those he so courageously anathematised in the Declaration of Independence! 'Tis as hard to keep track of his whereabout—"

"Beware!" interrupted Janice. "There come the British."

Engaged in the conversation, and chiefly intent on carrying off the scene with apparent calmness, Jack had failed to note the column of dust that had appeared on the road, which the girl had suddenly perceived, but one glance was enough to him.

"Into the saddle with you, if you would escape," he exclaimed, as he wheeled his horse. Yet he did not, like the other, spur away, but, twisting about, he let his eyes rest on the girl.

It was an indulgence that broke down his pretence of insensibility, and in a flash he was off his horse, with his hands outstretched to the girl. "Janice!" was all he said, but in the one word was an outpouring of appeal and tenderness stronger than the most eloquent of sentences. "Have you nothing to say to me?" he went on, as she stood motionless, with her eyes turned from him.

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"They are coming fast!" cried Mrs. Meredith. "Are you mad to thus linger?"

The officer gave a glance over his shoulder. "There is no time to explain," he said, gathering up his reins; "but if you—if you regret the past, speak one word."

Janice's eyes met his, as she measuredly said, "In spite of what you thought, sir, there was a time that I loved you, and though the feeling long since died, 'tis the only regret I have."

"They are entering the gate!" bellowed the squire, unable to contain himself.

"Let them come; 'twill be the worst for the foremost," muttered Jack defiantly, as he pulled out his horse-pistols from their holsters.

"You'll not be so mad!" protested Mrs. Meredith.

"If you resist, there'll be no quarter granted!" warned the squire.

"Who asks it?" snarled the officer, as he stepped so as to bring his horse between himself and the approaching cavalry.

"Oh, Colonel Brereton," cried Janice, "please, please fly!"

Dropping one of his pistols, with one bound Jack was by her side, and catching her hand, he kissed it. Vaulting into the saddle, he dug his spurs into the horse and galloped through the garden; leaping a rail fence, he made across the fields. After him went the swiftest of the light horse, not a hundred yards behind him. But one man, after shouting some order to the troopers, separated himself from the pursuing party, and rode on toward the Merediths, who were too intent on the fate of the fugitive to give him heed until he was close upon them. Then an exclamation burst from the squire.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Why, this passes very belief! Pox me, but 'tis Phil Hennion!"

XLVI.

FROM BLUE RIDGE TO TIDE WATER.

Had Phil not been so intent in listening to the squire's and dame's story of how they came to be where they were, and in explaining to them his presence, he would have noticed that not one word of it all did the girl give ear to, in her rapt and anxious watching of the fugitive and his pursuers. For several hundred yards it was hard to judge which gained, but, as the hot pace was maintained, the superior freshness and breeding of the officer's horse began to tell, and the space between them widened steadily. Once assured of this, the light horse abandoned the chase and turned back; and Janice, with an unconscious, deep-drawn breath of relief, gave her attention to the conversation, just in time to hear Philemon say:

"We were sent on a raid to Charlottesville, with orders to rejoin the main army at Point of Fork, and I was detached by Colonel Tarleton this morning to take this route, hoping to get more information concerning Lafayette's whereabout and movements."

"We had word from Colonel Brereton, who was yon runaway, that he was at Raccoon Ford at daybreak."

"Hah, the junction with Wayne's force emboldens him to show us something more than his back at last. 'Tis all I wish to learn, and we can now take the shortest road to rejoin Lord Cornwallis. Strap me, but it was a heaven-sent chance that we should come just in the nick o' time to rescue you. There shall be no more captivity, that I can promsie you. Bring up the best extra mount you have, Lieutenant Cameron, and arrange a place on one of the wagons for the ladies," he ordered.

"A suggestion, major," spoke up another officer. "Sergeant McDonald reports that there is a coach in the barn, and—"

"Put horses to it, and have it out before you set fire to the buildings," interrupted Hennion.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Meredith. "Art a major, Phil?"

"Ay, squire. I've fought my way up two grades since last we met."

There was a greater change in the officer than of rank, for his once long and ungainly frame had broadened and filled out into that of a well-formed, powerful man. His face, too, had lost its lankness, to its great improvement, for the features were strong, and, with the deep tan which the southern campaigns had given it, had, from being one of distinct homeliness, become one of decided distinction. But the most marked alteration was in his speech and bearing, for all trace of the awkward had disappeared from both; he spoke with facility and authority, and he sat his horse with soldierly erectness and ease.

The ladies were soon comfortably bestowed in the coach, the bugle sounded, and the flying column resumed its movement. Little they saw of their friend all day, for he rode now with the foremost squadron, and now with the rear, keenly alert to all that transpired; asking questions at each farmhouse as to roads, bridges, rivers, distances, the people, and everything which could be of value. Only when nightfall came, and they halted for a

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few hours' rest at a plantation, did he come to them, and then only for a brief word as to their accommodation. He offered Mrs. Meredith and Janice the best the house afforded, but, with keen recollections of their own sufferings, they refused to dispossess the women occupants from their home, and would accept in food and lodgings only what they had to spare. Indeed, though as far as possible it had been kept from their sight, the march had brought a realising sense to them, almost for the first time, of the full horror of the war, and made them appreciate that their own experience, however bad they had deemed it, was but that of hundreds. The day had been one long scene of rapine and destruction. At each plantation they had seen all serviceable horses seized, and the rest of the stock, young or old, slaughtered, all provisions of use to the army made prize of, and the remainder, with the buildings that held it, put to the torch, and the young crops of wheat, corn and tobacco, so far as time allowed, destroyed. Under cover of all this, too, there was plundering by the troopers, which the officers could not prevent, try their best.

There was a still worse terror, of which, fortunately, the Merediths saw nothing. Large numbers of the negroes took advantage of the incursion, and indeed were encouraged by the cavalry, to escape from slavery, by following in the rear of the column; and as the white men were either with the Virginia militia, or were in hiding away from the houses, the women were powerless to prevent the blacks from plundering, or from any other excess it pleased them to commit. The Old Dominion, the last State of the thirteen to be swept over by the foe, was harried as the Jerseys had been five years before, but by troops made less merciful by many a fierce conflict, and by its own servitors, debased by slavery to but one degree above the brute. Only with death did the people forget the enormities of those few months, when Cornwallis's army cut a double swath from tide water almost to the mountains, and Tarleton's and Simcoe's cavalry rode wither they pleased; and the hatred of the British and the fear of their own slaves outlasted even the passing away of the generation which had suffered.

It was on the evening of the following day that the detachment effected a junction with the main army, and so soon as Major Hennion had reported, Lord Cornwallis, who was quartered at Elk Hill, an estate of Jefferson's, sent word that he wished to see Mr. Meredith at once, and extended an invitation to them to share the house. He questioned the squire for nearly an hour as to the whereabout of the Convention prisoners, the condition of the State, and the feeling of the people.

"All you tell me tallies with such information as I have procured elsewhere," he ended, "and had I but a free hand I make certain I could destroy Lafayette and completely subjugate the State in one campaign."

"Surely, my lord, you could not better serve the king. Virginia has been the great hot-bed of sedition, and if she were smothered, the fire would quickly die out."

"Almost the very words I writ to Sir Henry, but he declares it out of the question to leave me the troops with which to effect it. As you no doubt are aware, a French force has been landed at Rhode Island, and is even now on its march to join Mr. Washington, and, by a fortunate interception of some of his despatches to Congress, we have full information that the united force intend an attack on New York. So I am ordered to fall down to a good defensive post on the Chesapeake, and to send a material part of my army to his aid."

When finally the interview was ended, and Mr. Meredith asked one of the aides to take him to his room, it was explained that Mrs. Meredith and her daughter had been put in one, and that he was to have a share of another.

"You'd have had the floor or a tent, sir," his guide told him, as he threw open the door, "but for Lord Clowes saying he'd take you in."

Surely enough, it was the commissary who warmly grasped the squire's hand as he entered, and who cried, "Welcome to ye, friend Meredith. I heard of your strange arrival from nowhere, and glad I was to be assured ye were still in the flesh and once more among friends."

"Ye've clear surprised my breath out o' my windpipe," returned the squire. "Who'd have thought to find ye here?"

"And where else should I be, but where there's an army to be fed, and crops to feed them? I' faith, never was there a richer harvest field for a man who knows how to garner it. Why, man, aside from other gains, over twenty thousand pounds I've made in the last two years, by shipping niggers, who think they are escaping to freedom, to our West India islands and selling them to the planters there. This war is a perfect gold mine."

"Little of that it's been to me," lamented his listener.

"Ye can make it such, an' it please ye. She perceived me not, but I saw your daughter ar-

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rive, and though I thought myself well cured of the infatuation, poof, one gloat was enough to set my blood afire, as if I were but a boy of eighteen again. Lord Clowes, with a cool ninety thousand, is ready to make her fortune and yours."

"Nay, Clowes, ye know I've passed my word to Hennion, and—"

"Who'll not outlive the war, ye may make sure. The fellow's made himself known through the army by the way he puts himself forward in every engagement. Some one of these devilish straight-shooting riflemen will release that promise for ye."

"I trust not; but if it so falls, there'd still be a bar to your wish. The girl dislikes ye very—"

"Dost not know that is a good beginning? Nay, man, see if I bring her not round, once I have a clear field. I've thought it out even while I've waited for ye. We'll go back to New York on one of the ships that carries Lord Cornwallis's reinforcements to Clinton, and as 'twill be some years still ere the country is entirely subdued, out of the question 'twill be that ye go to Greenwood. I will resign my post, being now rich enough, and we'll all go to London, where I'll take a big house, and ye shall be my guests. Once let the girl taste of high life, with its frocks and jewels, and carriages, and all that tempts the sex, and she'll quickly see their provider in a new light."

"'Tis little ye know of my lass, Clowes."

"Tush! I know women to the very bottom, and she is a woman."

Their conference was ended by the call to supper, and in the hallway the baron attempted as hearty a greeting with the ladies as he had with the squire. Though taken by surprise, a distant courtesy was all he gained from them, and do his best, he could get little of their conversation during the meal.

On rising, Philemon, who had been a guest at table, drew the squire to one side. "The legion is ordered on a foray to destroy the military stores at Albemarle Court House, and in this hot weather we try to do our riding at night, to spare our cattle, so we shall start away about three o'clock. His lordship tells me that the army will begin to fall down to the coast in a day or two, so it may be a some time before I see you again. Have you money?"

"A bare trifle, but I'll not further rob ye, lad, till I get to the end o' my purse."

"Do not fear to take from me, sir. A major's pay is very different from a cornet's. 'Twill make me feel easier, and, in fact, 'twill be safer with you than with me," Phil said, as he forced a rouleau of coin into the squire's palm. Then, not waiting for Mr. Meredith's protests or thanks, he crossed to where Janice was talking with three of the officers, and broke in upon their conversation. "Janice, a soldier goes or stays not as he pleases, but as the bugle orders, and there is more work cut out for us, but this evening I am free. Wilt come and stroll along the river-bank for an hour?"

"Dash your impudence, Hennion," protested one of the group. "Do you think you fellows of the cavalry can plunder everything? Pay no heed to him, Miss Meredith, I beg of you."

"Ay," echoed another, "'tis the artillery he should belong to, for he'd do to repair the brass cannon."

The girl stood irresolute for a breath, then, though she coloured, she said steadily, "Certainly, if you wish it, Philemon."

While they were passing the rows of campfires and tents, the major was silent, but once these were behind them he said:

"'Twould be idle, Janice, to make any pretence of why I wished to see you apart. You must know it as well as I."

"I suppose I do, Philemon," assented the girl, quietly.

"A long time we've been parted, but not once have I ceased to love you, and—and in Philadelphia you held out a little hope that I've lived on ever since. You said that the squire held to his promise, and that—did you—do you still think as you—"

"Have you spoken to dadda?"

"No. For—for I was afraid he'd force you against your will. I was once eager to take you, even so, but I hope you won't judge me for that. I was an unthinking boy then."

"We all make mistakes, Philemon, and would that I could outlive mine as well as you have yours," Janice answered gently.

"Then—then—you will?"

"If dadda still— Before I answer—I—something must be told that I wish—oh, how I wish, for your sake and for mine—had never been. I gave—I tried to be truthful to you, Phil, but, unknown to myself, some love I gave to—to one I need not name, and though I—he quickly killed it, 'tis but fair that you should know that the little heart—for I—I fear me I am cold by nature—I had to give was wasted on another. But if, after this confession, you still would have me for a wife, and dadda and mommy wish it, I will wed you, and try my best to be dutiful and loving."

"'Tis all I ask," eagerly exclaimed Phile-

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mon, as he caught her hand, and drew her toward him. Ah, Janice, if you but knew how I love—"

"Ho, there ye are," came the voice of the commissary not five paces away. "I saw ye go toward the river, and followed."

"My lord, Miss Meredith and I are engaged in a private conversation, and cannot but take your intrusion amiss."

"Fudge, man, is not the night hot enough but ye must blaze up so? Nor is the river-bank your property."

"Keep it all, then, and a good riddance to the society you enjoy it with. Come, Janice, we'll back to the house."

At the doorway Philemon held out his hand. "We ride away while you will be sleeping, but 'tis a joyous heart you let me carry."

"I am glad if I—if you are happy," responded the girl, as she let him press her fingers. Then, regardless of the sentry, she laid her free hand on Phil's arm, impulsively, as she added, "Oh, Philemon, please—whatever else you are, please don't be hard and cruel."

"I'll try my best not to be, though 'tis difficult for a soldier to be otherwise; but, come what may, I'll never pain or deny you knowingly, Janice."

"'Tis all I beg. But be kind and generous and I'll love you in time."

Philemon kissed the girl's hand, and hurried away to his squadron.

Two days the army remained encamped at the Fork, then by easy marches it followed the river down to Richmond, where a rest was taken. Once again getting in motion, it fell back on Williamsburg and halted, for it was now the height of summer, and the heat so intense that the troops were easily exhausted. Finally, the British retired across the James River, and took up a position at Portsmouth.

In the month thus spent, not once was Major Hennion able to get a word with Janice, for Lafayette followed closely upon the heels of the invaders until they were safe over the James, and there was constant skirmishing between the van and rear, which kept Tarleton's and Simcoe's cavalry, when they had rejoined, fully occupied in covering the retreat, while the Merediths and other loyalists who had joined the army travelled with the baggage in the advance.

The occupation of Portsmouth was brief, for upon the engineers reporting that the town was not one which could be fortified, the British general put his troops on board of such shipping as he could gather and transferred them bodily to York.

On the 28th of August, a ship of the line and two frigates, thought to be the convoying men-of-war of the expected fleet of transports, were sighted from the town, and this opinion was confirmed by the news which a picket brought in, that between thirty and forty sail were entering the capes of the Chesapeake. The belief, however, was short-lived, for as they approached nearer, it was seen that the most of them were large battleships; the signals, too, which they exchanged were unintelligible to the two British warships anchored off Yorktown; and a rumour, quickly changing to certainty, made them the French West India fleet. Some of these vessels blockaded the York River, while others passed up the James, and the videttes of Tarleton's cavalry brought word that they were landing troops at Jamestown. Barely was this intelligence obtained, when Cornwallis received information that Washington's and Rochambeau's armies, having deceived Clinton by false despatches and pretended preparations for the siege of New York, had suddenly turned southward, and were in full march for Virginia. One week served to reduce the British general from a position of perfect security and confidence to one of almost absolute helplessness; and, hemmed in by sea and by land, he wrote a despairing letter to Clinton, telling him that his one salvation was a British fleet which could crush the French one, and either bring him reinforcements enough to enable him to resist, or bear him away. Then he could but continue the strengthening of his lines as he awaited the gathering storm.

XLVII.

MORE THAN ONE SURRENDER.

The commissary, who had been unending in his attentions and favours to the Merediths in the march from Point of Fork, procured for them the use of the custom-house at Yorktown, and saw to it that they had all that they needed for their comfort; nor was he in the least disheartened by the refusal of the ladies of much he tried to do in their behalf, or by their avoidance of him. "'Twill bring them around, give time," he predicted to the squire, who was not so averse to accepting the special privileges, and who much preferred fresh provisions to salt ones, and good wine to poor rum.

A sudden change came over Clowes with the news of their danger. He turned white on the confirmation of the arrival of the French fleet, and when the news was spread

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through the town that a spy had arrived from the American camp with word of Washington's approach, he fell on the street in a fit, out of which he came only when he had been cupped, and sixty ounces of blood taken from him. Not once after that did he come near the Meredith women, but pale, and talking much to himself, he wandered restlessly about the town, or still more commonly stood for hours on the highest point of land which opened a view of the bay, gazing anxiously eastward for the possible English fleet.

It was on the 28th of September that the combined armies finally advanced, and two days were spent in the disposition of the forces; then the first parallel was opened, and the siege begun in earnest. Not till the 9th of October did the French and American artillery really open fire, but then a perfect storm of solid shot and bombs was rained into the British lines and the town. For forty-eight hours the fire continued, while every non-combatant and every soldier not needed in the redoubts lay crowded together in the cellars of the few houses, the horror being added to by the constant accession of wounded, and the frequent alarm of fire. With difficulty were any provisions secured, and there was no pretence of cooking.

On the night of the 11th a second parallel was opened, bringing the guns of the besiegers within six hundred yards of the British earthworks, and putting all parts of the town under fire. After this was completed, there was but slight resistance offered, for every gun with which the garrison sought to make reply was dismounted the moment it was advanced into the embrasure. For two days shot and shell splintered and tore through abattis and fraising, and levelled parapet and ditch, almost unanswered; then, on the night of the 14th, two columns, one of French and one of American, assaulted the left of the works and captured, after a bloody conflict, two redoubts, breaking the position, and exposing the rest to an enfilading fire. In desperation, a sortie was made on the evening of the 16th, and a portion of the French breastworks was carried, but the ground gained could not be held, and with daylight the English were in turn driven out. A few hours' cannonading from the captured redoubts proved that the lines were no longer tenable, and that all further fighting was but useless slaughter. Yielding to necessity, Lord Cornwallis wrote a letter to Washington asking a twenty-four hours' cessation of hostilities, in which to arrange terms of surrender.

This week of danger and suffering had been spent by Mrs. Meredith and Janice in such aid to the surgeons as they could give and in the tendance and feeding of the injured. On the morning after the sortie, a fresh number of wounded men were brought into the already overcrowded cellar, and though the girl was faint with the long days of fright, bad air, poor food, and hard work, she went from man to man, doing what could be done to ease their torments and lessen their groans. The last brought in was in a faint, with his face and arm horribly torn and shattered by a shell, but a little brandy revived him, and he moaned for water. Hurriedly she stooped over him, to drop a little from a spoon between the open lips.

"Janice!" he startled her by crying.

"Who are—?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sir Frederick! You! How came you here?"

"They let me out of the prison Clowes had me put in," Mobray gasped, "and having nothing better, I enlisted in the ranks under another name." There he choked with blood.

"Doctor," called Janice, "come quickly!"

"Humph!" growled the surgeon after one glance. "You should not summon me to waste time on him. Can't you see 'tis hopeless?"

"Oh, don't—" began Janice.

"Nay, he speaks the truth," said Mobray; "and I thank God 'tis so. Don't cry; I am glad to go, and though I have wasted my life, 'tis a happier death than poor John André's."

For a moment only the sobs of the girl could be heard, then the dying man gaspingly resumed, "A comrade I once had whom I loved best in this world, till I knew you. By a strange chance we loved the same girl; I wish I might die with the knowledge that he is to have the happiness that was denied to me."

"Oh, Sir Frederick, you must not ask it. He—"

"His was so bitter a story that he deserves a love such as yours would be to make it up to him. I can remember him the merriest of us all, loved by every man in the regiment, from batman to colonel."

"And what changed him?" Janice could not help asking.

"'Twas one evening at the mess of the Fusileers, when Powel, too deep in drink to know what he was saying, blurted out something concerning Mrs. Loring's relations with Sir William. Poor Charlie was the one man in the force who knew not why such fa-

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vouritism had been shown in his being put so young into Howe's regiment. But that we were eight to one, he'd have killed Powel then and there. Prevented in that, he set off to slay his colonel, never dreaming he was his own father. He burst in on me late that night, crazed with grief, and told me how he had found him at his mother's, and how she had robbed him of his vengeance by a word. The next day he disappeared, and never news had I of him until that encounter at Greenwood. Does he not deserve something to sweeten his life?"

"I feel for him deeply," replied the girl, sadly, "the more that I did him a grave wrong in my thoughts, and by some words I spoke must have cut him to the quick, and added pain to pain."

"Then you will make him happy?"

"No, Sir Frederick, that I cannot."

"Don't punish him for what was not his fault."

"'Tis not for that," she explained. "But in a moment of direst need, when I appealed to him, he failed me; and, though now I better understand his resentment against my father and myself, I cannot forgive it."

"I will not believe it of him. Hot and impulsive he is by nature, but never cruel or resentful."

"'Tis, alas! but too true," grieved Janice.

Once again the baronet choked with blood, and struggled for a moment convulsively. Then more faintly he said: "Wilt give him my love, and a good-by?"

"I will," sobbed the girl.

"I—I—I fear I am a ghastly object," he went on, "but could you bring yourself— Am I too horrible for one kiss of farewell? He would not grudge it to me."

Bravely the girl bent her head and gave him his wish.

"Heaven bless you," he said, chokingly. "And try to forgive him. Good-by. I have served my term, and at last am to be let out of the bigger jail." And a moment later he was dead.

For a little while the girl remained kneeling beside Mobray, then, rising, she resumed her task of nursing the yet living. But so distant were her thoughts that she did not even note the sudden cessation of the cannonading, and was first made aware of it by her father.

"Come, Patty," he called from the top of the stairs. "Come, Janice. The firing has ceased, to permit a flag coming in from the rebels. Up with ye both, and get the fresh air while ye can."

"I will stay here, father," replied the girl, "and care for the wounded."

"Nonsense, lass! Ye shall not kill yourself. I order you to come away."

Reluctantly she obeyed and came out of the cellar, blinking and gasping with the novelty of sunlight and sea breeze after the darkness and stench of the last week. It was a strange transformation that greeted her eyes — ploughed-up streets and ruins of buildings dismantled by shot, or left heaps of ashes by the shell, everywhere telling of the fury of the siege. But what instantly caught her eye was a blindfolded man in Continental uniform being led down the street between two British officers. In front of Lord Cornwallis's headquarters the three paused, and the handkerchief was removed from the American's eyes. But even before this Janice had recognised Colonel Brereton's figure, and impulsively she started forward and said:

"Oh, Colonel Brereton, poor Sir Frederick has just expired, and left a message with me for you."

"One word with Miss Meredith," requested Brereton to the officers.

"We will announce your arrival to his lordship," replied one of them, and both of his escorts passed into the Nelson House.

"'Twas but his love and a farewell."

"He was the only friend left me in the world," said Brereton, sadly, "and I know not why he is taken and I am left." Then he squared his shoulders. "Is that all, for my mission is important?"

"I have no right to detain you further," answered the girl hurriedly; "but—but I want you to know that neither dadda nor I knew the truth concerning Mrs. Loring when we said what we did on that fatal night. We both thought—thought— Your confession to me that once you loved her, and her looking too young to be your mother, led me into a misconception."

"Then you forgive me?" he cried, eagerly.

"For the words you spoke then I do not even blame you, sir. But what was can never be again."

"Ay," said the officer, bitterly. "You need not say it. You cannot scorn me more than I scorn myself." And before the girl could reply, Brereton entered headquarters and slammed the door behind him.

"This way," directed one of the officers, leading him into a room, where stood Cornwallis.

"I bear a letter from General Washington to your lordship."

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The earl broke the seal and read the brief missive. "He grants a suspension of hostilities for two hours from the delivery of this, for me to put my proposals in writing. Did he say aught to you, sir, of the terms he would grant?"

"I am no longer on General Washington's staff," answered Brereton, "so I know not his expectations."

"From all I hear of him," said the general, "he is not a man to use a triumph ungenerously. He fought bravely under the British standards, and surely will not now seek to bring shame on them." Seating himself at the table, he wrote a few lines, which he folded and sealed. "Will you not, sir, use your influence with him to grant us the customary honours, and spare the officers from the disgrace of giving up their side arms?"

"I no longer possess influence with or the confidence of his Excellency," replied Brereton, gravely; "but he is a generous man, and I predict will not push his advantage merely for your humiliation."

"Will he not forbear making our surrender a spectacle?"

"If the talk of the camp be of value, my lord, 'tis said you are to be granted the exact terms you allowed to General Lincoln at Savannah; and you yourself cannot but acknowledge the justice of such treatment."

The proud face of the British general worked for a moment in the intensity of his emotion. "We have no right to complain that we receive measure for measure," he said, "and yet, sir, though the *lex talionis* may be justified, it makes it none the less bitter."

Colonel Brereton took the letter, his eyes were blindfolded again, and he was led back beyond the lines.

Janice, after her brief dialogue with Brereton, returned to where her father and mother were seated on the steps, and taking place beside them, leaned her head wearily on her hand. For a little while she sat in silence, then nerving herself, she began telling of Mobray's death and of the revelations he made. Barely were her parents' exclamations of surprise and regret begun when shuffling footsteps, as of one with only partial use of his legs, interrupted them, and Janice, as she glanced up, gave a slight cry of fear. And well she might, for there stood the commissary, with his face like one risen from the dead, it was so white and staring.

"Meredith," he whispered, as if his larynx were parched beyond the ability to speak aloud, while with one hand he held his throat in a vain attempt to make his speech less weak and raucous, "they say there has been an American officer in town and that the post is to be surrendered. Tell me that Cornwallis will never do that. He's a brave man. Tell me it isn't so."

"Nothing else is there for him to do, Clowes."

"No, no. Let him hold out a few days longer. Clinton will relieve us yet. He mustn't give up. God, Meredith, they'll hang me! He mustn't surrender. I can't die just as life is worth something. From the day my father died in the debtors' prison, and I was thrown a penniless boy upon the world, it's been one long fight to keep my head above water until I got this appointment. No, no. I can't die now. I'm rich. Ninety thousand pounds I've made. To be caught like a rat! He mustn't surrender the post." And muttering to himself, the miserable man shambled away, to repeat the same protests and prayers to the next one he found.

"He had another fit last night," remarked the squire, "and no one has seen him eat or sleep in four days, nor can he be persuaded to either."

With the expiration of the two hours, the firing was not resumed, and all that day and the next flags were passing and repassing between the lines; with the result that on the afternoon of the latter commissioners met at the Moore House and drew up the terms of capitulation, which were signed that evening. Then, on the 19th, the whole British force, with shouldered arms, cased colours, and bands playing an English air, marched out to a plain where the French and American armies were paraded, and grounded their muskets and standards. But the officers, through Washington's generosity, were allowed to retain their swords, sparing Cornwallis the mortification of having to be present in person; and it was General O'Hara who spoke the formal words of surrender, and who led the disarmed and flagless regiments back into the town, once the formalities had been completed. An hour later the British troops at Gloucester, across the river, including Tarleton's and Simcoe's light horse, went through the same submission. By nightfall twenty-four standards and over eight thousand prisoners were in the possession of the allied forces. But one had escaped them, for in a cellar, hidden behind a heap of refuse and boxes, his body and face horribly dis-

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torted, and with froth yet on his lips, lay the commissary, dead.

Toward dusk on the day of the surrender one of the aides of Cornwallis delivered to the Merediths a note from his lordship, bidding them to a dinner which he gave that night to Washington and Rochambeau, a courtesy only too eagerly accepted after the week of scant and uncooked food they had endured. At table the host placed the two generals on his right and left, and as the only two ladies present, Mrs. Meredith and her daughter were seated next, Janice beside the marquis, who was delighted to find that she could speak his own tongue so glibly. Every one vied in preventing any restraint or awkwardness, and the meal, instead of being one of ceremony, was to all one of enjoyment. Janice had but a greeting with Washington before they sat down, but the moment the gentlemen rejoined them in the parlour, she boldly went up to him, and with tears in her eyes began fervent thanks for the letter which had saved her father. In the midst of them the general checked her by a word and gesture.

"There are no thanks due to me, Miss Janice," he said, "for, much as I may have wished to serve you, my public duties made it unwise. Your gratitude is wholly due to Colonel Brereton."

"I do not understand— What do you mean?" exclaimed the girl. "He—'twas your letter, so the governor said."

"'Twas my letter, but his act," said Washington; and in a few words explained. "Colonel Brereton expected, and should have been court-martialled and shot for what he did," the general ended; "but he had served me faithfully, and so I refrained from making his misconduct public, and punished him no further than by demanding his resignation from my staff. You lost me a good friend and officer, Miss Janice, but to-night, with the war in effect ended, I cannot feel sorry to think that his action spared you the loss of your father."

Before the girl had found her tongue, others joined the two, and Janice, perceiving it was out of the question to speak further on the subject, retired to a window-seat with a face at once thoughtful and miserable. She was not allowed to sit apart, for a number of the officers instantly clustered about her, but she was markedly absent-minded and silent, and when Mrs. Meredith signalled their departure, she responded with a readiness that came close to being eager.

Once they were on the street Janice spoke. "Dadda," she asked, "how can I most quickly get speech with Philemon?"

"I understand the troops at Gloucester are to be brought across the river to-morrow."

The question and answer had served to bring them to their own lodgings, if the battered and shot-torn building could be given the term, and the moment they were within Janice said:

"I have that to say, dadda, which I fear will anger and pain you greatly." Then in a few words she repeated to her parents what Washington had told her.

"And why should that hurt me, lass? I own I treated the colonel somewhat scurvily, and that he has repaid it in different kind, but 'twill be no grief to apologise and thank him for what he did."

"'Twas not that of which I am apprehensive, but when I wrote to Colonel Brereton, and besought his aid, I promised that I would wed him if he would but save you, and—and, oh, dadda, please be not angry with me, but I—I feel I must fulfil my pledge, if he asks it of me."

"And how of your promise—and mine—to Phil?"

"'Twas for that I wished to see him, to tell —to explain—"

The squire shook his head doubtingly. "I can't lay blame on ye, Jan, since I owe my very life to what ye did. Yet 'tis bitter to me to break faith with Philemon."

"I feel as guilty, dadda, but I think he will be generous, and give us back our promise, when I tell him all the facts."

"And 'tis as hard," went on the father, "to think of letting ye wed this fellow Brereton, though I do owe my life to him."

"Ah, dadda, you will not punish him for the wrong his parents did him?"

"'Tis not that, Jan, but because he is a rebel to—"

The girl gave a little laugh, as if a weight were taken from her thoughts, and she flung her arms about her father's neck and kissed him. "Why, dadda," she cried, with the old roguishness, "how can he be a rebel, now that they've won?"

"She speaks true, Lambert," chimed in Mrs. Meredith, "and we should be grateful that 'tis so, for it will allow of our return and peaceful living at Greenwood."

The squire pulled a wry look. "Little I dreamed I'd ever break faith, or make friends of the enemies of my king, but the times are disloyal, and I suppose one must go with them.

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If you can persuade Phil to release us, Jan, have your way."

Again his daughter kissed him, but this time tenderly, with all the archness gone. "Thank you, dadda, for yielding," she said, "for 'twould have been horrible to me had you not."

The squire kissed her in return. "Better one rebel in the family than two," he responded with a laugh, which suggested that whatever his compunctions, he knew at heart that the outcome was for the best, and was already reconciled to it. "Thou'rt too good a lass, Jan, to make into more of a rebel than this same Brereton will no doubt make ye."

"He'll make no rebel of me to my darling dadda, that I'll promise," asserted Janice.

Mrs. Meredith laughed still more heartily. "I'll rest content if ye don't declare independence of us, and allegiance to him, within one month of marriage, Jan."

It was a hard interview the girl had with Major Hennion, but she went through with it bravely, telling all the circumstances. "'Tis not merely that I owe him the fulfilment of the promise I made him before that to you was given, Phil," Janice ended; "but though I thought my love for him was dead, the moment I heard of how he had risked life and station to spare me grief I—I—" There she ceased speaking, but her eyes and cheeks told eloquently what her tongue refused to put in words.

Philemon with a sad face took her hand. "I'll not make it the harder for you by protests or appeals, Janice," he said; "for, however it may pain me, I wish to spare you."

"Oh, don't, please," she sobbed. "If you—if you would only blame me."

"I can't do that," he replied, simply. "And—and 'tis as well, perhaps. Henceforth I must be an exile, with only my sword to depend upon; so it would have been no life for you. God prosper you, and good-by."

For some time after Philemon's departure the girl wept, but by degrees the sobs ended, and she became calmer. Yet, as the tears ceased, some other emotion replaced them, for thrice, as she sat musing, her cheeks flushed without apparent reason, several times her brows wrinkled, as if some question were puzzling her; and once she started forward impulsively, some action determined, only to sink back, as if lacking courage. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and, apparently afraid to give herself time for consideration, she ran, rather than walked, into the garden of the Nelson House. Here she picked a single flower from a late blooming rose, and such belated sprays of honeysuckle as still blossomed, and made them into a bunch. Returning to the street, she walked up to the first Continental soldier she saw loafing about.

"Dost know where Colonel Brereton's regiment is tented?" she asked boldly, though blushing none the less for some reason.

"Guess I ought ter, seein' I'm a corpril in it," was the reply.

"Wilt favour me by taking him these flowers?" she requested, holding them out with one hand, while her other tendered a Spanish milled dollar.

"Don't hardly seem worth carryin'," said the soldier, glancing at the flowers with open contempt, "and sartin it ain't worth no sich money ter take 'em." Lest she should agree with him, however, he set off with celerity. "Like as not he'll give me a reprimand fer troublin' him with a gal's nonsense," he soliloquised, as he walked. "Swan ef I ain't most tempted ter throw 'em in the ditch."

Fortunately he did not commit the breach of faith, though there were distinct qualities of shame and apology in his voice and manner, when, having been reported, he was permitted to enter his superior's tent.

"A gal gave me this, sir, ter take ter you, an' she would hev it, though I told her she'd no business ter be botherin' yer with sich plumb foolishness."

The flowers were snatched, rather than taken, from his hand. "Where was she when she gave them to you?" demanded Brereton.

"I seen her go back inter the garding of the Nelson House, sir."

The colonel, without stopping for hat or side arms, started out of the tent almost at a run. Halting suddenly, he fumbled in his pocket, and pulling out three or four coins, he tossed back a gold piece to the man; then hurried away toward the town.

It was well before three o'clock that the lover hastened through the gateway of the garden; yet it was not till after the sunset gun that Brereton and Janice came out from it, and crossing the street to the Meredith's quarters, entered the room where the parents were sitting.

"Mr. Meredith," said the officer, holding out his hand, "a bondman of yours ran off while there was yet four years of service due you. He is now ready to fulfil the contract, nor will he complain if you enforce the legal penalty of double time."

THE END.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

BANDANNA BALLADS. By Howard Weeden. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.00.

SONGS FROM THE PSALTER. By Richard Arnold Greene. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LYRICS OF THE WEST. By Elva Irene McMillan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

UNDER THE BEECH TREE. By Arlo Bates. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

SPARKS AND FLAMES. By Henry Wilson Stratton. New York: Mansfield & Wessels.

All of the verses in these five volumes can be scanned according to accepted rules. The typography is good, and some of the bindings are attractive.

Harry Thurston Peck.

ROSAMUND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Company. $1.50.

Rosamund is, in a sense, a literary curiosity. You may read it more than once and never find a trace of what one considered the unmistakable hand of its writer. It is written in a very old, but for him a very new, manner, and without any of his mannerisms. His fancy, his style, his phrase, were luxuriant, florid, overflowing, musical. This is severe, even to baldness, and the blank verse never sings. There are no purple patches. There are no magnificent and audacious epithets. Certainly, if the poet's intention was not to divert us from the general plan of the play or the theme as a whole, he has been successful. A passage like this—which, if not fine, is, at least, striking—is very rare:

> Of all vile things that fool the soul of man,
> The vilest and the priestliest, hath to name
> Repentance.

We are rarely stopped for surprise or admiration, unless it be by such grammatical eccentricities as

> I would the deed
> Were done, the wreak of wrath were wroken;

or by such a syntactical manifesto as

> And none loves me but thou nor thee but I.

A play, however, may be a very good play, and have no lines of specially fine meaning or music. This one certainly observes all the unities as carefully as does any of Racine's. Its proportions are good; all its architecture correct—but not distinguished. I cannot feel, as I do with Racine, that I am in a fine-built, exquisite temple, beautiful, if somewhat chilly. Racine restrained while he used a great imagination. Here Mr. Swinburne has simply bidden his imagination to go to sleep, in case it should tempt him to deck his pseudo-classic capitals with some florid Gothic design. And the personages? Well, they are closely knit up with the plot. In themselves, apart from the plot, you cannot conceive of them at all. They would have no reality. I do not offer this as adverse criticism, else I should condemn some of the great dramas of the world. For though the play without Hamlet is impossible, and Hamlet without the play not so, yet Shakespeare is not the only model. Let us give Mr. Swinburne the benefit of the classic method. Then the plot? There is something puzzling there. We hear much of the wild, rough North, for Rosamund and Albovine are Lombards. But the story does not strike us as northern, and certainly not as belonging to a primitive people. I will not relate it here, but will only say that it involves the murder of the king by his wife in a tortuously indirect manner—so fiendishly, and at the same time so uselessly ingenious, that one thinks at once of the hideous legends of the worst Italian tyrants of the Renaissance. It has all the ugliness of deliberate, wasteful cunning, of sophisticated crime. True, morbidity and violence are shown as at the service of outraged filial affection; and thus the plot may capture some wavering sympathy.

Rosamund is an interesting, an enterprising experiment, a proof of the vitality of a poet who has won his distinction in very different fields. But we must hope for the uprising again of Mr. Swinburne the lyrical, the romantic.

OLD CAMBRIDGE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It may be there are those who live in America and yet do not realise that they have an old Cambridge. The title of the book, if you carelessly pass unnoticed the author's name beneath it, and the colour of the binding it is printed on, may lead you to look within for gentle imaginations of the school scenes of Samuel Pepys and Herrick, or else perhaps for some reminiscence of Wordsworth and Byron. But the name of Thomas Wentworth Higginson is too closely identified with the spirits of old Harvard not to bring you back with a start to the side of the ocean where you belong, ashamed, too, that you were not looking near by for a great historic past.

Great in the world of letters, too, was our Cambridge, since Mr. Thomas, in his *History*

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of Printing, says that the press of Harvard was for a time as celebrated as the press of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England. Colonel Higginson reminds us of that little fact and of many others, which is such a happy way, after all, of catering to the conceit of a reader when telling him something it may be he has never heard before. This first chapter about Old Cambridge is only another proof of the sad fact that it is most pleasant to read about our early American genius, to smile over the epitaphs of their tombstones, though dreary enough to read what they themselves have left us. Printing-presses and epitaphs do not seem exactly to constitute a world of letters, but they do bear closely upon them—especially the epitaphs in this old graveyard of Cambridge, which seems to give us what we want for our American literature—a historic past. The author says:

> I have dwelt upon this churchyard because it is perfectly certain that every Cambridge boy in 1830 drew from it as distinct a sense of a historic past and of the dignity of letters as any English boy receives when he glances downward while waiting for the Temple Church in London to open its doors, and sees beneath his feet the name of Oliver Goldsmith.

In this old Cambridge graveyard later were created the great literary families of Norton, Everett, Channing, Dana and Bancroft, and even the ghosts of their predecessors were thought worth watching for by Lowell all one Hallowe'en night. Colonel Higginson belonged to the time when tongues were not tired of handing down the old traditions; of the famous hunt which brought in seventy-six wolves' heads as late as 1696; of Andrew Belcher's stately funeral in 1717, when ninety-six pairs of mourning gloves were issued and fifty suits of mourning clothes were made for guests at the cost of the estate. He even used to play with Margaret Fuller's younger brothers beneath the yew trees of Tory Row, the houses then still tainted with the ill-odour of Revolutionary Days.

But it is not his own connection with these surroundings that he cares in any way to make noteworthy. It is his theory, in common with many others, that the literary taste is transmitted from one generation to another and developed into a lifelong pursuit by literary environment. He lightly sketches the early circle of literary persons, their peculiar interests and ways, the academic influence that surrounded them and created the milieu that was the beginning of a literary training, for those especially that we may call our old friends, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell. How the printer's ink was infused into his own blood—to use his words elsewhere—he carefully keeps out of these chapters. But he himself is a proof of his own theory, with his Puritan ancestors on the one hand and Lowell and Story for his schoolmates. His father was bursar at Harvard and built the house where Colonel Higginson was born. It was at the head of a street called Professors' Row, because so many professors lived on it. Surely, too, it must have dyed deeper the printer's ink in his veins to have had for his first nurse the wife of the Village Blacksmith—the mother whose voice in Paradise has wrung the hearts and tantalised the memories of so many boys and girls. The subtle influence of such associations was indeed an inspiration to these essays of Cambridge and her kindred spirits. This influence was more powerful here in staging sympathetically this peaceful scene than was the extensive learning that made him state historian and gave to literature the more brilliant stage effects of the age of Louis Quatorze, with La Grande Mademoiselle as première danseuse in the foreground. He speaks somewhere in his Outdoor Studies of feeling a whiff of fresh air in a railway station at the sight of a small boy with water-lilies in his hand. It is just this sensitiveness of his nature that put him so completely in touch with his surroundings, and makes what he writes so delightful to read. It seems a pity in *Old Cambridge,* that he should so carefully refrain from being personal. The "I" is left out, unless by using it he can throw a new light upon the personality of one of those members of the "Mutual Admiration Society" that his life was fortunate enough to blend with.

Certainly, we are quite as grateful as was Oliver Wendell himself for the following little bit of gossip that the author gives about the engagement of Holmes's parents, which was announced by the Colonel's own mother, then a schoolgirl in Boston. These letters are given in Mr. Mosse's edition of Holmes's *Life and Letters,* but they are too interesting not to be quoted here:

> Now, mamma, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W., is going to be married, and, of all folks in the world, guess who to—Miss Sarah Wendell! I am sure you will not believe it, etc., etc.

This is but an extract from the letter that Holmes sent in reply when he heard this news:

> I thank you for the curious little scrap of information, so nearly involving my dearest interests—whether I should be myself or some-

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body else—and such a train of vital facts as my household shews (sic) me, etc.

A touch of cruelty in Holmes's love for jokes comes out in an anecdote about Tom Appleton, "the second best talker in Boston." It seems they were both going to the same dinner party, Holmes and Appleton, when Appleton unfortunately told him a capital story. Holmes said to himself: "That story will be Appleton's *pièce de résistance*." Accordingly, before they had begun the soup, Holmes burst out with the story, and Appleton was glum for the dinner. From this chapter about Holmes you become acquainted not with the physician or the literary man, but with the charming personality of Holmes the talker. There are no end of other incidences that it is hard to keep from quoting, but they ought to be enjoyed in the author's own words when reading the book.

It is, to a great extent, the personal side of Longfellow that is dwelt upon in the essay on that poet, but Holmes, with his "sunny" nature, and Lowell, "variable and given to extremes," seem to have appealed more to the author than the more "equable" Longfellow. "Professor Longfellow never was cold, but, on the other hand, he was never quite warm." This is his characterisation of him. Though he freely admires the great patience and serenity of temper of the poet, he seems rather to give its due to the popularity of Longfellow than to be exactly in sympathy with it. One feels that the author even preferred the suppressed yawn of Lowell to the courteous grace of Longfellow in the class-room. His own sensitiveness to impressions is in this little memory of the poet:

I remember with delight when a printer's boy once came in and laid down between the Professor and myself the proof sheet of a title-page bearing the magic words "Voices of the Night." It was as if I had seen a new planet in process of making.

"Jimmie Lowell thinks he is going to be a poet"—this was a piece of news thrust upon the Higginson family by the Colonel's elder brother one evening. It seems a very free-and-easy reference to one who "had an air of success about him that was mighty provoking." In these words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Colonel Higginson finds a pleasant way of referring to that characteristic of his friend which others termed arrogance. A letter is here published for the first time which was written by an eye-witness of the prank that kept Lowell from graduation. It is one of the many happy selections that bring out the personal side of Lowell—in this instance his riotous love of fun. But the author does not hesitate to criticise his friend's unfairness of judgment. On this point, particularly interesting are some hasty notes taken by Colonel Higginson after a talk with him in 1888. To quote from them:

Is revising *Fable for Critics;* had not read it for years and did not wonder it gave dissatisfaction. Means to put a preface explaining that he did not really write it for publication, but as a *jeu d'esprit;* and sent it to Briggs, who took responsibility of publishing. Said that Browning had a good deal of jealousy of Tennyson, whereas Tennyson was too absorbed in himself to be jealous of Browning. B. has Jewish blood, but will not admit it. No one who has studied his face can doubt it. He used in one case a Hebrew line, then cancelled it in a later edition. Besides, if you dine with a Jew in London you are sure to meet Browning.

It would indeed be a pity if this were all we were to receive from him who belongs to the few who have memories of literary friends, and know how to give them to others. Fortunately, Colonel Higginson's reminiscences of Emerson, Theodore Parker, Whitman, Sydney Lanier, and others will be enjoyed in *Contemporaries,* the title of his new book that is soon to be published. L. P.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This is an excellent and, within its limits, a serviceable book. To trace the development of the English novel in less than three hundred pages was a sufficiently formidable task, but Mr. Cross has, with wise self-restraint, though at some cost or proportion, passed summarily over the early stages already treated by the competent hands of M. Jusserand and Professor Raleigh, and devoted two-thirds of his book to the novel of the nineteenth century. The "Elizabethans" are dismissed in three pages, and thirty suffice to bring us from the Norman Conquest to Defoe. But this is not the brevity of ignorance. Mr. Cross has worked for himself over the trodden ground, and he not only habitually puts things in his own way, but frequently adds fresh and illuminating detail to matter in itself hackneyed. His style has not the distinction or the delicate elaboration of Professor Raleigh's; but, partly for that reason, he contrives to compress a large quantity of shrewd and interesting observation into a small space. This takes the form, for the most part, of notes upon sources and affinities. Thus he emphasises the influence of the Spanish picaresque romance from Fielding to Thackeray; the close inter-relation

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between the French and the English novel in the eighteenth century; and the effect of the contemporary drama in determining the plot-structure of Fielding and Richardson. The robust realism of Smollett stands far enough from the "Gothic" Romanticism of which Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* is commonly regarded as the earliest embodiment; but Mr. Cross quotes a curious anticipation of the Gothic strain from *Ferdinand, Count Fathom,* published a dozen years before. George Eliot's relations to Mrs. Gaskell are traced in a suggestive way; but we much question whether, in regarding the elder writer as "the immediate source" of the younger's "ethical formula"—namely, the doctrine of the eternal consequences of every deed—he does not overstate his case. It would be more precise to say that George Eliot found in Mrs. Gaskell's work (particularly in *Ruth*) a formula which she had learned from other and greater masters applied to prose fiction of a kind peculiarly congenial and stimulating to herself. A very full and valuable bibliographical appendix concludes the volume. It contains not only indications of the most accessible editions of the novels surveyed in the text, but references to a considerable portion of the immense critical literature of the subject.

C. H. Herford.

FROM COMTE TO BENJAMIN KIDD. The appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance. By Robert Mackintosh, B.D. (Edinburgh), M.A., D.D. (Glasgow). New York: The Macmillan Company.

The hypothesis of Evolution has proved so fruitful, not only in unifying biological science, but also in directing toward new lines of research and in stimulating those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, that it is natural to find that there is a growing tendency to apply the same hypothetic key to open up the many enigmas presented in other departments of human thought and action. Biological methods have been employed in recent works on ethics, political science, religion and sociology, and these applications of evolution have a great and growing influence on the popular mind.

Theories of evolution, while they have a certain family likeness, are not one, but manifold, and instead of speaking with one voice, not infrequently are mutually contradictory. It is therefore desirable, in the light of the uncritical spirit with which even the intelligent reading public receives the appeal to biological methods, that the multifarious statements of these should be examined and compared, and their relative positions clearly stated. This task Mr. Mackintosh has accomplished with a great measure of success; his criticisms are set forth fairly and logically, and if in many places his style verges a little on the colloquial, it is not the less readable on that account. In general, he is terse and to the point, and his analyses are logical and clear. There is a certain amount of repetition involved in the method he has adopted which might perhaps have been avoided with advantage to the reader.

Dr. Mackintosh divides his study into four parts. The first deals with the pre-evolutional attempts to introduce a naturalistic treatment of phenomena in ethics and sociology. The apostle of this new departure (which, however, was not new, but foreshadowed by many previous writers) was Comte, to whose writings this part is largely devoted.

The second part treats of those simple evolutionary conceptions in which struggle takes only a subsidiary part, and in which there is postulated a tendency toward an equilibrium. Spencer and Stephen are reviewed in this section. The third part is devoted to Darwinian evolution, in which struggle for life is the dominant factor in securing survival, but in which the qualities which give superiority in the struggle are mainly the products of use-inheritance. The works passed in review in this division are those of Bagehot, Alexander, Drummond and Sutherland. The last chapter of this section, in which the metaphysics of natural selection are discussed, contains an interesting analytical treatment of the elements of chance, of variation, and of selection.

The final section is a criticism of Mr. Kidd's attempt to employ the Neo-Darwinism of Weismann, with its denial of use-inheritance and its assertion of the immortality and slight mutability of the germ plasma to the problems of sociology and ethics. Dr. Mackintosh's comparison of Weismann's original doctrine to that of Apostolical succession in the High Church system is pertinent and amusing (p. 222). It is a pity for the sake of Mr. Kidd's position that his biological leader should have retreated so far from the scientific ground which he had at first so boldly taken up.

One constant element of confusion met with in almost all these applications of the evolutionary method in the domain of mental and moral science is due to the illegitimate use of biological terminology, as if an analogy perfect in all particulars existed between the subject-matters in these different departments. We have become accustomed to speak of the social organism and of social tissues and have tended to slip into the position of believing

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that the exegesis of the parable may be carried to its extreme; metaphor has been mistaken for revelation, and systems have been built up on the same lines as those on which our forbears constructed their mythologies. Against all such errors Dr. Mackintosh's work is a wholesome and timely corrective.

Alexander Macalister.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF IRELAND. Douglas Hyde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Hyde's comprehensive volume will be heartily welcomed by all who have felt that the Gaelic element in art and literature has been too long minimised and overlooked. Particularly among these must be included lovers of history in its primitive simplicity, in whose hearts the strongly human emotions of the sagas and the fine directness of ancient chronicles find most cordial response.

It is a pleasure to see that the partisan spirit which on one side has treated the early Gaels of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands as barbarian hordes, and on the other, has given magniloquent exaggerations of their early achievements, will find little with which to console itself in this *Literary History of Ireland.* Its author has indeed laboured to illuminate the merits of the early race, but in a spirit both wise and plausible, that will do more to obtain for them a fairer consideration than wild rhapsodies and lurid declamation will ever effect.

As he himself notes in his preface, the title of Dr. Hyde's work would have been more precise as *A Literary History of Gaelic Ireland,* since it concerns itself only with remains in the native tongue, and leaves such authors as Goldsmith, Swift, Sterne, Steele, Moore and Burke with English history, to which they certainly belong.

The author's conservatism shows itself from the outset in his treatment of the remote antiquities of Ireland, following in this the annalist Tighearnach, in whose opinion all history prior to about 300 B.C. was uncertain. Dr. Hyde takes the stand that in substance the chronicles from this date are to be trusted, as, in the utter lack of foreign authorities for comparison, the most remarkable synchronism is discovered in manuscripts of various ages and places; the genealogies with which they are so replete fit into one another with undisputed assent up to their common starting-point in the sons of Milesius; while the accounts of natural phenomena found here and there in the description of events have been found by modern computations to be so exact as to leave no room for doubt that the original scribes were contemporaries of the incidents recorded. *The Annals of Ulster,* for instance, from the year 444 to 884, of which the existing copy dates from the fifteenth century, mention at different times eighteen comets and eclipses, which modern astronomy has proved to be correctly recorded as to the day and hour.

But readers of THE BOOKMAN will be more interested in the literature than in the genealogies and other records of the Milesian annalists. At first glance it surprises the student with its very high sense of form and the artistic delight in intricacy of metre and the melody of words quite apart from the subject of the poems. Even the driest of their annals are committed to some of their most difficult metres and in a spirit that precludes the idea that this was only a form of their *memoria technica.* Very early, too, in Gaelic history we find prosody full of minute distinctions and with such a conscious appreciation of assonance that Dr. Hyde convinces us of the validity of the Celtic claims to having first given rhyme to verse. The reader cannot but marvel at their metrical achievement as early as the sixth century: the technicalities of the *deibhidhe* and *séadua* metres so captivated Gaelic fancy that by the seventh century a complicated system of verse was established, based, not on accent, but on the number of syllables and on a sort of rhyme interweaving somewhat after the fashion of alliteration—a system that has remained unrivalled to the present day. This remarkable affection for rhythms and rhymes, which even yet characterises the Gaelic communities—though much of the delicacy for consonantal affinities has been lost—must strike the observer as very important when he remembers that the earliest examples of rhyme outside of Ireland and Wales date from the ninth century, and that the author of *Piers Ploughman* was using an uncouth alliteration in England of the sixteenth century.

The classic sagas of the Gaels are arranged by Dr. Hyde into three cycles: the mythological cycle concerns itself with the pre-Milesians and the struggles of the *Firbolgs* and the *Tuatha De Dauann,* the latter of whom seem to have been personages more or less supernatural. Cuchulain is the great hero of the Red Branch Cycle, which in a way corresponds to ancient literature of the Iliad type, and may be said to be the royal series of epics, as the recital of its stories was confined chiefly to the great houses. The Fenian or Ossianic Cycle enjoyed a more general favour, and in later

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centuries superseded almost entirely the more heroic epopees.

Cuchulain and Deirdre are beyond doubt the two most important figures in Gaelic poetry; the former is a personification of all that is noble and poetical in Celtic ideals; the latter is a heroine worthy of the noblest of poems. The pursuit of Cuchulain in the Deaf Valley by the foul witches, "children of Cailitin"; the magnificent picture of the healing of his numberless wounds by the sons of Géadh, who carry his great body and stretch it along the river with his feet to the current, "for the *Tuatha De Dauann* sent plants of grace and herbs of healing floating down the streams and rivers of Muirtheimhue to comfort and keep Cuchulain, so that the streams were speckled and green overhead with them." Twenty-one rivers are mentioned as aiding in the cure. His death also was worthy of his heroic deeds. "He did not wish to die sitting or lying," says the saga, "it was standing that he wished to meet death." Holding in his entrails, he drags himself from his chariot to a stream to drink and to wash his wounds. Then he ties himself to a high stone with his girdle. His gray steed, *Liath Macha,* the king of the water-steeds of ancient song, with his hoofs and teeth, keeps the enemies of his master afar off. At last a bird is seen to alight on Cuchulain's shoulder. "Yon pillar," said Erc, "used not to be the settling place for birds." They knew then that he was dead.

The stories of the Fenian heroes, of Ossian and the saints; the centuries of tearful lyrics that followed the wars of Cromwell, must all be left to more leisurely students; for Dr. Hyde's volume is rich in quotations from the later poets, and their versification will be found beyond expression difficult and highly artistic; but to strengthen the contention in favour of the early cultivation of the Gaels, we have thought it clearer to make no quotations from writings later than those of the seventh century. In closing, it should be stated that after the publication of Dr. Hyde's, no student of the higher forms of versification can afford to neglect the study of Gaelic metres; for, even if lacking in directness and sometimes in intellectual qualities, Gaelic poetry can no longer be denied its pre-eminence in the realms of "form."

Thomas Walsh.

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NOVEL NOTES

ACTIVE SERVICE. By Stephen Crane. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Company. $1.25.

Mr. Crane's latest book was probably written to use up some of the material he gathered while war correspondent in Greece. Readers should be warned to concentrate their attention as much as possible on the travel impressions and the few narratives of fighting. The romance of the story has a very anxious side. When the father of the heroine calls his daughter's lover "a gambler, a sporter of fine clothes, an expert on champagne, a polite loafer, a witless knave who edits the Sunday edition of a great outrage upon our sensibilities," he is not so far wrong. The man is not a loafer; and he is very plucky; but the champagne he drinks in the course of his agitated career through the volume is awful to think of. And the girl—well, her chief talent seems to be in wearing a mask, which sometimes means being horribly rude and sometimes very icy to the man she loves, and thus preventing explanations. We don't want to know the second volume of their love story; but we confess the first is romantic, for the rejected lover rescues the lady, her parents and a band of American college students from dire peril in Turkey, and wrings admiration and consent from the father, who had called him all the ugly names. The episode of Miss Nora Black is a trifle disquieting, too, but the pranks and vagaries of the students serve as an occasional bright relief. Mr. Crane shows his usual power of describing scenes he actually knows, whether in college class-rooms, in newspaper offices, or on Grecian roads, in vivid, energetic language. The reader will continue to the end to see whether Marjorie and love crown Coleman at last, or whether he is drowned in champagne and despair by the strong hand of Miss Nora Black; and a book that one must read to the end is not to be sniffed at. But, nevertheless, this one is careless and formless. Mr. Crane has a talent which he should take more seriously.

A CORNER OF THE WEST. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

There is a strong family resemblance between *A Corner of the West* and *A Double Thread,* which is not surprising when we remember that the authors are sisters. The book now before us is an English novel, although the title might mislead some ultra-Americans. Miss Fowler has a love story to tell, and she tells it very daintily. The girl, Alison, is a bewitching young creature, who comes to visit her aunt in the west of England. The aunt, a simple-minded soul, very properly named Lavinia, has been engaged for fifteen years or more to the village doctor. He asked her to marry him once upon a time because she was "a good young woman," and because, not being in love, he imagined "that men marry girls because they possess certain attributes and seem as if they grow into ideal wives. He did not know then that a man meets his ideal woman ready made, and he can hardly tell what her attributes are, and never thinks about what she might grow into, because he knows she is perfect as she is." The years go on, and Lavinia does not marry the doctor. She is not willing to leave her mother, and besides she is very much afraid of marriage. So is it to be wondered at that the young and beautiful niece awakens in the doctor's heart a love that can never die? Lavinia, stupid in other things, sees with the keen perceptions of a brighter woman the birth of this love in the two people who are so dear to her, and in her quiet and timid way makes the supreme sacrifice. It is a simple little story, but gracefully written, and without any striving after brilliant effects or Fowler epigrams. Perhaps one of the most pleasing chapters in the book is the one in which the author introduces the child Petronel. It makes one feel that Miss Fowler can write as charmingly of child life as she can of the larger life where love makes or mars everything.

DEFICIENT SAINTS. A Tale of Maine. By Marshall Saunders. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. $1.25.

In a little town not far from Bangor lived these deficient saints. Some of them were Puritans, "their Bibles and psalm-books in one hand, their measuring tapes in the other," and some of them were descendants of the French and the Indians. The most typical of these Puritans is Mrs. Hippolyta Prymmer, "sanctified vessel and uncommon saint, charter member of the Church of the United Brethren." But when her only and beloved son marries and takes his wife home to live, Mrs. Prymmer is a most un-Christianlike mother-in-law, although a consistent Puritan. The story moves on in a quiet and leisurely way. It tells a great deal about the Gastonguay family, who are descended from the Indians and who have the finest place in this little town. There is a family skeleton and a mystery, and the mystery connects the wife of Justin Prymmer

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with the Gastonguays. Miss Gastonguay is also a type. She is described as a "little, gentlemanly, short-legged lady in a broadcloth coat." There is some quiet humour in the story, too, and the scenes between Hippolyta and Captain White, who tames her and then marries her, are very amusing. *Deficient Saints* is, after all, an old-fashioned tale, with its homely and healthy characters, its dashes of religion and its conventional ending. Marshall Saunders does not belong to the new school of writers, and perhaps this is just as well.

AVERAGES. By Eleanor Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

From the sub-title we learn that *Averages* is a "Story of New York," but we should not have guessed it from anything which Miss Stuart has written. Its wooden-headed men and women might live anywhere—but spare New York. They do not represent anything, and we will not even admit that they are average types. Cornelia Burnham, who is presumably the heroine, is a remarkable product. She is married to a poor little man with money. She is neither good nor bad nor interesting. She spends her time in telling foolish lies, in playing fast and loose with other people's letters and in flirting very mildly with the men of her acquaintance. Occasionally she goes out in a hansom with a man, and flatters herself that she is very wicked. But she isn't—she is too absolutely colourless. Miss Stuart also devotes considerable space to a description of three or four physicians who talk of appendicitis and make medical jokes when attending social functions. Miss Stuart has also omitted the plot.

THE POWERS AT PLAY. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A collection of eight short stories which may be read without fatigue—even with enjoyment and some profit. While in no respect striking tales, they are in the main well told and very American in spirit and action. In "His Word of Honour," the first and longest of these stories, a young doctor is won back to the patient, gentle Vermont girl to whom he had engaged himself as a youth through chance acquaintance with the Boneless Wonder of the Consolidated Pan-American Show and his wife. He found them inhabiting a charcoal kiln, where the Boneless Wonder was lying with a bone out of joint. There is a curious resemblance between the incident of the "British Ambassador," one of the later stories of the book, and "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain" of Jesse Lynch Williams's *The Stolen Story*. But Hamilton Knox is more convincing than Jerry Andrews, and, on the whole, we prefer Mr. Williams's tale. The title and sub-titles of Mr. Perry's book are felicitous.

HE, SHE AND THEY. Being a Faithful Record of the Woeful Enjoyments and Joyful Woes of Him and Her. By Albert Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

"He and She" are a young married couple who indulge in bright and amusing dialogue over the dinner table. Their running comments on weddings and wedding presents will be especially appreciated by the many young people whose first year of married life is harassed with the thought of the debt incurred by the wedding presents which have been showered upon them. Mr. Lee's description of the reception, where the newly married man makes all sorts of mistakes and where the waiters eat ice cream by the quart, is really funny. The story is plentifully sprinkled with the slang of the day, and the author's sense of humour is very much in evidence.

DOC' HORNE, A STORY OF THE STREETS AND TOWN. By George Ade. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.25.

Mr. Ade has followed up his *Artie* and *Pink Marsh* with a new story of life as it is seen by the middle-class American of to-day. Doc' Horne is a commonplace, unattractive autocrat of a cheap hotel. He is the centre of a constellation which includes a lightning dentist, a hotel keeper, a book agent, a bicycle salesman and a freckled boy. The human nature of this group is transferred to Mr. Ade's stories with sympathy and fidelity. One of the best passages in the little volume and one which deserves to be re-read is the description of the lunch hour in a hasty lunch room. It is photographic and convincing—the most natural and effective passage in the book.

PREDICAMENTS. By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Life Publishing Company.

Predicaments, by the author of that bright and entertaining novelised drama, *D'Arcy of the Guards,* is a collection of very slight sketches delightfully illustrated by C. D. Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr. In these little silhouettes of New York and Washington social life his men and women act and talk in truly Gibsonian fashion, and as Mr. Shipman's strong point is dialogue, he makes the most of it. "As Told by Her" is the best of the "Predicaments," but "Looking Backward," which follows it, is stupid and meaningless. However, there is nothing in the book that would warrant us in writing of it critically.

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MY LADY AND ALLAN DARKE. By Charles Donnell Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Gibson has not attempted to solve any of the problems of life in *My Lady and Allan Darke,* but he has written a story which cannot fail to hold the interest of many readers. He has given us a stirring romance, full of adventure, and he has not cumbered it with historical details or with a multiplicity of characters. The plot is a good one, and the mystery in it keeps one on the alert for the ending. The narrative is told by Allan Darke, a young man who is kept a prisoner on the Southern plantation of one whom we only know as "The Master" and as the father of "My Lady." If we should tell why he is held a prisoner by this mysterious man, and why he is subjected to so many outrages and dangers, we should be telling the story itself. We were so much fascinated by the dramatic situations, and by the logical manner in which the whole thing is worked out, that we quite forgot its improbability.

THE LEGIONARIES. By Henry Scott Clark. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1 50.

The Legionaries is announced as an "American historical novel," although it does not date farther back than the Civil War. The Civil War, however, is merely the background for the story, which centres around Morgan's memorable raid. If historical data and thrilling incidents were all that are needed for a good story, then this could easily be pronounced one. But there is something else, and that something else is lacking. Mr. Clark is laborious in his style, which is a sad defect in an author who attempts the story of adventure. He is the master of fact rather than of fancy, and inspiration is lacking. The book is well illustrated by Mr. Howard McCormick.

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

There is a diversity of opinion as to what constitutes humour, and two persons do not always laugh at the same joke. John Kendrick Bangs proclaimed himself a humourist a few years ago, and in this light he is regarded by the average reader who does not question too closely into what humour really is. To be quite candid, *The Enchanted Type-Writer* is neither funny nor humorous, although one feels conscious of the effort that Mr. Bangs has made to amuse. The type-writer is the medium through which we learn of the doings of various world-renowned characters in Hades. Here is a specimen of the humour which pervades the book:

"I understand, Mr. Lohengrin," I said, "that you have a fine span of swans."

"Yes," he said; and I was astonished to note that he, like my client, spoke in musical numbers. "Very. They're much finer than horses, in my opinion. More peaceful, quite as rapid, and amphibious. If I go out for a drive and come to a lake, they trot quite as well across its surface as on the highways."

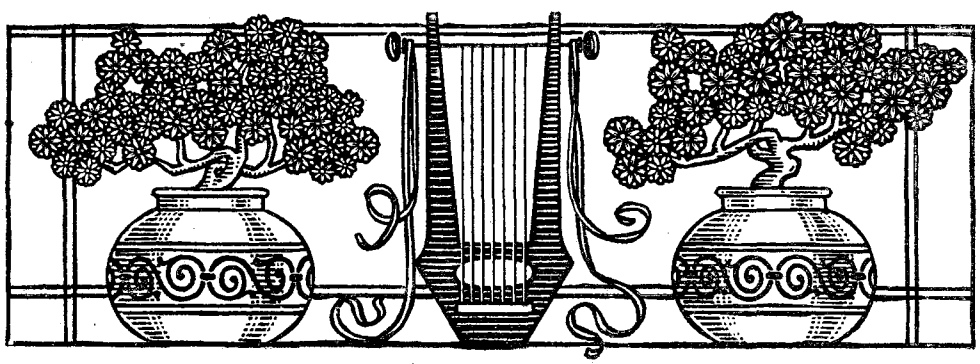
"How interesting!" said I. "And so gentle the swan. Your wife, I presume—"

Hamlet kicked my shins under the table.

"I think it will rain to-morrow," he said. . .

"I think so, too," said Lohengrin, a lowering look on his face. "If it doesn't, it will either snow or hail or be clear."

But the fact remains that one person may be put to sleep by the very passage which another finds excruciatingly funny. And there are many readers who will encourage Mr. Bangs to retain his position as a humourist.



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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, December 1, 1899.

Considering the many new publications for October, it might have been expected that during November this feature of the business would fall off somewhat; but such has not been the case, and the publications of the latter month were fully as numerous and as important as to prominence of authors and variety of subjects.

Among the more noticeable of the new fiction may be mentioned *In Connection with the DeWilloughby Claim,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, which is already meeting with a ready sale; *Trinity Bells,* by Amelia E. Barr; *The Unknown Patriot,* by Frank S. Child, and *The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories,* by Sarah Orne Jewett.

While *Richard Carvel, David Harum, When Knighthood was in Flower,* with the recent addition of *Janice Meredith,* maintain a position in point of sale far in advance of all others, there are still a considerable number of books whose present demand would under ordinary circumstances make them leaders—notably, *Via Crucis, Prisoners of Hope, The Market Place* and *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.*

The Transvaal from Within, by J. P. Fitzpatrick, is a timely work to meet the continuing demand for information regarding South Africa. *The Expedition to the Philippines,* by F. D. Millett; *Impressions of Spain,* by James Russell Lowell; *The New Pacific,* by H. H. Bancroft; *Siberia and Central Asia,* by J. W. Bookwalter, and *The United Kingdom,* by Goldwin Smith, are all recent books upon subjects of present interest.

The illustrated edition of *Janice Meredith,* just issued, will be one of the most popular books for gift purposes, being new in matter and attractive in appearance. New holiday editions of *Their Silver Wedding Journey,* by Howells; *Saracinesca,* by Crawford, and *Vanity Fair,* by Thackeray (Becky Sharp edition), also demand notice.

A number of titles from the present month's large list of miscellaneous books are already noticeable in the sales. *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* is being particularly well received, and *The Map of Life,* by E. H. Lecky, is also in good demand.

Some of this year's seasonable novelties are *Cupid and the Footlights, The Smoker's Calendar* and *The Golliwog in War.* There have also been issued a considerable number of illustrated folios of actresses, such as *The Marlowe Book, Olga Nethersole* and Mrs. Leslie Carter in *Zaza.*

Juveniles naturally are much in demand, and there is the customary large variety to select from. Board-bound books with coloured illustrations and mechanical effects for the youngest, and works of travel, fiction and many books relative to the Spanish War and its results, all profusely illustrated, are in great numbers. There does not, however, seem to be any one title especially in the lead.

Trade, in general, for November was active, many wholesale buyers placing their orders for the holidays, and the customary large volume of business was transacted, and in many instances there was a considerable increase over former years. Reports from some of the retailers indicate that there is a noticeable tendency to postpone holiday purchases, and the publishers' re-orders are not all up to expectations. The general feeling, however, is that a little later sales along all lines will be heavy, and that the predictions for an exceptionally good season will be fulfilled.

The leading titles in point of sale follow:

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.
Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. $1.25.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.
Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.
Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
Fisherman's Luck. By H. Van Dyke. $2.00.
Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. S. Thompson. $2.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, December 1, 1899.

The eve of the holiday season finds business in an exceedingly good condition, with the upward tendency which has been so marked a feature of the Autumn trade so far fully maintained. Indications point also to a heavy Christmas trade in all parts of the West, with probably a great rush during the last few days.

The volume of November trade was remarkable, and probably considered as a whole it exceeded all previous records of the same month. Dealers are already liberal with their reorders, especially of the popular books of the day, assuming, doubtless, that in accordance with the custom of recent years, these will be much sought after for Christmas gifts.

Viewing the matter from the standpoint of sales, the last three months have been remarkable for the number of meritorious books that have been published. So many of these have been of the first importance that booksellers have been at their wits' end to give each book the showing upon their crowded counters that

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its standing warrants. It is questionable, to say the least, whether the enormous output of this year is altogether desirable. In fact, the opinion is expressed that just as much business could be done with fewer books. This may or may not be correct, but it is certain that if the present ratio of increase is maintained, future bookselling will be a tremendous task upon the memory.

The full list of last month's publications is again a long one. No fault could be found with it either upon the ground of quality, three of the most important books in their class of the season appearing. Of these *Stevenson's Letters* is meeting the greater demand, while the other two, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais* by his son, and *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray,* by Lewis Melville, are also selling well.

Juveniles were not as strongly represented as in October, but some very attractive books in this class were received. Prominent among these were *Tales of an Old Château,* by Marguerite Bouvet; *The Book of Knight and Barbara,* by David Starr Jordan, and *The Jingle Book,* by Carolyn Wells. Interest in the situation in South Africa is now thoroughly awakened, and works dealing with that region are called for daily. *Oom Paul's People* leads, while others in demand are *White Man's Africa,* by Poulteney Bigelow; *Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century,* by Mrs. Latimer, and *The South African Question,* by Olive Schreiner.

The best selling book last month was *Richard Carvel,* with *David Harum* a close second, the sale of the last being especially strong in the country. *Janice Meredith* went very rapidly, as did *When Knighthood was in Flower. Via Crucis,* Marion Crawford's last book, is also making a strong bid for popularity.

Nearly everything is selling in a lively fashion now in anticipation of Christmas, and it would be no easy task to determine where the line of demarcation between holiday and ordinary books should be drawn.

The following comprise the list of the best selling books in November:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. Noyes Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.
Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Tales of an Old Château. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.25.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. F. P. Dunne. $1.25.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
The King's Mirror. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The House of the Wizard. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. $1.50.
The Lion and the Unicorn. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.
Those Dale Girls. By F. W. Carruth. $1.25.
Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. $1.50.
Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

October 23 to November 18, 1899.

Trade is somewhat quiet, and compares unfavourably with that of former years. The fact is the public are too much absorbed in the daily papers and "specials" to devote much attention to general literature, and well does the bookseller know it. This is the general opinion on all hands.

The foreign and colonial business continues steady, with the exception of orders from South Africa, which already show a considerable shrinkage.

Mention must first be made of books dealing with South Africa. Nothing on this prominent subject comes amiss, and the sale of Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within* has been enormous, severely taxing for a time the energies of both printer and binder. Maps of the seat of the war, also, have been selling by thousands, and as quickly as the entire map-lithographic trade of London could turn them out.

The six-shilling novel is still an important ingredient in the literary food of the public. The favourites are *Red Pottage,* by M. Cholmondeley, and *The Slave,* by R. Hichens. Even this department has felt the influence of the war fever.

Little notice appears to be taken of theological treatises, and the "Church Question" is quite in the background—that is, so far as its connection with the book trade is concerned.

The old art of embroidery seems to have been revived, if the sales of W. G. P. Townsend's work on the subject have any meaning.

During the past month new books have been pouring in at the rate of hundreds per week. There are far too many of them, and it means selling, say, twelve each of one hundred books, instead of, as in the old times, one hundred each of twelve books. There is a considerable difference between these two sets of figures.

There is little change in the magazine world. Ladies still appreciate the issues of *The Woman at Home,* and the other magazines are much the same as last month so far as sales go.

Just now the trade groans beneath the burden of illustrated annuals with unwieldy coloured plates; but their sales are soon over, as many of them quickly go out of print.

The list appended bears out what has been said of the little attention paid to general literature at the present moment:

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Letters of R. L. Stevenson. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
The Slave. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Colossus. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)

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Stalky & Co. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Miranda of the Balcony. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Macmillan.)
His Darling Sin. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Mammon & Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Stewart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Scarlet Woman. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
Embroidery. By W. G. P. Townsend. 3s. 6d. net. (Truslove.)
Parker (J.). An Autobiography. 6s. (Hodder.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1, 1899, and December, 1, 1899. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Education of Pipp-Shell-back. Bayd. (Brentano.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters. Hubbard. (Putnam.) $1.75.
6. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. Harris. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $4.00.
5. Life of John M. Forbes. Hewes. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $5.00.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Cashel Byron's Profession. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jessamy Bride. Moore. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Tales of an Old Château. Bouvet. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. A Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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CLEVELAND, O.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. A Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Orange Girl. Besant. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Stalky & Co. Kipling. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Princess Vascovy. Oxenham. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Great Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $4.00.
4. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Impression Club. Carter. (Carter & Bro.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
2. Log of the Sea Waif. Bullen. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Boers and Little Englanders. Proctor. (Allen.) $1.25.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
5. The United Kingdom. Smith. (Copp-Clark Co.) $4.00.
6. White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper.) $2.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Sandhill Stag. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Ione March. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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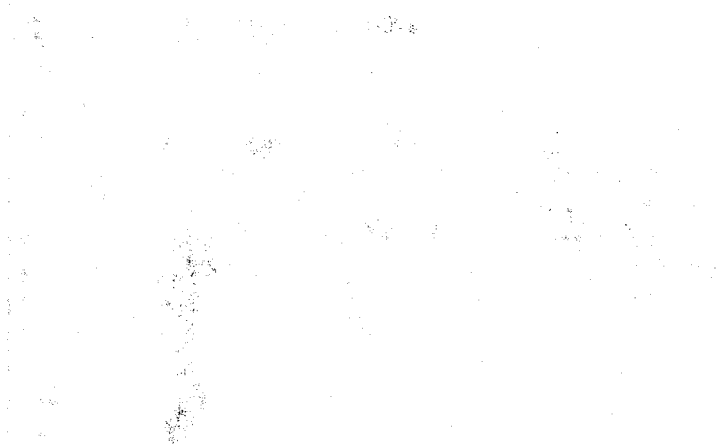

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EVENING.
From original painting by Louis Loeb.

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